
Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Commentaries on Friedrich Nietzsche's Thus spoke Zarathustra

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Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS

YOU HAVE SERVED THE PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE'S SUPERSTITIONS, ALL YOU FAMOUS
PHILOSOPHERS! -- YOU HAVE NOT SERVED TRUTH! AND IT IS PRECISELY FOR THAT
REASON THAT THEY PAID YOU REVERENCE....

AND YOUR HEART ALWAYS SAID TO ITSELF: 'I CAME FROM THE PEOPLE: GOD'S VOICE,
TOO, CAME TO ME FROM THEM.'

YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OBSTINATE AND CUNNING, LIKE THE ASS, AS THE PEOPLE'S
ADVOCATE....

AH, FOR ME TO LEARN TO BELIEVE IN YOUR 'GENUINENESS', YOU WOULD FIRST HAVE TO
BREAK YOUR WILL TO VENERATE.

GENUINE -- THAT IS WHAT I CALL HIM WHO GOES INTO GOD-FORSAKEN DESERTS AND HAS
BROKEN HIS VENERATING HEART....

... BUT IN THE TOWNS DWELL THE WELL-FED FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS -- THE DRAUGHT
ANIMALS.

FOR THEY ALWAYS, AS ASSES, PULL -- THE PEOPLE'S CART!...

YOU ARE STILL OF THE PEOPLE EVEN IN YOUR VIRTUE, OF THE PEOPLE WITH THEIR
PURBLIND EYES -- OF THE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT KNOW WHAT SPIRIT IS!

SPIRIT IS THE LIFE THAT ITSELF STRIKES INTO LIFE: THROUGH ITS OWN TORMENT IT
INCREASES ITS OWN KNOWLEDGE -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE?

AND THIS IS THE SPIRIT'S HAPPINESS: TO BE ANOINTED AND BY TEARS CONSECRATED AS
A SACRIFICIAL BEAST -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE?

AND THE BLINDNESS OF THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SEEKING AND GROPING SHALL YET
BEAR WITNESS TO THE POWER OF THE SUN INTO WHICH HE GAZED -- DID YOU KNOW

THAT BEFORE?
AND THE ENLIGHTENED MAN SHALL LEARN TO BUILD WITH MOUNTAINS! IT IS A SMALL
THING FOR THE SPIRIT TO MOVE MOUNTAINS -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE?
YOU KNOW ONLY THE SPARKS OF THE SPIRIT: BUT YOU DO NOT SEE THE ANVIL WHICH
THE SPIRIT IS, NOR THE FEROCITY OF ITS HAMMER!
IN TRUTH, YOU DO NOT KNOW THE SPIRIT'S PRIDE! BUT EVEN LESS COULD YOU ENDURE
THE SPIRIT'S MODESTY, IF IT SHOULD EVER DEIGN TO SPEAK!...
YOU ARE NO EAGLES: SO NEITHER DO YOU KNOW THE SPIRIT'S JOY IN TERROR. AND HE
WHO IS NOT A BIRD SHALL NOT MAKE HIS HOME ABOVE ABYSSES.
YOU ARE TEPID: BUT ALL DEEP KNOWLEDGE FLOWS COLD. THE INNERMOST WELLS OF
THE SPIRIT ARE ICE-COLD: A REFRESHMENT TO HOT HANDS AND HANDLERS.
YOU STAND THERE RESPECTABLE AND STIFF AND WITH A STRAIGHT BACK, YOU FAMOUS
PHILOSOPHERS! -- NO STRONG WIND OR WILL PROPELS YOU.
HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN A SAIL FARING OVER THE SEA, ROUNDED AND SWELLING AND
SHUDDERING BEFORE THE IMPETUOSITY OF THE WIND?
LIKE A SAIL, SHUDDERING BEFORE THE IMPETUOSITY OF THE SPIRIT, MY WISDOM FARES
OVER THE SEA -- MY UNTAMED WISDOM!
BUT YOU SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE, YOU FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS -- HOW COULD YOU
FARE WITH ME?
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra is not a philosopher. Philosophy to him is sheer wastage of time -- not only of yours but of others' too -- because philosophy is nothing but a mind game. It is not the way to find the truth, it is not the way to find love, it is not the way to find beauty; it only goes on making systems of empty words.

But they have deceived millions. And they have prevented millions from going in search to find the key to the mysteries of life. Philosophy has never transformed anyone. It gives people swollen heads, but it does not bring a revolution in their life; no metamorphosis happens through it. It is the greatest deception that man has been giving to himself and to others. It has given beautiful words for people to play with. It has treated people like children; and those who have remained playing with those words have remained children, retarded.

For example, the world of philosophy has given you their most famous word, *god*, which is perhaps the most meaningless word in human language. It has not been a discovery for you, it has not been your creation; on the contrary, the philosophers, the theologians, the priests have convinced you that you are the creation of God.

This is the most significant point at which to begin a pilgrimage with Zarathustra. In the past God has been accepted as the creator of all, but that very idea reduces man into a thing. Only things can be created. If man is created by God, man has no pride, no dignity of his own -- he is just a puppet. Any moment God can change his mind and destroy humanity, and we stand absolutely helpless. Neither have we any part in our creation, nor will we have any part in our destruction.

If this is true, life loses all meaning. It becomes a tragedy, an imprisonment, a long drawn-out slavery. And Zarathustra is not alone in pointing out the fact that the concept of God is against the evolution of man: Mahavira agrees with him; Gautam Buddha agrees with him.

All these three great geniuses are in absolute agreement on one point: God cannot be allowed as a creator of man and his consciousness. To allow him that is to destroy all meaning, significance, freedom, love, creativity -- all that gives joy and ecstasy to man is destroyed. Without God, man is free. He has not been created, he has been evolving. You have to understand this point, that the idea of creation and the idea of evolution are

contradictory. You can't have both -- creation means no evolution.

You create something -- a statue, a painting, a poem. Will your painting evolve? Will your statue change with time? Will your poetry go on renewing itself each and every moment to keep pace with evolution? Anything created has a full stop on it; there is no opening for evolution. That's what the story of the creation of the world says: God created the world in six days -- and there comes the full stop.

Evolution means that the universe has always been there -- constantly changing, moving, evolving, creating new forms, better forms. It is evolution that has brought about man and his consciousness. *Evolution* is religion for Zarathustra, not creation. And in evolution there is no place for God, at least not as a creator. The only place possible for God, if you love the word, if you want it somehow to be fitted in somewhere, the only possibility is that man's consciousness evolves to its ultimate potential. That will be the creation of God.

Zarathustra denies God as a creator, but he is willing to accept God as the ultimate creation of human consciousness. To avoid misunderstanding, he calls this ultimate evolution of consciousness "the superman." Superman is his God. But he does not come at the beginning, he comes at the very crescendo, in the end. He is not your master and your lord, he is your evolved form, refined form. Hence another thing has to be remembered: Zarathustra cannot believe in one God. There are millions of beings, they are all evolving, and there will be millions of gods; because each life has the seed, the potential, to become a god.

Zarathustra brings a total revolution in the concept of God and religion. Now religion is no longer a worship or a belief; now religion becomes the greatest creative act of man. Now religion is not that which enslaves man, imprisons his spirit. In Zarathustra's hands religion becomes the art of shattering all the chains, destroying all the hindrances -- so that human consciousness can become divine consciousness, so that man disappears and gives birth to the superman.

Twenty-five centuries ago this man had one of the most potential ideas: God in the beginning makes no difference. At the most you become believers -- and all beliefs are blind, all beliefs are false. They do not help you to grow up, they only help you to kneel down like a slave before dead statues, rotten scriptures, primitive philosophies.

Zarathustra wants to clean the whole ground completely of all that is rotten, of all that is old. He wants your eyes to be fixed on a faraway distant star -- the star that is your future, the star that you can become, the star that you have to become, because unless you become that distant star, your life will not be a dance, your life will not be a song, your life will not be a celebration.

He changes the whole focus from the past to the future. You cannot do anything with the past. That which is gone is gone -- nothing can be done about it; you cannot undo it. Hence, because humanity has believed in the past, it has remained stuck. What can you do with the past?

He changes the focus towards the future. The future is open. All the possibilities are in your hands. You can create the superman and you can create a new humanity; you can create a paradise on this earth. Zarathustra loves this earth too much. He is not a renouncer of the world; he is in tremendous love with the trees, with the mountains, with the rivers, with the flowers, with the birds, with people.

In comparison to him, all other religions are condemnatory of this beautiful planet. They want you to think of heaven and paradise, which are only fictions. He is the first scientist as far as religion is concerned. He wants you to be a realist -- this is the only planet we have,

and this is the only time we have, and this is the only life we have. Now it is up to us what we make of it. You can make it a beautiful song, a glorious experience, a golden ecstasy. *You* can be the creators. And the greatest creation of yours will be the creation of God -- the creation of the superman.

He is not a philosopher, he is an alchemist. He does not believe in God but he believes in man. He does not believe in any paradise but he believes in the earth. And he believes in the tremendous potential that the earth is carrying within it, and that human beings are carrying within themselves as seeds. They have not been growing because their minds have been looking backwards.

The philosophers, the religious priests, the theologians -- they are all trying to keep you tied with the past. That way you remain tamed. You cannot rebel; you remain always afraid of committing a mistake, of committing a sin. You always remain obedient, because those who are obedient will be saved, and those who are not will be thrown into hell to suffer forever. Your fear and greed have been used to destroy you, to exploit you.

Zarathustra will not have anything to do with all these vested interests; his only concern is that man becomes a creator of values. And rather than looking backwards, where he cannot go, he starts looking forwards, where many dimensions are open, many doors are open -- he can choose. Slaves cannot be choosers; only masters can be choosers. Slaves can only be beggars. All the religions have reduced humanity into beggars. They call it prayer, they call it worship -- beautiful names to hide an ugly reality.

Zarathustra wants you to be creators, not beggars. And you can be creators only if you look forward, and you go on dropping the past and the dead. Carrying dead corpses is dangerous. To remain surrounded with dead corpses is dangerous, because they can poison your life -- they *have* poisoned your life.

Remain with the one that is going to happen and has not happened yet, and it will keep you young and fresh. It will keep you excited, enthusiastic; it will keep you always going for a new journey, for a new pilgrimage -- because there is no end to life, there is no end to time. An infinity of life and an infinity of time is available to you. You can create God within your own soul. But Zarathustra's name for that God is the superman. I think it is better, because with God there are ugly associations. Whatever you do, somehow God slips back and becomes past. It is very difficult to put him in the future.

He is almost like a doll that is made in Japan. It is a doll of an Indian mystic Bodhidharma, who was the founder of the great tradition of Zen. In Japan, more lovingly, his name has become Daruma. Bodhidharma seems to be a little hard; Daruma seems to be sweeter. And they have made Bodhidharma's statue, which are called Daruma dolls.

Their uniqueness is: you can throw the Daruma doll any way, but it will always sit back in the lotus posture. You cannot topple it. Its top is very light and its bottom is very heavy. So whatever you do -- you can kick it, you can throw it in the air -- whatever you do, Daruma always sits back in the lotus posture.

The case with the word God is similar. It has been so misused; it has dominated the whole past of man and destroyed all possibilities for man's evolution. You can manage to drag it, somehow, into the future, but within a few seconds you will find it has gone back again... sitting in the lotus posture.

It is right of Zarathustra to drop the word God. It was a fiction and we cannot relate with a fiction in any way. But superman is not a fiction; it is your potential, it is every man's potential. The very idea of superman makes you rich, makes you feel full, makes you feel no

longer a beggar and a worshiper. You need not go to any church or temple or mosque, because now there is no need for any prayer. You have to be a creator, you have to transform yourself.

Religion becomes the alchemy of transformation -- from a slave into a master.

Zarathustra is not to be categorized with your other philosophers; he stands aloof. And his contribution is tremendously valuable. His contribution is so valuable that it is more than the contribution of all your philosophers combined. They have not contributed anything; they have been simply arguing, fighting about words, hypotheses. They have not thought that man is not the end, that the full stop has not come yet and perhaps will never come.

Man will go on evolving. He will feel that he is coming to the full stop, but the full stop will never come. And it is good that it will never come, because the full stop will be death. A full stop means the grave, because now there is no future left, no evolution possible, no more creativity. You have spent your whole potential.

I agree totally with Zarathustra that man has infinite potential, that he can go on growing to new levels of consciousness, new levels of blissfulness, new stages of ecstasy. He goes on becoming superman, but he is a process and not an event. Superman is also a process and not an event.

Zarathustra changes many words which have dominated man very destructively. He does not want to use the word *event*, he wants to use the word *process*. He does not want to use the word *being*; he wants to use the word *becoming* -- so that there is always something more to be attained, there is always something more to be achieved, there is always immense space for your soul to soar high. You cannot reach to the limits of the universe, because there are no limits.

YOU HAVE SERVED THE PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE'S SUPERSTITIONS, ALL YOU FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS! -- YOU HAVE NOT SERVED TRUTH! AND IT IS PRECISELY FOR THAT REASON THAT THEY PAID YOU REVERENCE.

It is unfortunate, but factual, that people will respect you if you support their superstitions, even though by supporting their superstitions you are poisoning them. They will be very respectful to you -- they will make you a saint, they will make you a prophet, they will make you a savior. But don't disturb their superstitions. Their superstitions have lived with them for so long, and they have accepted them as truth and have been very comfortable with them -- because there is no need to search for truth; they already have it. The moment you criticize their superstitions, the whole crowd of humanity becomes antagonistic to you; they all turn into enemies to you.

I have experienced it my whole life. Thousands of people have come to me and disappeared. If they find that some of their superstitions are fulfilled by my statements they remain with me, but the moment they see that they were not right -- I am not in support of their superstitions, on the contrary, I am against them -- they immediately become my enemies. When I was supporting their death they were with me, they were paying great respect and reverence to me. And when I started to be really a friend to them, a health, a wholeness, they turned into enemies.

Zarathustra is talking of the famous philosophers. Their fame depends only on one thing: not that they have contributed anything to human growth, not that they have made this planet more beautiful, not that life has become more joyous, not that love has become more juicy, but because they were in absolute support of your superstitions, your beliefs, your fictions, which are consolatory; they keep you where you are. They save you the trouble of finding the truth. They save you the trouble of transforming yourself into a higher being.

YOU HAVE SERVED THE PEOPLE AND THE PEOPLE'S SUPERSTITIONS, ALL YOU FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS! -- YOU HAVE not SERVED TRUTH! Because those who have served the truth have remained continually on the cross. The same masses which they were trying to help have killed them, poisoned them, stoned them to death.

AND IT IS PRECISELY FOR THAT REASON THAT THEY PAID YOU REVERENCE. Why have they called you great philosophers? -- there is nothing great in your philosophies. But the mobs have made you great philosophers, great servants of the people, because you have kept them asleep; you have not disturbed their sleep. Their superstitions are their sleep, and as long as they remain with their superstitions they will remain retarded, undeveloped. They will remain something between the animal and the superman. They will remain on the bridge; they will never move. But certainly they will pay you great reverence.

AND YOUR HEART ALWAYS SAID TO ITSELF: 'I CAME FROM THE PEOPLE: GOD'S VOICE, TOO, CAME TO ME FROM THEM.' Have you ever thought.... Just think of a few great names of the so-called philosophers: Immanuel Kant, Hegel, Descartes; in India: Shankara, Ramanuja, Nimbarka. None of them has been condemned by the masses. They crucified a poor carpenter's son, Jesus. They poisoned Socrates, but they did not poison Plato, Aristotle....

It is strange that the names you will find in the history of philosophy are not the people who have been crucified, are not the people who have been stoned to death. They are the people who have been respected -- and they are still respected, after centuries. And the strange thing is, they have not contributed anything to you. The only people who have contributed anything to you, you have crucified.

It seems that for your friends you always keep ready your cross, and for your enemies you are always ready with your reverence. Howsoever great may be the philosophy of Immanuel Kant or Shankara or Bradley or Bosanquet, it is simply verbal diarrhea. These people are sick. They use big words -- and people are very impressed with big words which they don't understand.

There is only one thing they want to be certain about: that the philosophers are not saying anything against their superstitions -- they are not speaking against God, they are not speaking against heaven or hell, they are not speaking against their holy scriptures, but on the contrary, they are praising them. Then they don't care whether this great philosophy has been able to change their own consciousness. And if it has not been able to change their own consciousness, how is it going to change humanity?

But perhaps nobody wants to change. Change needs effort, and man is bone-lazy. Change means going into the unknown, and man is a coward. He will remain in the known even if the known is nothing but misery -- at least it is known. He will never cross the boundary of the known because, who knows? -- one may get lost in the unknown. One may not be able to get back home to the same misery, to the same wife, to the same husband, to the same anxieties and problems.

YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OBSTINATE AND CUNNING, LIKE THE ASS, AS THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. The people don't need any advocate. They are in such misery that their whole life is nothing but a slow death. Advocating in favor of their life is not a service to mankind. They need people who will hammer their heads to bring some sense to them, who will destroy their superstitions so they can start moving in search of truth, who will destroy their laziness so they become a process, a progress, a becoming.

But certainly they don't like such people. Those who love humanity have to accept it, that they will be hated -- hated in all lands, hated by all the people. Perhaps a very few intelligent and brave people may join hands with them in the great exploration of truth and consciousness, but most of the people are going to be angry at them. They have disturbed their sleep, they have disturbed their consolations. They love their advocates.

AH, FOR ME TO LEARN TO BELIEVE IN YOUR `GENUINENESS', YOU WOULD FIRST HAVE TO BREAK YOUR WILL TO VENERATE. Zarathustra is saying, "If you want me to believe that you are genuine, then the first proof I need is: you will have to break your will to venerate." Whom are you venerating? There is nothing above human consciousness; only human consciousness can go on transcending itself. There is nobody else you can worship, you can venerate. You can create temples and rituals, and you can believe that somebody else is going to take care of you, that you need not bother about any transformation.

GENUINE -- THAT IS WHAT I CALL HIM WHO GOES INTO GOD-FORSAKEN DESERTS AND HAS BROKEN HIS VENERATING HEART.

... BUT IN THE TOWNS DWELL THE WELL-FED FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS -- THE DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

FOR THEY ALWAYS, AS ASSES, PULL -- THE PEOPLE'S CART!

Zarathustra is hard, but every great creator has to be hard. He calls your great philosophers "donkeys who are carrying the people's cart" -- they are in the service of the idiots. And certainly the idiots respect them very much. If you want respectability then you should never say a single word that goes against people's prejudices. Then you should always support them, even though you can see that it is nonsense -- but that is the way of being respectable.

Any man of dignity does not want respectability. He has his own dignity. He respects himself; he does not need anybody else's respect. He will say whatever is true, and he will say it as clearly as possible. Even if it hurts, he is not going to dilute it. All surgery hurts, and if a cancer has to be removed the surgeon cannot go on supporting the idea you that you don't have any cancer.

I had a relative.... His wife came to me one day, crying, and she said, "You have to do something. My husband will listen to nobody. He is not willing to call the doctor and let him examine him. And everybody in the house, in the neighborhood, feels that he is continuously becoming weaker, looks pale; there is something wrong. But he says, `I'm perfectly healthy. Who says that there is something wrong? Why should I call a doctor?'"

I had to go to his house. I told him, "You are absolutely right. You are at the prime of your health. Who says you are sick?"

He smiled and he said to his family, "Look. And you are all harassing me, saying that I should go to a doctor, or I should call a doctor."

I said, "There is no need for any doctor; you are perfectly healthy. But just to convince all these people, you come with me to the doctor."

He could not deny me, because I was his only supporter. So he went with me to the best doctor. On the way he said, "Is it really necessary to go? Can't we just return, from half way there? You will have to lie -- that is true."

I said, "I cannot lie. I did not lie before those people, I told the truth. They were all saying that you are becoming sicker every day, and every day you are becoming weaker; and I see that you are becoming every day healthier, younger. Just to convince them, I have to get a certificate from the doctor, so the whole problem is finished forever."

He said, "Okay."

And he had cancer. The doctor told me, "You have brought him in time; otherwise it would have been too late."

Returning home he said to me, "This was the reason that I was not going to the doctor. I was afraid, who knows? -- the doctor may find something wrong with me. And now he has given me cancer!"

I said, "He has not given you cancer, you *have* cancer. And now there is a possibility to cure it."

But he said to me, "I will never forgive you! You tricked me. You were lying."

I said, "That's true. I had to lie; otherwise your life was in danger."

And to lie to save a life -- I don't consider it sin.

The people who are living in superstitions.... All the people of the world are living in superstitions, and all their priests and preachers and philosophers and theologians are supporting them -- they get respectability, they become great saints. But this is too inhuman. It is better to lose all your respectability but to tell the truth to the people.

There is still time; their cancer can be removed.

There is still time; the superman can arrive.

The miserable man, with all his misery, can be dropped. There is no need to cling to it. You are clinging because nobody has told you that you have greater possibilities: higher experiences, more joy; your life can become a constant song and a dance. You can blossom. Your life can have fragrance instead of this disgusting anxiety, this misery, and the whole nausea that you are carrying around yourself. And you are clinging to it because you think this is you. And the people who support your idea, you touch their feet, you make them popes, you make them *shankaracharyas*.

Just for an empty respectability these people are the greatest enemies of humanity. If you enjoy crucifying people, crucify these people! And in fact they need crucifixion. What right has the pope to go on living? He is a representative of Jesus Christ; he should prove it by being crucified -- that is the only proof. But instead of being on the cross he keeps a golden cross dangling around his neck with a golden chain. Jesus was not crucified on a golden cross. And the cross was not dangling around his neck -- he was dangling on the cross!

YOU ARE STILL OF THE PEOPLE EVEN IN YOUR VIRTUE, OF THE PEOPLE WITH THEIR PURBLIND EYES -- OF THE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT KNOW WHAT SPIRIT IS! Without knowing the spirit, the very energy of your life, the very flame that you are, how can you be virtuous? You are just following the crowd: whatsoever they believe is virtuous, you are doing. And because you follow their idea of virtue they make you a saint. And if you want to become a great saint, you have to go to the very extreme of their idea of virtue.

For example, in India, the Jaina monks never take baths. That is a virtue -- because they are so averse to their bodies that they don't care that the body should be clean. Who cares? If the body is just matter, and if a little more matter gathers on it... no harm; you are gaining a little weight. They don't brush their teeth, because all that is considered to be showing that you still believe in the body. To talk with them is so difficult, because their breath is so foul, their body stinks. Every year they pluck their hair with their own hands -- they cannot use any mechanical device. Strange, a safety razor is thought to be great technology.

They are against all machines, all technology; naturally they have to pluck their hair with their own hands. Thousands of devotees gather to see it. And I have seen people standing there, well shaved -- perhaps they shave twice a day -- with tears flowing from their eyes: "What a great saint!" They cannot follow it -- they are sinners -- but he is following the

scriptures.

There are many monks, Jaina and Hindu, who live naked, in all the seasons. It is torturing the body, but because they torture the body their followers believe they are attaining to self-realization. The body no longer matters. Whether it is cold or hot summer, it makes no difference to them; they have attained to a state of balance. To them success and failure are the same, heat and cold are the same. They are *not* the same, because I have seen the monks shivering with cold; they cannot sleep the whole night.

They are following it because in return they have been respected by millions of people. Just to be naked is not a virtue -- all the animals are naked, all the birds are naked. If to be naked is a virtue that leads to heaven, then only man is going to be in difficulty. And I have become worried about tailors... and particularly my seamstress, Gayan. What will happen to these people who are making clothes, allowing people to commit as many sins as they want?

But different societies have different virtues. In the middle ages, English ladies in Britain used to cover their dogs with clothes, because a naked dog is obscene. And if the dog comes across a girlfriend then it will become even more difficult; then it will be absolute pornography, live! So they used to take their dogs for a morning walk, chains in their hands, and the dogs having strange clothes. And the poor dogs must have been thinking, "What nonsense this is, no other dog...." You will be surprised that very high class ladies used to put cloth around the legs of chairs, because they are called legs, and legs should not be left naked. Any stupid idea....

Unless you know your own sources of life, you are bound to follow the virtues of the crowd in which you have accidentally found yourself.

In my house I had not tasted a tomato up to the age of eighteen, because the tomato was not allowed in the house -- it looks like meat. I tried to convince my grandmother that a poor tomato is not meat. She said, "I know it is not meat but it looks like meat, and I don't want to have anything that looks like meat in the house. We are vegetarians."

I said, "This too is vegetable." But while she was alive, tomatoes were not allowed.

I had never eaten in the night, up to the age of eighteen, because to eat in the night, in the crowd I had found myself, was a sin.

I told them, "It may have been wrong three thousand, four thousand years ago, when people had to eat in darkness, but now... inside the house, in the night, there is more light than in the day.

But they would say, "Don't talk against the scriptures. Even to listen to you is a sin. The people who wrote those scriptures were all-knowing, omniscient."

I was not a respected person in the house. Whenever a guest would be coming, they would tell me, "You just move out. You can go anywhere."

I said, "What is the problem?"

They said, "You are an embarrassment to us. You may do something which should not be done, you may say something which should not be said."

Other children were obedient; they were brought to the guest, introduced: "He is very obedient." And I would come in the middle: "I am also here! -- very disobedient. I thought you would love a little variety. Everybody is obedient here; I am the only disobedient one. And I want to say to you that I am not glad to meet you."

And my father would say, "I have been telling you that you will say something, you will do something. Just go somewhere else!"

But I said, "I am saying my truth -- I am not feeling any gladness. And I think this gentleman will respect the truth."

But nobody respects the truth. If you want respectability then you have to follow the crowd: whatever it calls right is right, and whatever it calls wrong is wrong.

Zarathustra is saying: YOU ARE STILL OF THE PEOPLE EVEN IN YOUR VIRTUE. Your virtue is hypocrisy, because it is not coming out of your own spirit; it is just imitation. You are a carbon copy. You are not your original self.

SPIRIT IS THE LIFE THAT ITSELF STRIKES INTO LIFE: THROUGH ITS OWN TORMENT IT INCREASES ITS OWN KNOWLEDGE -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE? Spirit is a continuous challenge and struggle. Life is striking into life -- to be more, to be higher, to be awakened. Only out of this awakening, out of this spiritual growth in you, virtues are born. But they are born according to your own experience and understanding. They are original; and only something original is beautiful. This is the spirit's happiness: to be original, to be always growing to new heights, to new insights, always going into new depths, always moving to the uncharted, untrodden path.

The spirit is an adventurer.

The crowd is like a pond; it goes nowhere.

Its water becomes dirtier and dirtier every day, because more and more water is evaporating in the sun. Soon the pond becomes just muddy water. Spirit is a river. It is always flowing, moving into new lands -- from the mountains, to the valleys, to the plains, till it merges into the ocean.

AND THIS IS THE SPIRIT'S HAPPINESS: TO BE ANOINTED AND BY TEARS CONSECRATED AS A SACRIFICIAL BEAST -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE? One is sacrificing oneself, always, for something better to arise. One is dying only to be resurrected on a higher level. One is the sacrifice and one is the god the sacrifice is given to. But there is a continually evolving awareness, a crystallization of awakening. Even in sleep something in you remains alert and awake. Right now, even when you are awake, your eyes are open, something in you is fast asleep. Just close your eyes, and you will see dreams floating by.

AND THE BLINDNESS OF THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SEEKING AND GROPING SHALL YET BEAR WITNESS TO THE POWER OF THE SUN INTO WHICH HE GAZED -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE? The blind man simply believes that there is light. In fact only blind people believe. In other words: all beliefs are blind. The moment you know something, you don't believe.

Once a German philosopher asked Raman Maharshi, "Do you believe in God?"

And he was shocked to hear the answer. Raman Maharshi said, "No, I don't believe in God."

The philosopher could not understand, because he had always thought that Raman Maharshi is a god-realized person. What is he saying? Seeing him puzzled, Raman Maharshi laughed, and he said, "Don't get disturbed. I don't believe in God because I know God."

Knowing is a totally different process. Believing is just its opposite. Millions of people believe in God and millions of people in the communist countries don't believe in God. Both are in the same boat, because neither the believers know nor the non-believers know. Knowing needs great effort, great search. Believing or disbelieving are very cheap; you don't have to do anything. They are all borrowed.

AND THE ENLIGHTENED MAN SHALL LEARN TO build WITH MOUNTAINS! IT IS A SMALL THING FOR THE SPIRIT TO MOVE MOUNTAINS -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE? He is asking the philosophers, "What do *you* know? -- living in your

crowd, getting fatter and fatter, being respectable, following your own followers. Do you know that an enlightened man shall learn to build mountains?" -- mountains of consciousness, Everests of consciousness, heights that reach to the stars.

IT IS A SMALL THING FOR THE SPIRIT TO MOVE MOUNTAINS -- DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE?

YOU KNOW ONLY THE SPARKS OF THE SPIRIT: BUT YOU DO NOT SEE THE ANVIL WHICH THE SPIRIT IS, NOR THE FEROCITY OF ITS HAMMER!

IN TRUTH, YOU DO NOT KNOW THE SPIRIT'S PRIDE! BUT EVEN LESS COULD YOU ENDURE THE SPIRIT'S MODESTY, IF IT SHOULD EVER DEIGN TO SPEAK!

YOU ARE NO EAGLES.

To Zarathustra the eagle is a great symbol. He loves two symbols: the eagle and the serpent. To him the serpent represents wisdom and the eagle represents freedom. The eagle goes highest into the sky; it flies across the sun.

YOU ARE NO EAGLES -- he is saying to the philosophers -- SO NEITHER DO YOU KNOW THE SPIRIT'S JOY IN TERROR. Only the eagle knows the aloneness of the heights, the silence of the heights, the dangers of the heights. But without knowing dangers, one never grows. Zarathustra's basic teaching is: live dangerously. Follow the eagle to faraway skies; don't be afraid, because your inner self is immortal. Those who are afraid of danger are the people who don't know their immortal self. Their fear shows their ignorance and nothing else.

AND HE WHO IS NOT A BIRD SHALL NOT MAKE HIS HOME ABOVE ABYSSES. But the joy of making a home above great abysses... that joy belongs only to the very few courageous souls. And according to Zarathustra, religion is not for all. It is only for the eagles; it is only for those who are ready to live dangerously -- because only they can find the truth, only they can find the meaning of life, only they can become one day the superman.

YOU ARE TEPID: BUT ALL DEEP KNOWLEDGE FLOWS COLD. THE INNERMOST WELLS OF THE SPIRIT ARE ICE-COLD: A REFRESHMENT TO HOT HANDS AND HANDLERS. The crowd lives a life which is tepid, lukewarm -- neither hot nor cold. It knows no extremes; it moves always safely in the middle. But those who are too much concerned about safety and security cannot be the explorers, cannot be the discoverers. Knowledge flows deep; hence it is cold. And one has to be capable of coming out of the tepid waters, of coming out of the lukewarm life, which is neither life nor death, which is just a kind of vegetation, just a survival.

From the cradle to the grave, all that you are concerned with is: how to survive, how to remain safe, how to remain secure. And where are you going? -- going to the grave. All your securities and all your safeties are leading you to the grave. Before the grave comes, have a little dance, have a little party, sing with your heart full of joy.

Live dangerously!

The grave will come, whether you live dangerously or just lukewarm. The only difference will be: one who has lived dangerously, one who has lived totally, intensely, he will come to know the deathless in him. Then the grave will come, but death will not come. One who has never lived totally, has never gone deep enough into himself, because it is ice-cold there, will also reach the grave, but he will not know the eternal principle of life. He will simply die with tears in his eyes because he has not been able to live his life. He has not lived, and death has come.

One who has lived totally, he celebrates death too -- because death comes to him as the ultimate challenge of the unknown. And that has been his whole life: to accept challenges from the unknown. He will welcome death and enter death with a song and with a dance,

because he knows there is something in him which is indestructible, which knows no death. YOU STAND THERE RESPECTABLE AND STIFF AND WITH A STRAIGHT BACK, YOU FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS! -- NO STRONG WIND OR WILL PROPELS YOU. HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN A SAIL FARING OVER THE SEA, ROUNDED AND SWELLING AND SHUDDERING BEFORE THE IMPETUOSITY OF THE WIND? LIKE A SAIL, SHUDDERING BEFORE THE IMPETUOSITY OF THE SPIRIT, MY WISDOM FARES OVER THE SEA -- MY UNTAMED WISDOM!

Wisdom is always untamed.

Wisdom is always wild.

Wisdom is always spontaneous.

Knowledge is a slave, tamed; knowledge is very poor. A computer cannot have wisdom; it is the privilege only of human beings, human consciousness, to have wisdom. But then you have to be ready for the wild, for the untamed, for the spontaneous.

People talk about freedom but people don't want freedom, because freedom brings dangers. Slavery is comfortable -- somebody else takes the responsibility for your life. But wisdom is freedom. You never know what you are going to know the next moment; you cannot rehearse it. It comes suddenly. But it is such a joy, such a blessing, that those who have not known the untamed wisdom have not known anything at all.

BUT YOU SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE, YOU FAMOUS PHILOSOPHERS -- HOW COULD YOU FARE WITH ME? He is saying to the philosophers, to the theologians, to the priests, "You cannot fare with me, you cannot go with me into the wild, you cannot go with me into the unknown -- you are too cowardly. You don't have the spirit. And you don't know the dignity of accepting the challenge of all that is unknown, unknowable, of all that is dark and deep."

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #2

Chapter title: Of self-overcoming

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF SELF-OVERCOMING
THAT YOU MAY UNDERSTAND MY TEACHING ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL, I SHALL RELATE TO YOU MY TEACHING ABOUT LIFE AND ABOUT THE NATURE OF ALL LIVING CREATURES. I HAVE FOLLOWED THE LIVING CREATURE, I HAVE FOLLOWED THE GREATEST AND THE SMALLEST PATHS, THAT I MIGHT UNDERSTAND ITS NATURE. I CAUGHT ITS GLANCE IN A HUNDREDFOLD MIRROR WHEN ITS MOUTH WAS CLOSED, THAT ITS EYE MIGHT SPEAK TO ME. AND ITS EYE DID SPEAK TO ME. BUT WHEREVER I FOUND LIVING CREATURES, THERE TOO I HEARD THE LANGUAGE OF OBEDIENCE. ALL LIVING CREATURES ARE OBEYING CREATURES. AND THIS IS THE SECOND THING: HE WHO CANNOT OBEY HIMSELF WILL BE COMMANDED. THAT IS THE NATURE OF LIVING CREATURES. BUT THIS IS THE THIRD THING I HEARD: THAT COMMANDING IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN OBEYING. AND NOT ONLY BECAUSE THE COMMANDER BEARS THE BURDEN OF ALL WHO OBEY, AND THAT THIS BURDEN CAN EASILY CRUSH HIM. IN ALL COMMANDING THERE APPEARED TO ME TO BE AN EXPERIMENT AND A RISK: AND THE LIVING CREATURE ALWAYS RISKS HIMSELF WHEN HE COMMANDS.... HOW HAS THIS COME ABOUT? THUS I ASKED MYSELF. WHAT PERSUADES THE LIVING CREATURE TO OBEY AND TO COMMAND AND TO PRACTISE OBEDIENCE EVEN IN COMMANDING? LISTEN NOW TO MY TEACHING, YOU WISEST MEN! TEST IN EARNEST WHETHER I HAVE CREPT INTO THE HEART OF LIFE ITSELF AND DOWN TO THE ROOTS OF ITS HEART! WHERE I FOUND A LIVING CREATURE, THERE I FOUND WILL TO POWER; AND EVEN IN THE WILL OF THE SERVANT I FOUND THE WILL TO BE MASTER. THE WILL OF THE WEAKER PERSUADES IT TO SERVE THE STRONGER; ITS WILL WANTS TO BE MASTER OVER THOSE WEAKER STILL: THIS DELIGHT ALONE IT IS UNWILLING TO FORGO. AND AS THE LESSER SURRENDERS TO THE GREATER, THAT IT MAY HAVE DELIGHT AND POWER OVER THE LEAST OF ALL, SO THE GREATEST, TOO, SURRENDERS AND FOR THE SAKE OF POWER STAKES -- LIFE. THIS DEVOTION OF THE GREATEST IS TO ENCOUNTER RISK AND DANGER AND PLAY DICE FOR DEATH. AND WHERE SACRIFICE AND SERVICE AND LOVING GLANCES ARE, THERE TOO IS WILL TO BE MASTER. THERE THE WEAKER STEALS BY SECRET PATHS INTO THE CASTLE AND EVEN INTO THE HEART OF THE MORE POWERFUL -- AND STEALS THE POWER. AND LIFE ITSELF TOLD ME THIS SECRET: `BEHOLD,' IT SAID, `I AM THAT WHICH MUST OVERCOME ITSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN.

`TO BE SURE, YOU CALL IT WILL TO PROCREATE OR IMPULSE TOWARDS A GOAL,
TOWARDS THE HIGHER, MORE DISTANT, MORE MANIFOLD: BUT ALL THIS IS ONE AND ONE
SECRET.
`I WOULD RATHER PERISH THAN RENOUNCE THIS ONE THING; AND TRULY, WHERE THERE
IS PERISHING AND THE FALLING OF LEAVES, BEHOLD, THERE LIFE SACRIFICES ITSELF --
FOR THE SAKE OF POWER!
`THAT I HAVE TO BE STRUGGLE AND BECOMING AND GOAL AND CONFLICT OF GOALS: AH,
HE WHO DIVINES MY WILL SURELY DIVINES, TOO, ALONG WHAT CROOKED PATHS IT HAS
TO GO!
`WHATEVER I CREATE AND HOWEVER MUCH I LOVE IT -- SOON I HAVE TO OPPOSE IT AND
MY LOVE: THUS WILL MY WILL HAVE IT.
`AND YOU TOO, ENLIGHTENED MAN, ARE ONLY A PATH AND A FOOTSTEP OF MY WILL:
TRULY, MY WILL TO POWER WALKS WITH THE FEET OF YOUR WILL TO TRUTH!
`HE WHO SHOT THE DOCTRINE OF "WILL TO EXISTENCE" AT TRUTH CERTAINLY DID NOT
HIT THE TRUTH: THIS WILL -- DOES NOT EXIST!
`FOR WHAT DOES NOT EXIST CANNOT WILL; BUT THAT WHICH IS IN EXISTENCE, HOW
COULD IT STILL WANT TO COME INTO EXISTENCE?
`ONLY WHERE LIFE IS, THERE IS ALSO WILL: NOT WILL TO LIFE, BUT -- SO I TEACH YOU --
WILL TO POWER!...
`THE LIVING CREATURE VALUES MANY THINGS HIGHER THAN LIFE ITSELF; YET OUT OF
THIS EVALUATION ITSELF SPEAKS -- THE WILL TO POWER!...
TRULY, I SAY TO YOU: UNCHANGING GOOD AND EVIL DOES NOT EXIST! FROM OUT OF
THEMSELVES THEY MUST OVERCOME THEMSELVES AGAIN AND AGAIN.
YOU EXERT POWER WITH YOUR VALUES AND DOCTRINES OF GOOD AND EVIL, YOU
ASSESSORS OF VALUES; AND THIS IS YOUR HIDDEN LOVE AND THE GLITTERING,
TREMBLING, AND OVERFLOWING OF YOUR SOULS.
BUT A MIGHTIER POWER AND A NEW OVERCOMING GROW FROM OUT YOUR VALUES: EGG
AND EGG-SHELL BREAK AGAINST THEM.
AND HE WHO HAS TO BE A CREATOR IN GOOD AND EVIL, TRULY, HAS FIRST TO BE A
DESTROYER AND BREAK VALUES.
THUS THE GREATEST EVIL BELONGS WITH THE GREATEST GOOD: THIS, HOWEVER, IS THE
CREATIVE GOOD.
LET US SPEAK OF THIS, YOU WISEST MEN, EVEN IF IT IS A BAD THING. TO BE SILENT IS
WORSE; ALL SUPPRESSED TRUTHS BECOME POISONOUS.
AND LET EVERYTHING THAT CAN BREAK UPON OUR TRUTHS -- BREAK! THERE IS MANY A
HOUSE STILL TO BUILD!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

One of the great psychologists of this age, Alfred Adler, based his whole doctrine on the will to power, and it was thought that he had discovered something new in human beings. But the people who were aware of Alfred Adler and his psychology of will to power were not aware of the ancient seer, Zarathustra. Zarathustra has given all the fundamentals of the psychology of will to power. It is not something new -- Alfred Adler rediscovered it; and he did not even improve upon it.

Zarathustra has looked from every aspect, in detail, and with great insight. His psychology is not only a psychology -- because it is not confined to the mind only -- it is also a philosophy of life. Its area, its territory, is far vaster than Alfred Adler's conception. Alfred Adler looks very childish compared to Zarathustra.

I would like you to understand the most fundamental thing first, then we can go into the details of what Zarathustra has to say. The first thing is: life is a constant overcoming. Everything is trying to go beyond itself. Everything is trying to become better, to be more beautiful, to be more powerful, to be more authentic. This overcoming is not something that becomes complete, ever.

You reach a goal, and suddenly you see: that goal is only a stepping-stone for a future

goal. And the horizon in front of you always remains calling you, challenging you, pulling you towards unknown spaces.

This principle of overcoming is the very foundation of evolution; otherwise there would have been no evolution at all. Things would have remained static, things would have been just things -- dead, complete, no longer growing, no longer going higher, no longer trying to transcend themselves. Evolution is the religion that Zarathustra teaches.

Zarathustra is in many ways a pioneer. Charles Darwin thought that he had found the idea of evolution -- he was wrong. Two thousand years before him, this man Zarathustra had laid all the foundations of the philosophy of evolution.

Life can remain alive only if it goes on overcoming itself. The moment it stops overcoming itself, it disappears. The only death in the world is when something comes to a full stop. Life never comes to a full stop; hence, there is no death in reality.

Zarathustra says, THAT YOU MAY UNDERSTAND MY TEACHING ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL, I SHALL RELATE TO YOU MY TEACHING ABOUT LIFE AND ABOUT THE NATURE OF ALL LIVING CREATURES.

I HAVE FOLLOWED THE LIVING CREATURE, I HAVE FOLLOWED THE GREATEST AND THE SMALLEST PATHS, THAT I MIGHT UNDERSTAND ITS NATURE.

I CAUGHT ITS GLANCE IN A HUNDREDFOLD MIRROR WHEN ITS MOUTH WAS CLOSED, THAT ITS EYE MIGHT SPEAK TO ME. AND ITS EYE DID SPEAK TO ME.

BUT WHEREVER I FOUND LIVING CREATURES, THERE TOO I HEARD THE LANGUAGE OF OBEDIENCE. ALL LIVING CREATURES ARE OBEYING CREATURES.

But the concept of obedience in Zarathustra's philosophy is not the ordinary idea of obedience that religions have been teaching to us. Religions also teach obedience. But obedience to whom? Their obedience is always to someone outside yourself -- to some god, to some messenger, to some prophet, to some holy scripture.

Zarathustra's obedience is obedience to life; it is not to something outside yourself. It is the nature, very nature of your life, to obey. Life obeys itself.

All the religions have been trying to distract you from *this* obedience. They are telling you, "Don't listen to life, listen to God. Don't listen to your own heart, listen to the holy book. Don't listen to your own body and its wisdom, but listen to some dead saint, some fictitious, mythological figure."

So remember, Zarathustra and his obedience are just the opposite of what religions call obedience. Zarathustra says, "Obey yourself! Obey your instincts as far as your body is concerned. Obey your feelings as far as your heart is concerned. Obey your intelligence as far as your mind is concerned, and obey your intuition as far as your being is concerned. You *are* the holy scripture. Your body has every knowledge that it needs. Your heart knows perfectly well all the ways of love, and your intelligence is capable of understanding the most hidden secrets of existence. Your intuition is capable of exploring your own interiority to the very center of your being."

These four principles, Zarathustra has found, are the basic pillars of all life. But religions have been taking people astray. They are teaching a totally different kind of obedience, which is really disobedience to nature.

BUT WHEREVER I FOUND LIVING CREATURES, THERE TOO I HEARD THE LANGUAGE OF OBEDIENCE. ALL LIVING CREATURES ARE OBEYING CREATURES.

AND THIS IS THE SECOND THING: HE WHO CANNOT OBEY HIMSELF WILL BE COMMANDED.

Zarathustra is so clear and so simple: if you cannot obey your own life, somebody is going to command you. You are responsible for all those who have become commanders, who are giving ten commandments to you. Don't throw the responsibility on others'

shoulders.

You are unable to obey yourself; you are a coward, you are afraid. Who knows? -- you may be right, you may be wrong. It is better to listen to the wiser ones, it is better to listen to the ancient knowledge, to the scriptures, to the principles of life preached for thousands of years. It seems they are more reliable than your own body, which is millions of years old -- no scripture is as old as your body. Religions tell you, "Listen to the ancient seers." But your own consciousness is far older, far more ancient than any seers.

Jesus was asked once, "What do you think about Abraham?" And Jesus said something immensely valuable: "Why should I think about Abraham? I was before he was." Abraham lived almost three thousand years before Jesus Christ, but what he was saying is immensely true -- "I was before Abraham was. I have always been here. My consciousness is part of the eternal consciousness of existence. Why should I bother about any Abraham?"

"If I can listen to my own consciousness, I have listened to all the seers of the world, because it is the same source from where they quenched their thirst. Why should I go anywhere else? I have my own fresh sources -- fresh in a way, because I have never been there, and ancient in a way, because they have always been there, waiting for me."
HE WHO CANNOT OBEY HIMSELF WILL BE COMMANDED.

You see in the world, Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians and Buddhists and Jews. These are the people who have not obeyed their own lives, who have not listened to their own hearts, who have not followed their own beings. They need organized religions, holy scriptures, prophets and messiahs to command them.

Life is enough unto itself. But if you cannot trust yourself, if you are not courageous enough to follow your own nature, then obviously you will have to be commanded. You will need some discipline, you will need some moral code, you will need some idea of good and evil.

The moment you start allowing yourself to be commanded you have become a slave, a spiritual slave. And you are distracted from your original being, you are distracted from your own god. Your authentic god is being replaced by a stone statue in some temple, which is dead. And cunning priests pretend to represent that they are your saviors. They convince you that you cannot save yourself, that you need a savior, that you cannot find what is right and what is wrong through your own insight, through your own intuition -- you need tuition for it, and tuition comes from the outside. All religions are nothing but tuitions.

And slowly, slowly the more you are burdened by commandments from outside, you forget completely that you had a right to live your life according to your own self. You are living a false life, something pseudo, which is not going to satisfy you, which is not going to give you any contentment, any joy, any truth -- which is simply going to destroy you, and waste a great opportunity that existence has given to you.

HE WHO CANNOT OBEY HIMSELF WILL BE COMMANDED. THAT IS THE NATURE OF LIVING CREATURES.

BUT THIS IS THE THIRD THING I HEARD: THAT COMMANDING IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN OBEYING. AND NOT ONLY BECAUSE THE COMMANDER BEARS THE BURDEN OF ALL WHO OBEY, AND THAT THIS BURDEN CAN EASILY CRUSH HIM.

Commanding is not easy, because you are taking responsibility for other people, you are becoming burdened. But that is not the only problem; the greater problem is:
IN ALL COMMANDING THERE APPEARED TO ME TO BE AN EXPERIMENT AND A RISK: AND THE LIVING CREATURE ALWAYS RISKS HIMSELF WHEN HE COMMANDS.

Anybody who takes the responsibility of commanding is taking a risk. He does not know your nature, he does not know your destiny, he does not know what you are going to become if you are left alone, if you are left to your own nature -- he has no idea. And he is commanding thousands and millions of people, who all have unique natures and unique destinies. Obviously, his commandments are going to be average, standardized ideologies. And there is a problem: the average person does not exist.

For example, you are here. Everybody's height can be measured -- somebody is six and somebody is five, and somebody is five-five, and somebody is five-seven, and somebody is six-two. They can all be added together, and the average height can be found. But do you think you will be able to find any single person here of the average height? Somebody will be a little higher, somebody will be a little lower.... Average height is a mathematical thing -- it does not happen in life.

And the same is true about standardized moral codes, ethics, ideas about good and evil -- they are average. Nobody fits with them, and they fit with nobody.

It is good that you can get shoes according to your feet, not according to the average; otherwise everybody would be miserable! Just a simple thing and the whole world could be made miserable. Give all of them average size shoes: somebody will have such big shoes that he is carrying them, cannot even walk, and somebody will have such small shoes that he is dying... how to reach home?

I have heard about a philosopher: he always purchased shoes which were one size smaller than he needed. Every shopkeeper was puzzled, "What is the matter with you? You are a well-known person, you are not an idiot. This shoe is too small for you."

And he used to say, "You don't understand, this shoe is such a great help to me. When I wear this shoe I forget all the miseries of life -- all problems, all anxieties disappear -- this shoe is too much! And when I reach home at night and take off the shoes, I say, 'My God! What a day, and what a relief,' and I sleep so soundly. This is one of my discoveries," he used to say, "otherwise life is unbearable."

It always happens: if you are miserable, create some bigger misery and the smaller will disappear.

But remember, anybody who takes the responsibility of commanding people is being very inhuman. He is degrading people -- their uniqueness, their differences -- and he is putting the same size shoes on everyone. Nobody fits. Everybody suffers. All your principles are of the same kind.

In Greek mythology there is a story of a king who was a little crazy. He had a very beautiful guest house, and the bed was made of pure gold. In the beginning, a few guests stayed there, but then nobody was coming out that way, from his capital, because it became known to everybody that the man is very dangerous.

He had made such a beautiful guest house, but he had his principles -- the guest has to fit with the length of the bed. He is so crazy, and you are so alone. And he keeps four wrestlers ready. If you are a little too long, they will make you a little shorter -- from both sides, they start boxing you until you are of the same size as the bed. If you are a little too long, he will simply order, "Cut his feet off!" And whatever you say to him, he says, "I have made the bed the average height of human beings, and I believe in equality. It is *your* problem if you are not the size of the bed; it is not the problem of the bed."

But this has been done, in such a subtle way, with your whole life. Moses decides the Ten Commandments for you -- how can he decide? Jesus gives you the principles, in the Sermon on the Mount. Even principles which look so beautiful don't turn out to be beautiful in reality,

because principles are principles, and life is a living phenomenon, continuously changing.

For example, Jesus says, "Do unto others what you would like them to do to you." Perhaps you may have never thought that there can be anything wrong in this principle. It is such a golden principle, so sweet, what can be wrong in it? Zarathustra says there *is* something wrong in it, although he had no idea of Jesus. But the principle is very much older than Jesus. Zarathustra was aware of the principle, and that there have been teachers before who have told to you, "Do unto others what you would like them to do to you."

Zarathustra says, "But remember, their tastes may be different." Nobody has thought about it -- their tastes may be different. You are saying, "Do unto others what *you* would like to be done to you." You are not giving freedom to the other person and his taste. In the first place, what you are doing he may not like. It is not necessarily true that your liking will be his liking too. And in the second place, how he responds will depend upon how he likes what you have done to him. It is unpredictable.

The principle looks very beautiful in words, but in actuality it will simply create more problems -- it has created.... All our religions and all our philosophies have created more problems for people than they have solved. They have not solved a single thing.

A commander is taking a great risk. He is playing with human beings, risking their lives according to his ideas and opinions. Who is he? From where does he have the authority? No man of understanding will be a man who commands. No man of understanding will try to mold your life, try to give your life a certain style, a certain character, a certain morality. The man of understanding will simply help you to find your own nature.

The language of your body he will teach you, the language of intelligence he will teach you, the language of love he will teach you, the language of intuition he will teach you; but he will leave you totally free to go on your own way and to move towards your own destiny. Your star may be different. Your goal may be different. And in fact, no two persons have to be fulfilled in the same way -- they cannot be.

So much misery in the world is caused by simple stupidity: we are being forced to follow certain standards. Those standards have no respect for individuals. They are derived from average understanding, but the average is a mathematical concept; it has nothing to do with life. Mathematics is the most dead science of all sciences, because mathematics is the only science which is man-made. Every other science is a discovery. Mathematics is an invention -- and a very arbitrary invention.

You don't think about everything; otherwise everything would point to a single point: that your nature is not respected by any religion. They have already fixed formulas to be imposed on you, and those principles are more important than you. For them, you are made for those principles, not vice versa; not that those principles are made for you.

If they are made for you, then they should be made according to you. But then, each man would have his own morality and his own religion and his own philosophy. I don't think that there is any harm in it -- life would be far richer. There would be great variety and there would be great joy, because everybody would be absolutely free to follow his own body, his own heart, his own mind, his own being. The society of the superman will allow every man unconditional and total freedom to be himself.

HOW HAS THIS COME ABOUT? THUS I ASK MYSELF. WHAT PERSUADES THE LIVING CREATURE TO OBEY AND TO COMMAND AND TO PRACTISE OBEDIENCE EVEN IN COMMANDING?

LISTEN NOW TO MY TEACHING, YOU WISEST MEN! TEST IN EARNEST WHETHER I HAVE CREPT INTO THE HEART OF LIFE ITSELF AND DOWN TO THE ROOTS OF ITS HEART!

WHERE I FOUND A LIVING CREATURE, THERE I FOUND WILL TO POWER; AND EVEN IN THE

WILL OF THE SERVANT I FOUND THE WILL TO BE MASTER.

It is certainly a great discovery. It is because of this will to power that those who are strong become commanders and those who are weak become slaves. But even the lowest slave dreams that one day he will also be the master. And even the greatest master is always afraid of his own slaves, that somebody may betray him.

Adolf Hitler never allowed anybody to sleep in his room. Just to avoid somebody's presence in the room while he is asleep, he remained a bachelor almost his whole life -- except for three hours before he committed suicide. What was the fear? He had no friends -- even people who were thought to be very close to him, he kept as far away as possible.

He followed Machiavelli's advice with totality: "Whoever is close to you one day will topple you. Beware of the friend. The enemy is not so dangerous, because the enemy is far away; the real danger is the friend, because he is so close. Any moment, his sword can be at your neck."

There is a hierarchy in the world in many ways. That hierarchy fulfills a double role: somebody is higher than you -- he commands you; somebody is lower than you -- you command him.

I am reminded of a beautiful story.... One of the great emperors of India was Akbar. He had chosen the wisest people for his court. From all over the country great poets, painters, dancers... anybody who was a genius in any dimension was picked up by him for his court. And he rewarded them immensely.

One day he was talking with his nine greatest friends. They were called "the nine jewels of Akbar's court." They were the nine most intelligent, creative people. And Akbar was a little whimsical; he used to do things... and of course you cannot ask the emperor, "Why?" He was not answerable to anybody.

Suddenly he hit the face of the man standing by his side. He was the most intelligent man in the court -- his name was Birbal. Birbal waited for a moment, perhaps considering what to do. He could not ask the emperor, "Why have you slapped me?" -- that would be too dangerous -- but something had to be done. In front of so many people, he had been slapped -- this could not be tolerated.

So he slapped the next man who was standing by his side. And he did a good job; that man could not believe: "What is happening, and what kind of thing is this? I have done nothing." But now there was no need to bother about it, Birbal had opened the door. That man didn't think much, he slapped the next man. It is said that that slapping went on all over the capital -- whoever was lower was hit.

And in the night, the queen suddenly hit Akbar. He said, "What are you doing?" She said, "I don't know what is happening, but it is going on all over in the capital. Somebody has hit me, and of course, she was one of your wives" -- Akbar had five hundred wives -- "and she was a senior one, so I could not hit her back."

The queen was the youngest wife -- of course she had more power over Akbar than any other wife; she was the most beautiful. She said, "I cannot hit anybody else but you." Akbar said, "This is strange. This is my own slap that has come back to me, having taken a round all over the city!"

Hierarchies serve a purpose. And there are not only hierarchies in the government, in the church, in political parties; there are hierarchies in the house, in the family. If you look closely, you will find you are almost a standing member of many hierarchies. Many roads pass through you... somebody is higher, somebody is lower.

This whole game that goes on is because of the will to power. All are under it. It is life's intrinsic law.

The husband comes from the office -- the boss has been angry. And although he was abusing and humiliating him, he had to continue to smile, although he wanted to hit him or kill him. But that is too risky, too dangerous -- he cannot afford it. Full of anger he comes home and starts fighting with his wife. And she cannot believe it; she has not done anything. The whole day she has been working -- preparing his food, his clothes, his house, taking care of the children -- and then he comes and starts shouting and insulting her.

But she cannot say anything to him; she is financially dependent on him. She will have to wait a little. Her boy will be coming home from school, and she can find some fault -- and it is not difficult to find fault. Every day she could have found fault, but today is a special day: "You have been fighting with somebody again. I can see your face is scratched, your shirt is torn." And she beats the boy. This is a hierarchy.

And the boy cannot understand it. The whole day in school the teacher was torturing him -- perhaps that's why they are called teachers; they torture! -- then, on the way home, a stronger boy was harassing him. And now his mother is.... He goes into his room and beats his teddy bear. Somebody has to do something!

Teddy bears don't exist without any reason. They are part of your hierarchy, where one line ends -- because the teddy bear is unmarried and... one line has come to an end. But lines and more lines.... Just look at yourself and you will see everywhere... even animals living with human beings learn the language of power.

You go to a stranger's house and his dog starts barking. But you will see a strange phenomenon: the dog has also become a politician. He is barking, and he is also wagging his tail -- this is a welcome sign -- because he is not certain whether you are welcome in the home or not. So he is doing both things -- just being diplomatic. And as the master comes out and shakes hands, he stops barking, and just the tail continues to wag. Or if the master says, "Why you are bothering my dog?" then the tail stops. Then he starts really barking and is ready to attack. Even animals become part of your power hunger.

There is certainly a deep will to power. But you cannot be always on the top; and even if you are on the top, how long can you stay there? There are others who are pulling your legs. You are trying hard to cling to your chair, but others also need to sit on the chair. So even if you reach to a powerful state, fear continues. Deep in your heart you are trembling. Your power is not reliable -- just as you have taken it from somebody else, somebody is going to take it away from you.

And the lowest slave also dreams, "It is not going to be always night. One day I will also see my dawn, I will also be on my trip." He is continuously preparing. Whenever he has a chance to torture someone, to insult someone, to humiliate someone who is weaker than him, he never misses the chance.

When Nirvano came to India for the first time, she was very puzzled: people walking on the street unnecessarily, for no reason at all, will take a rock and hit some stray dog. Her first question to me was, "Why do people hit stray dogs? They are not doing anything to anybody."

I said, "You don't understand. Those people are being hit, and there is nobody else except stray dogs below them. It is a question of hierarchy. Those people are not to be blamed -- although I have all sympathy with stray dogs. But those people are also very poor, just one step ahead of the stray dogs. The stray dog will also take its revenge sooner or later on some smaller, weaker dog, or maybe a cat, or maybe a beggar -- there must be someone,

somewhere in the world, who is lower in the hierarchy than the stray dog.

The whole world is boiling in one pot. Zarathustra's understanding is absolutely correct: WHERE I FOUND A LIVING CREATURE, THERE I FOUND WILL TO POWER; AND EVEN IN THE WILL OF THE SERVANT I FOUND THE WILL TO BE MASTER.

People ask, "Why did Judas betray Jesus?" -- because he also wanted to be the master. And if Jesus remains alive, there is no chance for Judas to be the master. In fact, he was the only educated follower of Jesus. Amongst all his apostles, Judas was the most intelligent, most articulate. He was next to Jesus -- and that was the problem.

And it is not only Jesus; every master has been betrayed. The greater the master, the more are his betrayers, because the more are his followers. And they all want to be masters. Even if they can become a mini-master somewhere, they will feel great joy.

THE WILL OF THE WEAKER PERSUADES IT TO SERVE THE STRONGER; ITS WILL WANTS TO BE MASTER OVER THOSE WEAKER STILL: THIS DELIGHT ALONE IT IS UNWILLING TO FORGO.

AND AS THE LESSER SURRENDERS TO THE GREATER, THAT IT MAY HAVE DELIGHT AND POWER OVER THE LEAST OF ALL, SO THE GREATEST, TOO, SURRENDERS AND FOR THE SAKE OF POWER STAKES -- LIFE.

Even the people who have the greatest power in the world are still hankering for more. Even if they have to stake their life it is worth it; otherwise, what is the reason for so many wars? -- thousands of wars, so many riots, religions clashing with each other, nations fighting with each other, political parties struggling with each other. There must be a tremendous reason, an instinct which is even ready to sacrifice life -- even the greatest stakes his life -- for more power.

THIS DEVOTION OF THE GREATEST IS TO ENCOUNTER RISK AND DANGER AND PLAY DICE FOR DEATH.

When Edmund Hillary climbed the greatest Himalayan peak, Everest... for almost one century, hundreds of mountaineers had tried to climb it, and failed. Not only had they failed, almost seventy-five percent of the mountaineers died; they never returned. Still, new mountaineers went on trying, knowing perfectly well that many, many people had died. And there is nothing to be found on Everest; it is eternal snow.

Edmund Hillary, when descended from the mountain, was addressing his first press conference, and a journalist asked, "Why have you taken such a risk? What is the motive?"

Edmund Hillary said, "Motive? There is no question of motive. Just the very presence of Everest is a challenge and I wanted to be the first who has climbed the mountain."

You cannot see that he has gained anything, but certainly a tremendous will to power, will to be the first... now nobody can take his place in the whole of history. In the vast future, anybody who reaches the top of Everest will be second; there is now no way to be first. *This* is his gain. You cannot see it, it is not visible, but a great power... just being the first.

AND WHERE SACRIFICE AND SERVICE AND LOVING GLANCES ARE, THERE TOO IS WILL TO BE MASTER. Even lovers are continually trying to dominate each other. They may be playing the game of love, but deep down it is the game of will to power; otherwise, why do lovers continuously fight? They fight more than they love; the times of fight are longer than the moments of love. It seems they love only to fight. And for what are they fighting? -- a domination.

THERE THE WEAKER STEALS BY SECRET PATHS INTO THE CASTLE AND EVEN INTO THE HEART OF THE MORE POWERFUL -- AND STEALS THE POWER. The man fights directly. The woman has her own feminine way of fighting; she fights

through more secretive paths. And more often, almost always, she is the winner -- because man is so tired of fighting outside in the world, in the office, with the customers, with the people, with the politics, that he wants, at least in the house, some peace of mind. And that peace of mind is possible only if he becomes a henpecked husband.

It is rare, almost impossible, to find a man who is not henpecked. It is simply an absolute necessity; otherwise he will have no rest. The wife is resting the whole day, she is ready. By the time he comes home, tattered and battered, he is almost finished. Just a little push is needed and he will be flat on the floor. Every husband enters the house as if he is a thief, not a master as he pretends to be outside.

AND LIFE ITSELF TOLD ME THIS SECRET: 'BEHOLD,' IT SAID, 'I AM THAT WHICH MUST OVERCOME ITSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN.' Life is the energy, just like the waves of the ocean, that will come again and again and go on shattering on the beach, on the rocks, being followed by other waves. Eternally it has been so.

Life is also an invisible energy which goes on and on with only one desire -- to overcome itself. It wants to be higher; it wants to be more powerful; it wants to be more successful. Whatever it is, it wants to reach higher than that point. The energy of life's ocean is exactly the same. The waves go on -- don't ask the motive. It is the very nature of the ocean, and it is the very nature of life.

`TO BE SURE, YOU CALL IT WILL TO PROCREATE OR IMPULSE TOWARDS A GOAL, TOWARDS THE HIGHER, MORE DISTANT, MORE MANIFOLD: BUT ALL THIS IS ONE AND ONE SECRET.

`I WOULD RATHER PERISH THAN RENOUNCE THIS ONE THING; AND TRULY, WHERE THERE IS PERISHING AND THE FALLING OF LEAVES, BEHOLD, THERE LIFE SACRIFICES ITSELF -- FOR THE SAKE OF POWER!

`THAT I HAVE TO BE STRUGGLE AND BECOMING AND GOAL AND CONFLICT OF GOALS: AH, HE WHO DIVINES MY WILL SURELY DIVINES, TOO, ALONG WHAT CROOKED PATHS IT HAS TO GO!

`WHATEVER I CREATE AND HOWEVER MUCH I LOVE IT -- SOON I HAVE TO OPPOSE IT AND MY LOVE: THUS WILL MY WILL HAVE IT.'

Although I create -- and whatever I create I create with love -- I also destroy, because I want to go beyond.

`AND YOU TOO, ENLIGHTENED MEN, ARE ONLY A PATH AND A FOOTSTEP OF MY WILL; TRULY, MY WILL TO POWER WALKS WITH THE FEET OF YOUR WILL TO TRUTH!'

Zarathustra says, "Even the will to truth is nothing but the will to power, because by knowing the truth you will have the greatest power in existence." He reduces every desire and every longing, even the longing of enlightenment, to the will to power -- because the moment you are enlightened, you have immense power over yourself, absolute power over your consciousness. Zarathustra cannot be said to be wrong. He has found a very key word, "will to power."

`HE WHO SHOT THE DOCTRINE OF "WILL TO EXISTENCE" AT TRUTH CERTAINLY DID NOT HIT THE TRUTH: THIS WILL -- DOES NOT EXIST!' "Will to existence" does not exist... unless will to existence serves the will to power; otherwise it has no meaning. You would not like just to vegetate and go on living. You would not like to be a mere survivor.

`FOR WHAT DOES NOT EXIST CANNOT WILL; BUT THAT WHICH IS IN EXISTENCE, HOW COULD IT STILL WANT TO COME INTO EXISTENCE?' You are already in existence, so what is the point of will to existence?

He is contradicting those philosophers who call themselves existentialists. Although they have come into being in this century only, fragments of their teaching were available in

Zarathustra's time, too. There were a few thinkers here and there -- not of great importance. It never became that important a philosophy as it became in this century.

But Zarathustra says, "You are already in existence; hence there is no point for the will to existence." Existence certainly is needed, but it is needed only for the will to power; otherwise, who wants to exist?

`ONLY WHERE LIFE IS, THERE IS ALSO WILL: NOT WILL TO LIFE, BUT -- SO I TEACH YOU -- WILL TO POWER!

`THE LIVING CREATURE VALUES MANY THINGS HIGHER THAN LIFE ITSELF; YET OUT OF THIS EVALUATION ITSELF SPEAKS -- THE WILL TO POWER!

TRULY, I SAY TO YOU: UNCHANGING GOOD AND EVIL DOES NOT EXIST! FROM OUT OF THEMSELVES THEY MUST OVERCOME THEMSELVES AGAIN AND AGAIN.

YOU EXERT POWER WITH YOUR VALUES AND DOCTRINES OF GOOD AND EVIL, YOU ASSESSORS OF VALUES; AND THIS IS YOUR HIDDEN LOVE AND THE GLITTERING, TREMBLING, AND OVERFLOWING OF YOUR SOULS.

BUT A MIGHTIER POWER AND A NEW OVERCOMING GROW FROM OUT YOUR VALUES: EGG AND EGG-SHELL BREAK AGAINST THEM.

AND HE WHO HAS TO BE A CREATOR IN GOOD AND EVIL, TRULY, HAS FIRST TO BE A DESTROYER AND BREAK VALUES.

THUS THE GREATEST EVIL BELONGS WITH THE GREATEST GOOD: HOWEVER, IS THE CREATIVE GOOD?

LET US speak OF THIS, YOU WISEST MEN, EVEN IF IT IS A BAD THING. TO BE SILENT IS WORSE; ALL SUPPRESSED TRUTHS BECOME POISONOUS.

He is saying, "I may not be understood. There is every possibility I may be misunderstood. But I have to speak it, because to be silent is worse."

... ALL SUPPRESSED TRUTHS BECOME POISONOUS.

AND LET EVERYTHING THAT CAN BREAK UPON OUR TRUTHS -- BREAK! THERE IS MANY A HOUSE STILL TO BE BUILT!

He is saying that on the path of creativity you have to be destructive too; and if you want higher values, you will have to destroy lower values. If you want to create better houses, you will have to destroy the old ones. The real creator is almost always a destroyer.

He is saying it because he is destroying old values, and he is creating a new value. The new value is will to power. For that new value everything else can be sacrificed. Even life, even all your concepts of good and evil, your morality, your religion, your philosophy -- nothing matters.

The superman has only one religion: the religion of the will to power.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Of scholars

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF SCHOLARS

I HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE OF SCHOLARS AND SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND ME.

TOO LONG DID MY SOUL SIT HUNGRY AT THEIR TABLE; I HAVE NOT BEEN SCHOOLLED, AS THEY HAVE, TO CRACK KNOWLEDGE AS ONE CRACKS NUTS.

I LOVE FREEDOM AND THE AIR OVER FRESH SOIL; I WOULD SLEEP ON OX-SKINS RATHER THAN ON THEIR DIGNITIES AND RESPECTABILITIES.

I AM TOO HOT AND SCORCHED BY MY OWN THOUGHT: IT IS OFTEN ABOUT TO TAKE MY BREATH AWAY. THEN I HAVE TO GET INTO THE OPEN AIR AND AWAY FROM ALL DUSTY ROOMS.

BUT THEY SIT COOL IN THE COOL SHADE: THEY WANT TO BE MERE SPECTATORS IN EVERYTHING AND THEY TAKE CARE NOT TO SIT WHERE THE SUN BURNS UPON THE STEPS...

WHEN THEY GIVE THEMSELVES OUT AS WISE, THEIR LITTLE SAYINGS AND TRUTHS MAKE ME SHIVER: THEIR WISDOM OFTEN SMELLS AS IF IT CAME FROM THE SWAMPS...

THEY ARE CLEVER, THEY HAVE CUNNING FINGERS: WHAT IS MY SIMPLICITY COMPARED WITH THEIR DIVERSITY? THEIR FINGERS UNDERSTAND ALL THREADING AND KNITTING AND WEAVING: THUS THEY WEAVE THE STOCKINGS OF THE SPIRIT!...

THEY KEEP A SHARP EYE UPON ONE ANOTHER AND DO NOT TRUST ONE ANOTHER AS WELL AS THEY MIGHT. INVENTIVE IN SMALL SLYNESSSES, THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THOSE WHOSE WILLS GO UPON LAME FEET -- THEY LIE IN WAIT LIKE SPIDERS....

THEY ALSO KNOW HOW TO PLAY WITH LOADED DICE; AND I FOUND THEM PLAYING SO ZEALOUSLY THAT THEY WERE SWEATING.

WE ARE STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER, AND THEIR VIRTUES ARE EVEN MORE OPPOSED TO MY TASTE THAN ARE THEIR FALSEHOODS AND LOADED DICE.

AND WHEN I LIVED AMONG THEM I LIVED ABOVE THEM. THEY GREW ANGRY WITH ME FOR THAT.

THEY DID NOT WANT TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE WAS WALKING OVER THEIR HEADS; AND SO THEY PUT WOOD AND DIRT AND RUBBISH BETWEEN THEIR HEADS AND ME.

THUS THEY MUFFLED THE SOUND OF MY STEPS: AND FROM THEN ON THE MOST SCHOLARLY HEARD ME THE WORST....

BUT I WALK ABOVE THEIR HEADS WITH MY THOUGHTS IN SPITE OF THAT; AND EVEN IF I SHOULD WALK UPON MY OWN FAULTS, I SHOULD STILL BE ABOVE THEM AND THEIR HEADS.

FOR MEN ARE NOT EQUAL: THUS SPEAKS JUSTICE. AND WHAT I DESIRE THEY MAY NOT DESIRE!

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

One of the most important distinctions one has to make is between knowledge and knowing. Knowledge is cheap and easy: knowing is costly, risky, needs courage. Knowledge is available in the market. There are special markets for knowledge -- the universities, the colleges. Knowing is not available anywhere except within yourself.

Knowing is your capacity. Knowledge is your memory, and memory is the function of the mind that can be easily done by any computer. Knowledge is always borrowed. It is not a flower that grows in your soul, it is something plastic that has been imposed upon you. Knowledge has no roots; it does not grow. It is a dead compilation of corpses. Knowing is a continuous growth, it is a living process. In other words: knowing belongs to your consciousness and its evolution, knowledge belongs to your mind and its memory system.

The words look similar; hence they have created much confusion in the world. And knowledge is cheap -- you can get it from books, you can get it from the rabbis, you can get it from the pundits, you can get it from the bishops -- there are thousands of ways of accumulating knowledge. But it is a dead pile; it has no life of its own. And the most significant thing to remember is: all your knowledge, however great, makes no difference to your ignorance. Your ignorance remains intact. The only difference it makes is, it covers up your ignorance. You can pretend to the world that you are no longer ignorant, but deep inside you there is just darkness. Behind the borrowed words there is no experience.

Knowing dispels your ignorance; knowing is just like light which dispels darkness. Hence, remember the difference between the scholar and the wise man. The wise man is not necessarily a scholar and vice versa -- the scholar is also not necessarily a wise man.

Most probably the scholar rarely becomes a wise man -- for the simple reason that he has so much knowledge that he can deceive people, and if he can deceive many people he is deceived by their deception. He starts believing: if so many people think me a wise man, then I must be. So many people cannot be so foolish. Hence, in the life of the scholar there is no journey, no exploration, no discovery. He lives in the greatest illusion in the world -- he knows nothing and he thinks he knows all.

The man of knowing starts by disowning knowledge, because knowledge is a hindrance; it is a false coin. And the false should be removed before the real can be realised. He disowns everything that is not his own. It is better to be ignorant than to be knowledgeable, because at least the ignorance is yours. It needs more courage than renouncing riches, renouncing kingdoms, renouncing your family, renouncing the society, because they are all outside. Knowledge accumulates inside your mind. Wherever you go... deep in the Himalayas it will be with you.

Renouncing knowledge means a deep inner cleansing and that is what I mean by meditation. Meditation is nothing but renouncing borrowed knowledge and becoming fully aware of one's ignorance. This brings a metamorphosis. The moment you are aware of your ignorance, ignorance goes through such a great change that unless it happens it remains unbelievable. The very ignorance becomes your innocence. The wise man also says, "I do not know."

According to Zarathustra, the highest stage of consciousness is that of a child. You are born a child but then you are ignorant. You will go through much knowledge, much memory and if you are fortunate enough, one day you will see that it is all false -- because it is not yours.

Buddha may have known, Jesus may have known, Krishna may have known; but their

knowledge cannot become my knowing, their life cannot become my life, their love cannot become my love. How can their knowledge become my knowledge? I will have to seek and search on my own. I have to become an adventurer, a seeker of the unknown. I have to go on untrodden paths into uncharted seas. And I have to risk everything with a determined will that if others have achieved the truth, there is no reason why existence will be unkind to me.

Very few fortunate people start dropping their borrowed knowledge. And as they start dropping their borrowed knowledge the circle starts moving back toward their childhood. The completion of the circle comes when ignorance becomes luminous. When ignorance meets with awareness the greatest explosion in the whole experience of man happens: you disappear as an ego. Now you are a pure, innocent existence -- pure "isness," with no claim for anything.

In this moment Socrates said, "I do not know anything." In the same state Bodhidharma declared, "I know nothing. And moreover, my `I' is just a linguistic convenience. Inside me there is no entity which can say `I'. I am just using it, because without it you will not be able to understand. The reality is that I have disappeared and there is only a pure sky, a pure `isness' -- utterly innocent, with no clouds of knowledge."

It is a difficult task to disown knowledge, because knowledge gives you respectability, makes you a great man, brings you a Nobel prize. You are known to millions of people, although you know nothing about yourself. It is a very strange state: the whole world knows you except yourself. To disown knowledge means to fall in the eyes of people, to lose respectability, fame, celebrity. And the ego is very much against doing such a thing -- because with the respectability, the fame and the knowledge disowned, the ego starts dying. It can live only on the borrowed. It itself is the most false thing in your life.

Zarathustra's statements have to be contemplated very deeply: I HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE OF SCHOLARS AND SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND ME. It is not only that he has left the house, the emphasis, it should be remembered, is that he has slammed the door behind him. He is finished with scholarship. This is not the place where truth is found. This is the place where truth is discussed, this is the place where thousands of hypotheses about truth are produced, this is the place where no conclusion has ever been arrived at.

For thousands of years scholars have been discussing, in minute detail, but there has never been a conclusion. Scholars are empty shells -- they make much noise but that noise is meaningless. They argue much but the hypothesis they are arguing about still remains a hypothesis; no argument can make a hypothesis a reality. And above all, how can you discuss something which you have never experienced?

The scholars are like the five blind people of Aesop's fable who had gone to see an elephant. Obviously they had no eyes. They could not see the elephant, so they touched the elephant. Somebody touched his feet, somebody touched his big ears, somebody touched some other part, and everybody declared, "I know now what an elephant is." The one who had touched his legs said, "An elephant is just like a pillar." And the one who had touched his ears said, "You are an idiot, my experience shows that an elephant is just like a big fan." And so on and so forth. They cannot come to any conclusion. And what they are saying looks absurd: the elephant is not like a pillar, but something in the elephant is like a pillar -- his legs. But at least they have touched some part of the elephant.

Scholars are in an even worse condition. They have not touched anything about truth, about love, about silence, about meditation, about ecstasy -- not even a partial experience -- and they are so prolific in their arguments. They create much noise; they shout at each other. For centuries they have been doing that.

Zarathustra says, I HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE OF SCHOLARS.... It is a mad place -- people are talking about things they know nothing about. Blind people are discussing detailed information about light, about darkness, about colors. People who don't have any ears are talking about music. People who have never known a single moment of silence are creating great philosophical systems based on silence. They are very articulate about words, language, grammar, but that is not the search of Zarathustra.

He slammed the door behind him, forever. Scholarship, knowledgeability is not his way, is no one's way; it is only for fools to deceive themselves.

TOO LONG DID MY SOUL SIT HUNGRY AT THEIR TABLE; I HAVE NOT BEEN SCHOOLED, AS THEY HAVE, TO CRACK KNOWLEDGE AS ONE CRACKS NUTS.

I LOVE FREEDOM AND THE AIR OVER FRESH SOIL; I WOULD SLEEP ON OX-SKINS RATHER THAN ON THEIR DIGNITIES AND RESPECTABILITIES.

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BUT THEY SIT COOL IN THE COOL SHADE: THEY WANT TO BE MERE SPECTATORS IN EVERYTHING AND THEY TAKE CARE NOT TO SIT WHERE THE SUN BURNS UPON THE STEPS.

The scholar lives comfortably in his invented hypotheses, in his borrowed knowledge, in his respectability. He has no longing to experience life on his own. He loves comfort and respectability too much, which for a real seeker do not mean anything. What can respectability be -- respectability from the people who are ignorant, who know nothing. They respect you, thinking that you are wise -- you can quote scriptures. But the very idea of being respected by the ignorant is against the pride of an authentic man.

And comfort is a slow death. Soon death will be knocking on your doors; then neither comfort can save you, nor respectability can be a shield. The only thing that can save you is your own realization of truth, is your own knowing of the meaning of life. It is your own taste.

But the scholars don't have courage enough to drop all comfort, all respectability, and to declare to the world that, "I am not a wise man, not yet. Now I am going to search, and I will stake everything to have even a glimpse of the beauty and ecstasy of reality. I have lived too much in words, now I want actual experience."

And actual experience is wordless. It is a taste, it is a nourishment, it fulfills you. The word *love* is not love. Love is a deep dance of your heart, a rejoicing in your soul, an overflowing of your life juices, a sharing with those who are receptive and available. But the word love has nothing to do with it.

WHEN THEY GIVE THEMSELVES OUT AS WISE, THEIR LITTLE SAYINGS AND TRUTHS MAKE ME SHIVER: THEIR WISDOM OFTEN SMELLS AS IF IT CAME FROM THE SWAMPS.

It smells, it stinks, it is really disgusting. If you have known something on your own, then you can see that the so-called scholars are all carrying corpses. And they are bragging whose corpse is the most ancient. The more rotten a corpse is, the more ancient a scripture is, the greater is the scholar.

Scholars certainly stink. But the innocent man -- who is no longer burdened with dusty books, who is no longer living in dusty rooms of scholarship, who has come into the open, under the sky -- has a fragrance around him. Innocence has a fragrance, just as knowledge has a disgusting smell, because knowledge comes from corpses, and knowing comes from a living life source.

THEY ARE CLEVER, THEY HAVE CUNNING FINGERS: WHAT IS my

SIMPLICITY COMPARED WITH THEIR DIVERSITY? Zarathustra says, "I am just a simple man, I am not clever -- no wise man is clever." Cleverness is a poor substitute for wisdom; cunningness is even a perversion. The innocent man is neither clever, nor cunning; but there is tremendous beauty and grandeur in him.

I used to know a very rare human being, an old man, Magga Baba. This statement of Zarathustra's reminds me of him. Nobody knew his name. He had nothing except a jug; and the Hindi word for jug is *magga*. Because he had a jug to drink water out of, or to have food in -- that was his only possession -- people started calling him Magga Baba. He was so simple that people would drop money into his magga -- he would never beg -- and some other people might take money out of his magga, but he would never prevent it. It was none of his concern.

You will not believe me... he was the only man, perhaps, who was stolen many times. A man -- and he did not prevent it. People would simply take him and put him in a rickshaw. And he would not say, "Where are you taking me? And why are you taking me?" -- he would simply go. They would take him to another village. And when, in the place where he was living, they became aware that somebody had stolen Magga Baba, they would go in search of him, to bring him back. He would not say anything to them either; they just had to put him back into a car or into a rickshaw.

Once he was lost for almost twelve years, because some people took him far away in a train. His followers went around the villages, but he was not found, because he was thousands of miles away. It was just by chance -- a businessman had gone to that place and he saw Magga Baba. He dropped his business, took hold of Magga Baba, put him onto a train and brought him back to the city. There was great rejoicing all over the city: Magga Baba has been found! Twelve years... people had almost forgotten him.

He was so simple, just like a child. He used to speak very rarely -- just a word, and that too not in response to your questions or anything. Once he told me, when he was alone.... He used to live in a shed, an open shed, and at night his disciples used to massage him. The whole night, the massage used to go on. He told me, "I need to sleep also, and these disciples of mine, they don't understand that if they continue massaging me...." And not only one -- five, six people were massaging him. Somebody was massaging his head, somebody was massaging his feet.

He said, "How can I sleep? I have not slept for almost twenty years, because these lovers won't let me."

I was always concerned about it, that this stupidity should be stopped, so I told the owner of the shed, "You put some doors on the shed, because this is too much for the poor man. The whole day people are there -- and this they call 'serving the master' -- and the whole night they are there. There is always a crowd serving the master, and nobody is at all concerned that he needs some rest. You put some doors on, and you close it at ten o'clock at night, and open it in the morning."

He said, "I have been thinking about it."

I said, "There is no question of thinking, it is a simple thing."

So he managed to put the doors on. But by the time he had fixed the doors, Magga Baba had been stolen. His disciples, seeing that doors are being put on, had taken him away to another shed.

I told him, "It seems impossible, in this life, for you to sleep. I can ask again, the owner of *this* shed... but your disciples will take you away again. Their concern is to serve you. You don't speak...." Nobody ever asked him what he likes to eat; whatever they brought he would

eat. One day I saw that he was smoking two cigarettes.

I said, "Magga Baba!"

He said, "What to do? Two disciples..."

"But," I said, "do you smoke?"

He said, "I don't know, but they have put the cigarettes in my mouth, so what else can I do? I'm smoking -- I have never smoked before. Just a competition between two disciples." Such a simplicity.

Zarathustra must have been a very simple man, because his insights prove that. Only a very simple heart, utterly innocent, is capable of knowing the depths of life, and the heights of consciousness, and the mysteries of existence. Innocence is a door that leads you into all the mysteries and all the secrets of life.

THEIR FINGERS UNDERSTAND ALL THREADING AND KNITTING AND WEAVING: THUS THEY WEAVE THE STOCKINGS OF THE SPIRIT!

THEY KEEP A SHARP EYE UPON ONE ANOTHER AND DO NOT TRUST ONE ANOTHER AS WELL AS THEY MIGHT. INVENTIVE IN SMALL SLYNESSES, THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THOSE WHOSE WILLS GO UPON LAME FEET -- THEY LIE IN WAIT LIKE SPIDERS.

THEY ALSO KNOW HOW TO PLAY WITH LOADED DICE; AND I FOUND THEM PLAYING SO ZEALOUSLY THAT THEY WERE SWEATING.

WE ARE STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER, AND THEIR VIRTUES ARE EVEN MORE OPPOSED TO MY TASTE THAN ARE THEIR FALSEHOODS AND LOADED DICE. All these things he is saying about the scholars, about the people who are recognized in the world as great men. All the mystics are strangers to the scholars, for the simple reason that the mystic does not believe, the mystic does not think; the mystic experiences. To think about water is one thing.... You can write a treatise on water, and you will be known as a great scholar; you may be awarded a Ph.D. on your thesis. But your book or your knowledge cannot quench the thirst; and the man who drinks water need not know that its chemical formula is H₂O -- because "H₂O" cannot quench your thirst.

The mystic's concern is to quench his thirst, to nourish his being, to explore his interiority and to come into rapport with existence and all that it contains. And it contains all the joys, and all the beauties, and all the blessings, and all the benedictions. The scholar is content only to think about these things. He is not really thirsty; otherwise he would seek water, not a treatise on water; he would go to the well, not to the library. The mystic goes to the well and the scholar goes to the library. They are absolute strangers to each other.

WE ARE STRANGERS TO ONE ANOTHER, AND THEIR VIRTUES ARE EVEN MORE OPPOSED TO MY TASTE THAN ARE THEIR FALSEHOODS AND LOADED DICE. The scholar cannot speak the truth, because he knows nothing about it. Even people who know about it cannot speak it, but at least they can point towards it; they can give a few hints, a few guidelines. They can hold your hand and take you to the window to show you the open sky and the stars. But the scholar is too much involved in language, in theology, in philosophy -- he has no time even to look out of the window. He has forgotten living; he knows only thinking.

Thinking is a falsehood, because you think only when you do not know. When you see a beautiful sunset, do you think? Most probably, out of old habit, you start thinking. You start saying within yourself, "What a beautiful sunset." But your words are becoming a barrier. That is not a way to be in rapport with the sunset; all thinking should stop. Then you will be there -- utterly in harmony with the sunset, almost a part of it. And then you will know its beauty. Not by repeating, "It is beautiful" -- those words are borrowed. You have heard them, and you are saying them just to show that you have a great aesthetic sense.

But *you* are not there; your mind is wandering somewhere else. If beauty cannot stop your mind, you don't know what beauty is. If a great dance cannot bring meditation to you, then you don't know how to see a dance. We are loaded with falsehoods.

Zarathustra says, THEIR VIRTUES ARE EVEN MORE OPPOSED TO MY TASTE. Their virtues are very strange. Different scholars have different virtues, belonging to different herds. I will tell you one incident in the life of a great philosopher that India has produced -- Shankaracharya, the first Adi Shankaracharya. Because now there are successors, like the popes, they are all called *shankaracharyas*. He preached the philosophy that the world is illusory, that it only appears, it does not exist. It is almost made of the same stuff as dreams are made of.

In Varanasi, which is the Hindu citadel, he was delivering discourses on the illusoriness of the world. One morning... it was dark, there was still time before the sun would rise... according to the tradition -- he was a brahmin monk -- he took a bath in the Ganges. He was coming up the steps, there was nobody around, and suddenly a man appeared and, touching his body, passed by his side. The man then stopped and said, "Forgive me, perhaps in the darkness you cannot recognize me, but I can recognize you: I am a sudra, I am an untouchable."

Hindus have the oldest fascist religion. They have reduced one-fourth of their society to an almost animal existence. They call them untouchables because to touch them, or even to be touched by their shadow, defiles you. You have to take a bath immediately to cleanse yourself. For five thousand years they have been torturing these poor people, who do all the dirty work of the society. But they are not allowed to live in the cities, in the towns; they have to live outside. They are the poorest of the poor, the most exploited, the most downtrodden.

Shankaracharya was a high-caste brahmin, and one of the greatest Hindu philosophers. He was really very angry. He said, "You are an untouchable and you recognized me, and still you touched me. I will have to go back to the river and take another bath."

But the untouchable said, "Before you go, you will have to answer a few questions; otherwise I will remain here and touch you again."

There was nobody there, so Shankaracharya was in a fix -- what to do? If he goes and takes a bath and comes back and he is touched again, the situation will be the same. So he said, "Okay, what are your questions? You seem to be a very nasty and stubborn person."

He said, "My first question is: Am I real or illusory? If I am an illusion, you need not have another bath; you can go and do your worship in the temple. If I am real, then drop this nonsense that you have been talking."

Shankara was silent for a moment -- what to say to this man? He had been discussing his philosophy all over the country. He had conquered all the Hindu philosophers. A book exists, SHANKARA DIGVIJAYA, the victory of the great Shankara. Wherever he went, he logically proved that the world is illusory. But what to do with this untouchable?

He was standing there. The untouchable said, "I am illusory, the river is illusory, your bath is illusory, you are illusory -- these are all according to your philosophy. I want to ask a few things more: you call me untouchable. Is it my body that is untouchable? Do you think your body is made with different ingredients? Is it possible to find a difference between the bones of an untouchable and the bones of a brahmin, or the blood, or the skin, or the skull? I can bring skulls and you tell me which one is the skull of a brahmin. Certainly bodies are all made of the same ingredients; you cannot find any difference of superior or inferior.

"Then perhaps, our minds are untouchable. But can you touch my mind? That which cannot be touched should not be called untouchable. Your mind is also untouchable. Or do

you think my soul is untouchable? -- because I have heard you speaking, that there is only one soul in the whole universe, the *brahma*, the ultimate soul, and we are all parts of it. What about the untouchables? Do they have souls or not? And if they have souls, are they part of your ultimate one soul, or do they have a separate, out-of-this-town place?"

Shankara, who was a great logician, for the first time felt defeated. He said, "Forgive me, you have awakened me from a deep sleep. I was living in words; you challenged me by reality."

The people who become accustomed to living in words start living in castles in the air. They forget the real world, the real beings. Their virtues, their religions are derived from their aircastles. Their virtues are not derived from the reality in which they exist. That's why Zarathustra says: THEIR VIRTUES ARE EVEN MORE OPPOSED TO MY TASTE. They are just verbal, logical, linguistic; they have nothing to do with reality. And you can make anything a virtue -- you just have to give arguments for it.

It happened to a man: he was always coming late to his house, and his wife was continually telling him, "I know where you go and someday you will repent." But he did not listen -- he was going to the prostitutes. That night the wife was really angry, and as he entered the house she cut his nose off with a knife. The man said, "What are you doing?" But by that time his nose was on the ground. The man said, "Are you mad or something? Now, how will I live? What will I say to people?"

The woman said, "Now it is your problem. I have lived enough in anguish, now you live...."

The man thought: it is really a very embarrassing situation. Everybody in the town will be asking, "What happened to your nose?" It is better to escape from this town. But the problem still remains that in the other town they will also ask, "What happened to your nose?"

He was a man who had some interest in philosophy and religion. He found a way: he escaped in the night to the other town, and there he sat under a tree in a lotus posture with closed eyes. People came around. They had seen many saints, but this was a special saint -- without a nose and sitting absolutely buddha-like.

Finally somebody asked, "You are new here and we are happy to have a great saint like you" -- because he was sitting so still, so silently; although inside there was nothing of the silence, it was just a posture.

He said, "I have found God."

They said, "You have found God? Then we would like to be your disciples."

He said, "There is a condition: unless you cut off your nose.... It is the nose that is the barrier. Once the nose is cut off, immediately you will see God standing before you."

It was a difficult thing. People thought many times... but everywhere you can find idiots. Some idiot came out and he said, "Okay! I am ready."

The man had brought a knife with him. He took him aside and cut his nose off. The man looked around but there was no God. He said, "But where is God?"

The master said, "Don't talk about God, because there is no God and it has nothing to do with cutting your nose off. But if you say to people that you are not seeing God, they will laugh at you -- that you are idiot, you lost your nose unnecessarily. It is better that you just go and tell people -- go dancing -- that, 'This is a simple method, great. The moment the nose came off, God was standing before me.'" The man thought, and he also was convinced that this is the only way to save himself from embarrassment.

The master said, "This is the situation, the same situation with me. I don't know anything about God, but you are my chief disciple, and we will make many disciples -- just have a

little courage."

So the man went and told people, "I had done everything and I had not found God. This man has found the right key: just a small sacrifice of the nose and immediately... it is as if a curtain has opened and God is standing there. I have seen Him," and he was dancing.

People said, "This is something. We have never heard... there is no scripture in which it is written: cut your nose off and see God."

But that man was from their own village. He sat by his master's side in a lotus posture, and the line started growing. The trick was the same: he would take them to the side, cut their nose off, and tell them the fact, "There is no question of God, it is a question now of saving yourself from embarrassment. You are free, you can say... but they will only call you an idiot. If you listen to me you will be worshiped like a great saint, as all my followers are being worshiped."

The thing became so infectious that there were hundreds of people in that town without noses; and everybody was touching their feet, inviting them to their home for food, for clothes. The rumor even reached the king.

He was a person very deeply interested in religion. He said, "But I have never heard, never read... but so many people cannot lie. If it was only one person, that would be one thing, but from our own capital, hundreds of people have seen God. To remain without the realization of God just to save your nose does not seem to be right. I'm going!"

He told the prime minister, "Make arrangements. I'm going. One day one has to die -- nose and all -- so if just by cutting your nose off you can experience God, it is worth it."

The prime minister was a very intelligent man. He said, "Just wait. There is no hurry. You can cut your nose off tomorrow. Let me first enquire, find out what is happening."

He went... invited the "great master" -- because now he had become a great master, who has found the most shortcut way to God. You cannot even imagine that there can be a shorter way. He invited him into the palace and the master was very happy; he went into the palace. He was taken into a room where four very strong wrestlers were ready; he could not see what is going on.

The prime minister said, "You tell the truth; otherwise these four people are going to beat you, torture you, make as many fractures in your body as possible until you tell the truth."

The man saw the situation. He said, "The reality is, my wife has cut my nose off. I have not seen any God or anything. Please don't torture me; I will leave the city."

And the prime minister asked, "What about your other disciples?"

He said, "Nobody has seen... but once somebody's nose is gone, he has two alternatives: either to be a saint or to be a fool. The whole city will laugh, that this idiot has lost his nose and we were telling him, 'Don't do this,' but he didn't listen."

He took the man to the king, and when the king heard that he said, "My God! If I had gone yesterday, by this time I would also have seen God!"

You can find any kind of stupidity, support it by cunningness, by cleverness, and the world is so full of idiots that you will always find followers. All these religions that exist are nothing but different versions of the same story. Nobody has seen God, but by torturing yourself you become a saint. And then it looks foolish to say that this torturing has been useless... I have not seen God. Now it is better to keep quiet. You have become so respectable -- God or no God. You were of no use, worthless, nobody ever respected you; now thousands of people respect you. It is better to keep quiet and enjoy the respectability.

Logic, argument, philosophy, in the hands of cunning and clever people, can create all

kinds of virtues and moralities in which you cannot see what is moral. But they can give evidence, and they can always bring witnesses to say, "Yes. It is happening."

Hindu monks use a wooden sandal. It is very torturous because it has no support -- you have to hold it between your big toe and your second toe. It is heavy and walking becomes unnecessary torture. But ask the Hindu monks, "Why are you doing it when more comfortable, convenient sandals are possible?"

One great Hindu saint, Karpatri, told me that there is a secret in it. I said, "What is the secret?"

He said, "The secret is that it keeps a man celibate."

I said, "Great! The wooden sandal?"

He said, "You don't understand. There is a nerve in your big toe that controls your sexuality."

I said, "Now, man's whole physiology has been completely explored -- there is no nerve there which controls sexuality. You can even cut the whole leg off, then too sexuality will not be controlled." But millions of Hindu monks believe in it. And there is another thing: every Hindu wears a sacred thread around his neck; and when he goes to the urinal, he has to put that thread around his ear.

I asked the shankaracharya of Dwarika -- I was staying in Dwarika -- "I don't see the point." I had to ask him because he himself had made a man look so foolish amongst the people.... A young man had stood up and he wanted to ask something, but the shankaracharya said, "Before you ask anything, answer my few questions." The man was wearing Western dress -- long pants, a coat, and a tie -- and that had infuriated the shankaracharya.

He asked, "Do you have the Hindu thread, the sacred thread, inside your shirt or not?"

The man said, "No, I don't have it."

The shankaracharya was very angry, and he said, "The moment you stood up, I knew -- with those kinds of clothes, you must be urinating standing up and that is against Hinduism. First get a sacred thread. Change this dress, and when you are urinating put the thread round your ear." The people laughed and the poor man looked stupid among those idiots.

I had just heard about it, so I asked him, "What is the science of your sacred thread? And in what way is it spiritual to put it around your ear while urinating?"

The same answer... that in the ear there is a nerve which controls your sexuality. So when you wind the sacred thread round and round the ear, that nerve is caught. It helps a man to remain celibate.

Millions of Hindus believe this. And it is not only Hindus -- in every religion you will find the same kind of stupid ideas have been propagated for thousands of years. Nobody raises any question because nobody wants to fall apart from the crowd, lose the respect of the crowd.

And the crowd can be very nasty; it can misbehave with the person. The person may have to lose his job. Even his family will become against him; his own friends will turn their backs on him. He will become lonely in the very crowd, and condemned. But if he were doing those stupid things that the crowd believes have some spirituality in them, some virtue in them, the crowd would have been respectful.

As far as I see, to be respectable in this society means you are cunning, means you are a hypocrite. It means that just to remain respectable you are pretending many things, which you know perfectly well are just either useless or stupid or even harmful.

AND WHEN I LIVED AMONG THEM I LIVED ABOVE THEM. THEY GREW ANGRY WITH ME FOR THAT. I know it from my own experience. I have made so many

religious people angry around the world -- religious heads, saints, sages -- just for the simple reason that I showed them that what they understand as character, as virtue, as religion, is mostly rubbish. They don't have any answer. Their answer is anger; but anger is not an argument. It does not prove anything -- in fact it disproves. If you become angry, that simply shows that you have been exposed; and you don't have any evidence, any proof, any rationality in your actions.

AND WHEN I LIVED AMONG THEM I LIVED ABOVE THEM. THEY GREW ANGRY WITH ME FOR THAT.

THEY DID NOT WANT TO KNOW THAT SOMEONE WAS WALKING OVER THEIR HEADS; AND SO THEY PUT WOOD AND DIRT AND RUBBISH BETWEEN THEIR HEADS AND ME.

THUS THEY MUFFLED THE SOUND OF MY STEPS: AND FROM THEN ON THE MOST SCHOLARLY HEARD ME THE WORST.

BUT I WALK ABOVE THEIR HEADS WITH MY THOUGHTS IN SPIITE OF THAT; AND EVEN IF I SHOULD WALK UPON MY OWN FAULTS, I SHOULD STILL BE ABOVE THEM AND THEIR HEADS.

FOR MEN ARE NOT EQUAL.

This is such a great statement. Particularly today, because communism has made it almost universally accepted that all men are equal. And it is not right at all: not even two men are equal.

Equality is a false idea.

Every man is unique.

He is a category in himself.

I conceive that everybody should be given equal opportunity to grow in his uniqueness, but no men are equal. Equality is our contemporary superstition -- the latest and the most widely accepted, even by those who are not communists. They have also accepted it, because they have not denied it.

Even the non-communists don't have the guts to say that men are not equal, because they are afraid that the crowds will be angry. Crowds are very happy to know that men are equal, that you are equal to Albert Einstein, that you are equal to Bertrand Russell, that you are equal to Martin Buber, that you are equal to Jean-Paul Sartre. The masses are very happy with the idea. It is so ego-fulfilling that even those who are not communists are afraid to say that men are not equal. But I am absolutely in agreement with Zarathustra: men are not equal.

THUS SPEAKS JUSTICE. AND WHAT I DESIRE they MAY NOT DESIRE! My likings are different, your likings are different; my talents are different, your talents are different; my destiny is only my destiny, your destiny is only your destiny. In fact, only cattle are equal. Man is the only being on the earth who has uniqueness. But you will create anger in them....

When I said, twenty years ago, that men are not equal, the Communist party of India passed a resolution against me, condemning me. And the president of the Communist party of India, S.A. Dange, declared that soon his son-in-law, who is a professor, is going to write a book to confute my idea that men are not equal. He has written a book against me; although there is no argument except anger, abuse and lies -- but not a single argument to prove that men are equal.

Zarathustra is right: THUS SPEAKS JUSTICE. I have my own conception of a better society: it will provide equal opportunity to all, but the equal opportunity will be for them to be unequal, to grow in their uniqueness.

To me, communism means equal opportunity for all, not equality of man. Zarathustra had the insight twenty-five centuries ago. It is absolutely just and fair that man should not be sacrificed again in the name of equality. He has been sacrificed many times, in different

names, in different temples, before different gods. Now he is being sacrificed in the temple of communism -- before a holy book, DAS KAPITAL, before a trinity of gods, Marx, Engels and Lenin.

It is such a simple thing; everybody knows that nobody is equal. But man's jealousy... jealousy of the small man against the great, jealousy of the little ones against the giants, makes them shout loudly -- and of course they are in the majority -- that man is equal, and equality is man's birthright. And they know not that they are saying something which is synonymous to committing suicide. Equal opportunity to grow is perfectly right. And the acceptance of the uniqueness of individuals makes the society rich, gives it the variety of all kinds of flowers, of different colors, with different fragrances.

Zarathustra is rare, in the sense that he has seen faraway things, because nobody was talking about equality of man in his day. Marx was yet to come, after twenty-four centuries. But the more meditative you are, the more silent, the clearer becomes your vision, and it can see far away in the future. This statement is against Karl Marx; although Zarathustra is not aware of any Karl Marx in particular.

Karl Marx was just a scholar and nothing else. He spent his whole life in the library of the British Museum. He was there before the library opened, and he was almost pushed out, every day, when the library closed -- and sometimes even carried out, because in his old age he would continue reading and reading, and he would become unconscious. By the time the library was going to be closed they would find that his head was on the table and he was unconscious. He had to be carried out and an ambulance called to take him home. And tomorrow morning he was back again. A perfect scholar! Not metaphorically, but really a bookworm. All his experience was only with books -- not with people, not with existence, not with himself.

FOR MEN ARE NOT EQUAL: THUS SPEAKS JUSTICE. AND WHAT I DESIRE THEY MAY NOT DESIRE!

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Of poets

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF POETS

`SINCE I HAVE KNOWN THE BODY BETTER,' SAID ZARATHUSTRA TO ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES,
`THE SPIRIT HAS BEEN ONLY FIGURATIVELY SPIRIT TO ME; AND ALL THAT IS
"INTRANSITORY" -- THAT TOO HAS BEEN ONLY AN "IMAGE".

`I HEARD YOU SAY THAT ONCE BEFORE,' ANSWERED THE DISCIPLE; `AND THEN YOU
ADDED: "BUT THE POETS LIE TOO MUCH." WHY DID YOU SAY THAT THE POETS LIE TOO
MUCH?'

`WHY?' SAID ZARATHUSTRA. `YOU ASK WHY? I AM NOT ONE OF THOSE WHO MAY BE
QUESTIONED ABOUT THEIR WHY.

`DO MY EXPERIENCES DATE FROM YESTERDAY? IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE I EXPERIENCED
THE REASONS FOR MY OPINIONS.

`SHOULD I NOT HAVE TO BE A BARREL OF MEMORY, IF I WANTED TO CARRY MY REASONS,
TOO, ABOUT WITH ME?

`IT IS ALREADY TOO MUCH FOR ME TO RETAIN EVEN MY OPINIONS; AND MANY A BIRD HAS
FLOWN AWAY....

`YET WHAT DID ZARATHUSTRA ONCE SAY TO YOU? THAT THE POETS LIE TOO MUCH? --
BUT ZARATHUSTRA TOO IS A POET.

`DO YOU NOW BELIEVE THAT HE SPOKE THE TRUTH? WHY DO YOU BELIEVE IT?'

THE DISCIPLE ANSWERED: `I BELIEVE IN ZARATHUSTRA.' BUT ZARATHUSTRA SHOOK HIS
HEAD AND SMILED.

BELIEF DOES NOT MAKE ME BLESSED (HE SAID), LEAST OF ALL BELIEF IN MYSELF.

BUT GRANTED THAT SOMEONE HAS SAID IN ALL SERIOUSNESS THAT THE POETS LIE TOO
MUCH: HE IS RIGHT -- WE DO LIE TOO MUCH.

WE KNOW TOO LITTLE AND ARE BAD LEARNERS: SO WE HAVE TO LIE....

AND WE BELIEVE IN THE PEOPLE AND ITS `WISDOM' AS IF THERE WERE A SPECIAL SECRET
ENTRANCE TO KNOWLEDGE WHICH IS BLOCKED TO HIM WHO HAS LEARNED ANYTHING....

ALAS, THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH OF WHICH ONLY THE
POETS HAVE LET THEMSELVES DREAM!

AND ESPECIALLY ABOVE HEAVEN: FOR ALL GODS ARE POETS' IMAGES, POETS'
SURREPTITIOUSNESS!

TRULY IT DRAWS US EVER UPWARD -- THAT IS, TO CLOUDLAND: WE SET OUR MOTLEY
PUPPETS ON THE CLOUDS AND THEN CALL THEM GODS AND SUPERMEN....

ALAS, HOW WEARY I AM OF THE UNATTAINABLE THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE REALITY. ALAS,
HOW WEARY I AM OF THE POETS!...

THIS SPEECH MAKES ZARATHUSTRA'S DISCIPLES ANGRY AND THEY ARE SILENT -- SILENT
TOO IS ZARATHUSTRA, UNTIL AT LENGTH HE SIGHS AND SAYS:

I AM OF TODAY AND OF THE HAS-BEEN... BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN ME THAT IS OF TOMORROW AND OF THE DAY-AFTER-TOMORROW AND OF THE SHALL-BE.
I HAVE GROWN WEARY OF THE POETS, THE OLD AND THE NEW: THEY ALL SEEM TO ME SUPERFICIAL AND SHALLOW SEAS.
THEY HAVE NOT THOUGHT DEEPLY ENOUGH: THEREFORE THEIR FEELING -- HAS NOT PLUMBED THE DEPTHS....
THE POET'S SPIRIT WANTS SPECTATORS, EVEN IF THEY ARE ONLY BUFFALOES!
BUT I HAVE GROWN WEARY OF THIS SPIRIT: AND I SEE THE DAY COMING WHEN IT WILL GROW WEARY OF ITSELF.
ALREADY I HAVE SEEN THE POETS TRANSFORMED: I HAVE SEEN THEM DIRECT THEIR GLANCE UPON THEMSELVES.
I HAVE SEEN PENITENTS OF THE SPIRIT APPEARING: THEY GREW OUT OF THE POETS.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra is so sincere and so truthful that he will not even spare himself, if there is something uttered by him which is not absolutely true. And the problem about truth is, you cannot speak it in its totality.

At the most you can indicate some aspect, hint towards a few glimpses. But to the person you are speaking to, these fragments will remain absolutely puzzling, because he cannot fill the gaps. The mystic has a duty to fill the gaps and to make his statements as entire, as systematic as possible. Therein is the source of lies.

The mystic has to lie, it is unavoidable.

The responsibility is not of the mystic; it is the very nature of truth that it is not absolutely available to knowledge, to language, to expression. More often, the mystics have chosen poetry as an expression, for the simple reason that to lie in poetry is easier than to lie in prose.

You may have never thought about it. A lie in poetry becomes a metaphor, becomes a way of saying, becomes a decoration. But in prose, the lie stands out so clearly that it is very difficult to hide it. Poetry is more flexible, because poetry is part of the world of dreams; it is also part of fictitious expressions.

Fragments of truth can be expressed in poetry without feeling that you are not being just to the truth, and you are not being fair to the listener. Poetry is a beautiful camouflage. It is not an accident that many great poets are nothing but hidden mystics. And many great mystics have chosen poetry as an approach to the hearts of the people.

Prose is rational; it has to be logical, has to be supported by evidence and proofs. Poetry needs no reason, no logic, no support of any evidence or proof. It is a totally different dimension. All that it needs is beauty, all that it needs is music.

It is very easy, when there is no need for logic and reason, to mix fragments of truth into fictitious lies, and give it an expression of completion.

George Gurdjieff's disciple, P.D. Ouspensky, was a great mathematician -- perhaps one of the greatest in the whole history of man. He was not a poet; he knew only logic and reason, which are the foundations of mathematics. But he fell in love with George Gurdjieff, a mystic.

George Gurdjieff was not known in the world. He was known only to a very few people, because he was a very strange man. His methods were strange, unconventional, unorthodox. His ways of expression were almost not understandable. His writing is a category in itself.

I don't think there is any single human being, except me, who has read his books from the very beginning to the end. It is such a torture, because he goes on making words of his own. You cannot find their meaning in any dictionary; they don't belong to any language. He knew many languages, and he mixes all those languages.

His sentences are so long that by the time you come to the end you have forgotten the beginning. A single sentence may run the whole page. And he was aware of it. He has written big volumes, one thousand pages, and rarely will you come to a sentence that you feel you have understood exactly.

It is deliberate. He wants you to go through this torture because, he says, unless you get something with effort you don't give any value to it. Out of one thousand pages, perhaps ten pages would have been enough to say what he wants to say. But he goes on in such a roundabout way that it takes pages for him to say a single statement.

Ouspensky, seeing the situation, wrote a book to explain Gurdjieff's system of thought. His writing is absolutely mathematical, rational; each sentence is significant. But he gives a subtitle to the book. The title of the book is **IN SEARCH OF THE MIRACULOUS**, and the subtitle is **FRAGMENTS OF AN UNKNOWN TEACHING**.

When he was asked, "Why fragments?" he said, "I am not a poet. I will say only that which is absolutely reasonable, for which I can give you proof, for which logic stands in support. But I am aware that there are gaps between those fragments which can be known only by experience. Nothing can be written about them.

"And I will not deceive the world by calling this a system, because it is not. These are only fragments -- a few pieces here, a few pieces there which have allowed themselves to be expressed in language. But the most important has remained unexpressed."

The difficulty lies with the very experience of truth. Either the man of experience remains silent.... If he wants to be absolutely true then he cannot say a single word, then silence is the only possible expression. But who will understand silence?

The second alternative is that he gives you fragments. But if they are given in prose, you will not be able to join them together into a whole system. They are pieces and don't make sense in themselves; and you don't know the whole of which they are pieces.

Hence, the mystics have chosen poetry as a way. Poetry has the great quality that it does not need to be absolutely true; it needs only to be absolutely beautiful. And lies can be beautiful, there is no problem. Sometimes they can be even more beautiful than the truth. Poetry allows the poet to fill the gaps with beautiful flowers, and give you a sense that you are being given a whole system of thought, in its entirety.

Zarathustra is such a sincere man that what he says about the poets, that they lie too much... he does not forget to remind his disciples that, "Zarathustra is also a poet."

This authenticity makes him one of the greatest men who has ever traveled in the inner spaces and the mysteries of man. And even if sometimes he lies, his lies are nothing but stepping-stones; they lead to the temple of truth. They are not the temple, true, but they lead to the temple.

They may be lies, but they are like arrows, pointing towards the faraway truth. And a lie that can help you to understand truth is not just a lie -- don't condemn it. It is not true, but it has been of immense help to find the truth.

Zarathustra is saying... and the opening statement this evening has far-reaching effects:

‘SINCE I HAVE KNOWN THE BODY BETTER,’ SAID ZARATHUSTRA TO ONE OF HIS DISCIPLES, ‘THE SPIRIT HAS BEEN ONLY FIGURATIVELY SPIRIT TO ME; AND ALL THAT IS "INTRANSITORY" -- THAT TOO HAS BEEN ONLY AN "IMAGE"'.He is saying, "Since I have known the body in its totality, the spirit, the soul, the self, have been only figuratively used by me" -- because what we call the soul is not separate from the body.

It can be understood easily if I say that the body is your outer soul and the soul is your inner body. But it is one phenomenon, it is one energy. The space outside your house and the space inside your house are not two spaces -- the outside space and the inside space are a one and absolutely single phenomenon.

There have been people in the world who believe in the body, the materialists. In the East there has been an ancient school of them, the Charvakas. In the West: Epicurus, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell, Jean-Paul Sartre. These people represent the materialist viewpoint -- that matter is the only reality; all that exists is matter, spirit is only a poetic image.

And there has been the opposite school of spiritualists, who say that the soul is the authentic reality; the body is ephemeral, illusory -- because they have made it a criterion: unless something is eternal it is not real. The body is not eternal -- one day it is born, then it is constantly changing, every moment, and one day it dies. It is simply a long dream. Even dreams, when you are dreaming them, appear to be real. So is the case with the body and the outside world -- it only appears to be real. But because it is ephemeral, constantly changing, it cannot be given the name of absolute reality.

But inside you, invisible, is the spirit. And just as inside you there is an invisible spirit, your soul, so in the universe also there is an invisible spirit, God. The spirit of the individual is only part of the universal spirit. The spirit is the reality; matter is only a dream.

Both these schools have been conflicting continually for centuries without coming to any conclusion; and there is no hope that they can ever come to any conclusion, because the reality is something else. Neither of them is aware of it.

Modern physics has given a tremendous new insight. According to modern physics and its research, matter certainly does not exist. The spiritualists were very happy to hear this from the scientific sources, that matter does not exist. They thought that their standpoint has been proved -- not only logically, but scientifically also; not only religiously, but by an objective science. But they have not understood exactly what modern physics is saying.

Modern physics is saying: matter does not exist, what exists is energy. Condensed energy appears to be like matter. But as you divide matter, ultimately you come to the electron -- a particle of electricity -- which is not material, which is immaterial energy.

But it is not spiritual either. This energy expresses itself in two ways, according to me: one expression is matter, another expression is spirit -- different formulations of the same energy. When it is condensed it appears as matter. When it is not condensed it appears as spirit.

Zarathustra had no knowledge of what was going to happen after twenty-five centuries, but he came very close to the fact. He says: SINCE I HAVE KNOWN THE BODY BETTER... as I have explored the body in its very depth, in its interiority, I have become aware that spirit or soul are only metaphors -- figurative ways of indicating that the body also has an immaterial interior to it.

But it is not against the body; it is part of it, it is the same phenomenon. Just as when you see ice melting, the water seems to be totally different -- it is flowing, the ice is static -- but the difference is only of temperature. And if the water is heated, it will change again into another form; it will become vapor. So you have three forms of one energy -- you have the ice, you have the water, and you have the vapor. And the vapor is invisible. You cannot connect the vapor with the ice; you cannot even see it.

Zarathustra is saying, "Trying to understand the body in its totality, I have come to know that spirit is nothing but a manifestation of the same energy as that which the body is." The same energy has two aspects: on the outside it is visible, on the inside it is invisible. He is

trying to destroy the duality which all the religions have created in the mind of man. He is trying to destroy the schism between the materialist and the spiritualist.

His effort is for a tremendous synthesis -- that you need not torture the body to attain spiritual experiences. On the contrary, the body has to be as healthy, as wholesome as possible, because that will be helpful for you to go into your innermost invisible world. There is no conflict, there is a deep harmony.

Zarathustra teaches harmony. Other than Zarathustra, everybody has been teaching conflict. The moment a person becomes convinced of the conflict between the body and the spirit, he is a house divided against himself. His whole energy goes into fighting with himself. The poor situation in which humanity finds itself is the ultimate outcome of this split in man.

Zarathustra is saying that spirit, soul and all these words are beautiful words, but they are only figurative -- they are only metaphors, they are only poetic. Don't get caught in any conflict. You are one whole, you are one organic unity; hence there is no need for any inner fight. And the moment you are no longer in any inner fight, your whole energy is available to rise higher towards the superman.

Fighting with yourself, you cannot overcome.

Looking from the outside, I can manage a fight between my two hands. They can start beating each other, hurting each other; but whichever hand is hurt or wounded, basically I am hurt, I am wounded. The fight between my two hands cannot decide which hand has become victorious. They are both *my* hands. They are getting *my* energy. One thing is certain, nobody can be victorious. But their fight will become a failure for my whole being, because they will destroy my energy, which could have been used to attain a higher state of consciousness.

Zarathustra is saying that he wants the body and the spirit as one, the God and the world as one. Only one exists. What name you give to it does not matter. If you love to call it God so much -- call it. If you are obsessed with the word *matter* and you want to call it matter -- call it. Your matter will have some spiritual quality, your matter will have intelligence. And to those who want to call it God, they have also to remember that your God will have in him the vast universe of matter.

He is not a person to fight over words, but he wants to indicate that if we understand the organic unity between the visible and the invisible, between the changing and the unchanging, between the moving and the unmoving, we can create a foundation for a better man to arrive. We can herald and declare that the superman is going to succeed us. We have not been able to do it up to now, because our whole energy goes into fighting with ourselves.

'I HEARD YOU SAY THAT ONCE BEFORE,' ANSWERED THE DISCIPLE; 'AND THEN YOU ADDED: "BUT THE POETS LIE TOO MUCH." WHY DID YOU SAY THAT THE POETS LIE TOO MUCH?'

The poets certainly lie too much. Zarathustra must have said it. The poets have to lie too much to say a few small fragments of truth. They use lies as devices to communicate some echoes, faraway echoes, of truth. They do a great service to humanity.

It is good that there have been poets. And it is good that there have been poets courageous enough to lie in the service of truth; otherwise the world would have been far more ignorant than it is, far more in darkness than it is.

But Zarathustra takes the disciple from a very different aspect and hits him hard. He has said already, all creators are hard. They have to be hard, because unless they can destroy, they cannot create.

`WHY?' SAID ZARATHUSTRA -- rather than answering the question, he questions the disciple -- `WHY?' SAID ZARATHUSTRA. `YOU ASK WHY? I AM NOT ONE OF THOSE WHO MAY BE QUESTIONED ABOUT THEIR WHY.'

A tremendously beautiful statement. He is saying, "Don't ask me why. I am not one of those who may be questioned about their why, because I am not a philosopher, I am not a scholar. My statements are not based on reason; hence to ask why is irrelevant. My statements are based on my experience and you cannot ask the same question about a statement that is based on experience."

For example, if somebody says to you, "I love you," you cannot ask, "Why?" That will look so strange. You can say, "Thank you," you can say, "I also love you so much, you are in my heart. But we need not meet, because whenever I need to see you, I just look into my heart, it is enough" -- but you cannot ask why.

That question will be stupid. And even if somebody asks it, nobody can answer why. That's why for centuries people have called love blind -- because it cannot answer why. They have called the experience of love, "falling in love." It is an irrational, illogical, emotional experience. It is not something logical, rational, mathematical, scientific, where "why" is relevant.

Zarathustra is saying, "My whole philosophy of life is based on my own experience. You can ask how we can experience it. You can ask the how, but you cannot ask why." Do you see the difference between why and how? Why asks for the reason -- love has no reason. How asks for the situation, in what situation it happened. Is there a way, is there a possibility for one to become open and available to love? Is there some method, so that you can remove all the obstacles that may be preventing the stream of love from flowing? You can ask the how, which is relevant, but you cannot ask why.

DO MY EXPERIENCES DATE FROM YESTERDAY? IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE I EXPERIENCED THE REASONS FOR MY OPINIONS. The philosopher has reasons for his opinions, the mystic has no reasons for his opinions. He has only one argument, himself; he has only one proof, his presence; he has only one evidence, his own life. You can watch it. You can try and enquire and explore his silences, his grace, his beauty. You can look into his eyes, you can look into his words and the authority that they carry; you can even just sit by his side and feel his presence.

Be silent and allow a little merger, a little melting. You can hold his hand, and allow his energy, his warmth, his love, to answer you. But you cannot ask why; you cannot ask reasons for his opinions. His opinions are not opinions, that's why you cannot ask for reasons. His opinions are his experiences. The philosopher has no experience; all his opinions are based on reason. He can immediately give you a long list of reasons.

One great logician had come to see Ramakrishna, and Ramakrishna asked him, "I hear you have created a society of the highest intellectuals of Calcutta" -- and in those days Calcutta was the capital of India. "The highest strata of the society belongs to your society. Can you tell me, why do you believe in God?" The logician immediately started telling him a dozen reasons, why he believes in God.

Listening, after each reason Ramakrishna laughed. And his disciples were feeling very embarrassed, because those reasons were so logical, and Ramakrishna was an uneducated man; he was not answering anything, he was simply laughing. When the logician had given all his reasons, he said, "Is that enough?"

Ramakrishna said, "You believe in God because of these reasons, but you don't have any experience. All these reasons can be argued about; a better logician can destroy all your

reasons. I am a poor man and uneducated, but you can understand it -- that there is no argument in the world which cannot be counter-argued. If this is all that is the basis of your love and your trust and your faith in God, it is not enough.

"I don't have any reason, but I know. I know the way a man with eyes knows the sun. There is no reason. If somebody asks me, 'Give me the argument, why you believe in the sun,' what can I say except that I can see it? Only the blind man needs reasons. So don't feel offended and angry. I want to say to you: forget all these reasons, this is rubbish. You don't have even a glimpse, what to say of an experience."

Zarathustra is saying, `IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE I EXPERIENCED THE REASONS FOR MY OPINIONS.

`SHOULD I NOT HAVE TO BE A BARREL OF MEMORY, IF I WANTED TO CARRY MY REASONS, TOO, ABOUT WITH ME?

`IT IS ALREADY TOO MUCH FOR ME TO RETAIN EVEN MY OPINIONS....

It is so beautiful, what he is saying: IT IS ALREADY TOO MUCH FOR ME TO RETAIN EVEN MY OPINIONS; AND MANY A BIRD HAS FLOWN AWAY. Many times I forget even my opinions -- MANY A BIRD HAS FLOWN AWAY. I am in silence, I am in innocence, I have become a child again. Whatever I say is spontaneous. It is not based on any thinking, it is just blossoming in my heart. My spring has come. You can't ask the flowers, why are you blossoming? The flowers cannot give you any reasons.

`YET WHAT DID ZARATHUSTRA ONCE SAY TO YOU? THAT THE POETS LIE TOO MUCH? -- BUT ZARATHUSTRA TOO IS A POET. He is saying, "I don't remember what I have said to you. I don't carry my opinions and my reasons and my statements around with me -- it would be such a load -- I go light. The higher you move, the lighter you have to be -- unburdened, unloaded. At the highest peak, you are absolutely light. You are saying, perhaps I have said that poets lie too much. I must remind you... BUT ZARATHUSTRA TOO IS A POET."

This sincerity is very difficult to find. Gautam Buddha will not say this, Mahavira will not say this, Jesus will not say this. Zarathustra is so human, so authentic and so sincere: "Poets lie, but I am also a poet and I have also lied."

Perhaps it is a necessity; it cannot be avoided. Great art consists of using lies as stepping-stones for the truth, making a ladder of lies to reach to the heights of truth. Lies are not necessarily against truth; it depends how you use them, it depends on your articulateness.

I am reminded of a small story: Gautam Buddha and his disciple Ananda are coming from a faraway place. They have lost their way -- they were supposed to reach the city where they were going hours ago, but it is almost sunset and there is no sign of the city. They can see far away into the distance, because they are on the heights of a hill. Ananda has become very concerned and worried; Gautam Buddha is old, sick, he needs some comfortable place to rest for the night. The whole day, in his old age and sickness, he has been walking.

Just by the side, a wood cutter is collecting wood. Ananda asks him, "How far is the nearest town?" He says, "Don't be so depressed, it is not more than two miles."

That gave Ananda new courage, and new energy. Buddha smiled. Ananda could not understand why he smiled, but he remained silent, not wanting to bother him -- he is already tired.

Two miles pass, and there is no sign of the city. There is an old woman, who lives by the side of the road on her farm, and they ask her, "How far is the town?" She says, "My sons, it will be not more than two miles. You have already reached, it is just a little bit further."

Ananda said, "But the other man was saying two miles, and this old woman is also saying two miles." Buddha again laughed; he said, "Perhaps it *is* two miles, let us try."

Two miles passed and the town is still not anywhere in sight. They meet another man who is going in the opposite direction. He certainly must know how far the town is -- he is coming from the town. Ananda, very excitedly, asks him, "How far is the town?" The man says, "How far? It may be just two miles." And Buddha laughed again.

Now it was too much. Ananda said, "We are tired and you are still laughing. And you must be laughing at me, because there is nobody else here. I am getting worried, because now it is getting dark, and we cannot even see any lights anywhere. And all these people are strange -- everybody says two miles. We have already gone six miles, and it is still two miles. It seems the people of this area can only count up to two miles."

Buddha said, "You don't understand, Ananda. This is what I have been doing my whole life. Those people are very compassionate. They know it is not two miles, but they managed to push you six miles. Their lies... they were lying, but their lies were out of compassion. And that's why I was laughing. I was not laughing at you, I was laughing because this is what I have been doing my whole life.

"When people ask, How far is enlightenment? -- just two miles; just a few steps more, and you have already reached. And it remains always two miles. But this is how people go on progressing. They go on coming closer and closer and closer, but those two miles... they remain always there. So the people of this area are very compassionate and they understand human psychology."

The masters have to lie, because sometimes truth may be too hard for you to accept. They have to make it a little dilute, they have to put a few lies in it. Sometimes truth may be too bitter, and some sugar cubes of lies may help you to drink even the bitterest medicine. Lies can certainly be used to bring you closer to the truth; they are not necessarily against it. They are not true, that is true, but they are not enemies of the truth -- not necessarily at least.

DO YOU NOW BELIEVE THAT HE SPOKE THE TRUTH?... Zarathustra is saying, "I said that the poets lie too much, and now I say, I am also a poet."

DO YOU NOW BELIEVE THAT HE SPOKE THE TRUTH? WHY DO YOU BELIEVE IT?' Why do you believe me?

THE DISCIPLE ANSWERED: 'I BELIEVE IN ZARATHUSTRA.' His answer is also immensely beautiful. He is saying, "I don't care what you say, I don't care what you deny. My trust in you does not depend on your statements -- my trust depends on your presence, on your very being."

I believe in Zarathustra. It does not matter what he says, I believe in his individuality, in his crystal-clear eyes, in his authoritative voice; not in his words, but in his silences.

BUT ZARATHUSTRA SHOOK HIS HEAD AND SMILED.
BELIEF DOES NOT MAKE ME BLESSED....

A master always demands more. That is the only way he can go on pulling you higher and higher. He says, BELIEF DOES NOT MAKE ME BLESSED. I need some more proof; just belief is not enough. You have to be something of which Zarathustra is nothing but a dream, of which Zarathustra is nothing but a longing, of which Zarathustra is nothing but a message.

You have to be a superman; just believing in Zarathustra won't do. There are so many believers in the world -- everybody is a believer. Believers have not changed even a single inch of human consciousness. I need a little more proof, least of all belief in myself. You cannot persuade me because I don't have any ego to fulfill through your belief. I demand that

you prove -- prove that Zarathustra is right. And the proof has not to be just intellectual gymnastics, it has to be an actualization of your potential.

BUT GRANTED THAT SOMEONE HAS SAID IN ALL SERIOUSNESS THAT THE POETS LIE TOO MUCH: HE IS RIGHT -- WE DO LIE TOO MUCH.

This needs courage, great courage, to say, WE DO LIE TOO MUCH. But there is a necessity. You cannot speak the truth unpolluted, pure. It is too abstract -- you cannot catch hold of it. Lies belong to this world, your world, your language; but they can be used to create a device, and perhaps a glimpse of truth may happen.

I have always used a small story: A house catches on fire and there are only three, four small children inside the house. The mother has died, and the father has gone to the market. The whole neighborhood is trying, shouting to the children, but they are playing inside and nobody is courageous enough to enter the house, catch hold of the children and run out. It seems to be too dangerous -- the house is almost surrounded by fire from all sides.

Just then the father arrives, and the people say, "We have tried our best, but your children are strange, they don't listen. They are in fact enjoying the flames all around. They are very small, they have never seen such a beautiful scene. They are not afraid at all." The father runs into the house, through the flames, and says to the children, "What are you doing here? I have brought all you children all the toys that you had asked for -- they are waiting outside. Come with me."

He took hold of all the children, and ran out of the house with them. They would not have come out; they were really enjoying themselves. They said to their father, "It is so beautiful here. We have never seen so much fire all around, dancing flames..." And the father said, "We will talk outside, you just come. Your toys are waiting there." And just for toys they came out; although there were no toys. The father had promised, but had forgotten to bring them. He said, "Forgive me, tomorrow I will bring more toys than you have asked for, but today you have to forgive me."

But they said, "Why did you lie?" He said, "You don't understand, you are too small. The house is on fire; it would have burnt you alive. You would have been dead -- then for whom would I bring the toys?"

Would you call this a lie? Something unvirtuous? It is simply a device. Your house is also on fire, and somehow you have to be brought out of your burning house. And the master has to say many things to you, just to persuade you to come out of your dark cave, to come out of your burning house, to come out of your misery, to come out of your anger, jealousy, hate.

He promises many toys to you, although today he has not brought them. But once you are out, you will understand that toys don't exist. They were lies, fictions, but very helpful, immensely helpful; without them, you would not have come out.

Zarathustra says, WE KNOW TOO LITTLE AND ARE BAD LEARNERS: SO WE HAVE TO LIE. Even our greatest wise men know too little -- existence is too big, too mysterious. And if they say to you that they know too little, perhaps you will find somebody else who knows more. Anybody who says he knows more, he knows all, may be lying, but he will be helpful.

Once you also arrive in the same space, you will understand why he was lying. You will feel grateful for his lies. You will understand that existence is so vast, nobody can know it in its totality. Even to know just a small part of the mystery of existence is enough. Just a small flame is enough and you can travel thousands of miles in darkness. That small flame will throw light only four feet around you, but that's enough; as you move, the circle of light will go on moving with you.

AND WE BELIEVE IN THE PEOPLE AND ITS 'WISDOM' AS IF THERE WERE A SPECIAL SECRET ENTRANCE TO KNOWLEDGE WHICH IS blocked TO HIM WHO HAS LEARNED ANYTHING. The man who has come to know something about truth finds himself in many difficulties. First: he cannot express it; it is elusive. Second: if he tries to express it, he has to use lies. Thirdly: even if somehow he manages, he says something, you understand something else, because you are full of the so-called wisdom of the people, the traditional wisdom.

Whenever you hear something new, you immediately convert it according to your prejudices. You destroy its newness, you destroy its freshness.

People are very averse to learning -- so much so, that it seems in their minds they believe that the masses... the greater the masses are, the greater is their wisdom. And anybody who tries to learn individually, who goes away from the crowd, is not only a stranger, he is dangerous.

So many people cannot be wrong. But the reality is, so many people *are* wrong. Only individuals have rarely reached to the peaks. The crowd has always remained in the dark valleys of ignorance, but believing that whatever they know is wisdom. They have to believe it is wisdom; otherwise, it will become very uncomfortable. You cannot go on reminding yourself that you are ignorant -- it will be a pain, a continuous ache in the heart.

It happened... I used to stay in Bhopal, in one of my friends' houses. He is a doctor, and he lives in the medical college campus. The day I was staying with him... it must have been in the middle of the night... We were talking -- he was my childhood friend, we had been through school, through college, through university together -- and somebody knocked on the door. It was a man who said, "I am very tired. And there is some kind of fair going on in the city" -- Bhopal is a Mohammedan city, it used to be a Mohammedan state -- "so thousands of Mohammedans have gathered here and there is no place anywhere to stay. I have knocked on many hotel doors, and I am utterly tired. If you can allow me just to sleep, I will sleep on the floor.

My friend said, "No, there is no need, there is a bed empty in the patients ward." He took me aside and he said, "There is a problem -- a woman has died. Should we tell him that a dead woman is lying nearby, on another bed?"

I said, "You are mad! If you tell him, then it is finished." I said, "Keep quiet; he does not know. And one thing is certain, that that woman is dead, she cannot say anything to him. So let him sleep; at least he will have a good sleep in the night."

It was a female ward, and that was the only empty bed. The doctor did not think anything about the fact that it was a female ward, and the man read when he entered: This is a female ward. He went to his bed, and just within ten minutes, he came running. He could not speak, he was trembling, and whatever was coming out of him was all gibberish.

The doctor told him, "Cool down, what is the matter?"

He said, "That woman is dead!"

I said, "But what was the need for you to go to that woman?"

He said, "When I saw it is a female ward, I just I wanted to be acquainted with the person who is sleeping by my side. And you are dangerous people... the woman is dead. I shook her, I tried hard, I opened her eyes, and then suddenly I realized, my God, she is dead!"

I said, "We have given you a place to sleep. She was dead in her bed; you need not have tried to introduce yourself to her." I told him, "Now you know that she is dead, she cannot do any harm. A living person can do some harm -- now you can sleep perfectly, without any fear."

He said, "I cannot even enter the room. I am going!"

I said, "Where are you going?"

He said, "Wherever. I will sleep on the street, but I cannot enter that room. And I cannot think that... you should have at least told me before."

I said, "Do you think, if we had told you before, you would have even entered the room?"

He said, "That's right, I would not have entered; but you should have at least tried to hide the board which says it is a female ward. Then I would have slept -- if somebody is sleeping let him sleep -- but a woman is asleep, just by the side... I tried just to have a look at what kind of face she has. And she is a beautiful woman, so I tried to wake her up to say, "I am feeling thirsty, do you have any idea where I can get water?" but she remained silent. I shook her hard, I tried to open her eyes, and then suddenly it dawned on me that, my God, this is a dead woman!"

"I am going. You have to go and fetch my suitcase; I cannot enter that room again. The face of that woman, I will not be able to forget my whole life. Even when I close my eyes, I immediately see her."

I had to go to fetch his suitcase. The doctor was hiding inside the room; he was afraid that if the chief medical officer comes to know, then he will be in trouble. In the first place, it was a female ward, so why did you allow a male to enter there? And when you knew perfectly well that the woman was dead, and that in the morning she had to be removed, you should have warned him. So he told me, "Just get rid of him."

I gave him his suitcase and he went down the street, looking back again and again to see if I was standing there. Sometimes... if I had known that it was a female ward, I would have covered the board up. There was no need... I could just have put the light off on the veranda, where the board was. Just a small light and he would have slept the whole night beautifully.

Lies are not always unvirtuous. They can be a virtue, and sometimes they are absolutely necessary.

ALAS, THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH OF WHICH ONLY THE POETS HAVE LET THEMSELVES DREAM! Although they are only dreams, one day they become realities; so what was a lie one day turns into a truth. But only the poets have been courageous enough to dream.

For example, there are ancientmost scriptures where they are dreaming about flying in the sky. Up until the Wright brothers it had remained a lie; but it has turned out to be a truth. There are fictions about other planets, and man reaching there, or people from other planets coming to the earth. They are all fictions, but poets have dreamt about them, and one day there is every possibility that those dreams may come true.

A poet has a heart which is sensitive even about that which has not happened yet. All their dreams have turned out, some time or other, to be true. So don't ever call somebody just a dreamer -- he may be only a prophet.

AND ESPECIALLY ABOVE HEAVEN: FOR ALL GODS ARE POETS' IMAGES, POETS' SURREPTITIOUSNESS!

TRULY IT DRAWS US EVER UPWARD -- THAT IS, TO CLOUDLAND: WE SET OUR MOTLEY PUPPETS ON THE CLOUDS AND THEN CALL THEM GODS AND SUPERMEN.

ALAS, HOW WEARY I AM OF THE UNATTAINABLE THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE REALITY. ALAS, HOW WEARY I AM OF THE POETS!

THIS SPEECH MAKES ZARATHUSTRA'S DISCIPLES ANGRY AND THEY ARE SILENT -- SILENT TOO IS ZARATHUSTRA, UNTIL AT LENGTH HE SIGHS AND SAYS:

I AM OF TODAY AND OF THE HAS-BEEN... BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN ME THAT IS OF TOMORROW AND OF THE DAY-AFTER-TOMORROW AND OF THE SHALL-BE.

And when a man like Zarathustra speaks, all these are reflected in his words.

I AM OF TODAY AND OF THE HAS-BEEN...; BUT THERE IS SOMETHING IN ME THAT IS OF TOMORROW AND OF THE DAY-AFTER-TOMORROW AND OF THE SHALL-BE. Naturally, you cannot expect such a man to be absolutely factual. He is the past, he is the present, and so much in him is aware of the future -- and all that is mixed. His past, his present, his future are so mixed; much will appear to you as lies.

But when a man like Zarathustra lies, it is far better than when an unconscious man speaks the truth. His truth is ordinary, his truth is not going to raise human consciousness. But Zarathustra's lie is going to raise human consciousness to a point where the lie becomes true, where the dream is realized as fact.

I HAVE GROWN WEARY OF THE POETS, THE OLD AND THE NEW: THEY ALL SEEM TO ME SUPERFICIAL AND SHALLOW SEAS.

THEY HAVE NOT THOUGHT DEEPLY ENOUGH: THEREFORE THEIR FEELING -- HAS NOT PLUMBED THE DEPTHS.

THE POET'S SPIRIT WANTS SPECTATORS, EVEN IF THEY ARE ONLY BUFFALOES!

He is making a difference between the poet and the mystic. The mystic can be a poet; the poet can be a mystic, but it is not necessarily so. A poet may be just a poet: when a poet is just a poet, he is an exhibitionist -- he wants people to hear his poetry, his songs, he wants people to appreciate him. It does not matter who the people are; even if they are buffaloes....

I have heard about a thief who was caught stealing, and brought into the court. The magistrate asked, "At what time did you enter that house?" He said, "It was, must have been nearabout ten o'clock at night." "Then what were you doing in that house till six o'clock in the morning?" He said, "Don't ask me that; I was caught there. I had no idea that a poet lives there. And he started... he said, 'Forget all about leaving, sit down.' And I, being a thief, was afraid, so I sat down, and he started reciting his latest poetry. I said many times that I have to go. He said, 'You can go in the morning, there is no hurry. But you will have to listen to all my poems. I know you are a thief and you had come into my house to steal. If you listen to my poems, I will not report you to the police. You will be already punished enough.'

"And he was not going to report me; he even offered me tea. I was leaving, and the police arrived. If you want to punish me, you can, but I have been punished, and I have not stolen anything. Just for entering his house.... If you want to punish somebody else, you can always tell him to go to that poet's house -- he is such a torture. And to listen to his poetry the whole night... you can understand. I have been in jails before, but I have never suffered so much."

The poets are continuously in search of somebody to appreciate them. Their only joy is a subtle ego fulfillment. Zarathustra is right, that he is weary, tired of the poets. But when a mystic speaks through poetry, it is a totally different thing.

His concern is not poetry, his concern is not your appreciation, his concern is not your applause. His concern is that through poetry perhaps something can reach into your heart as a seed.

BUT I HAVE GROWN WEARY OF THIS SPIRIT: AND I SEE THE DAY COMING, WHEN IT WILL GROW WEARY OF ITSELF.

ALREADY I HAVE SEEN THE POETS TRANSFORMED; I HAVE SEEN THEM DIRECT THEIR GLANCE UPON THEMSELVES.

I HAVE SEEN PENITENTS OF THE SPIRIT APPEARING: THEY GREW OUT OF THE POETS.

He is saying that if a poet gets weary of his own poetry and, rather than looking at somebody else to appreciate him he starts looking at himself, he is very close to the transformation of becoming a mystic.

The poet should not stop at being a poet; his destiny can be fulfilled only if he becomes a mystic. A poet is interested in others: a mystic is exploring his own being. The poet says

things which you will appreciate: the mystic says things which he has found in the depth of his own being. And he says them in order that, perhaps they will create an urge for search and exploration in you.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Of redemption

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF REDEMPTION

TRULY, MY FRIENDS, I WALK AMONG MEN AS AMONG THE FRAGMENTS AND LIMBS OF MEN!

THE TERRIBLE THING TO MY EYE IS TO FIND MEN SHATTERED IN PIECES AND SCATTERED AS IF OVER A BATTLE-FIELD OF SLAUGHTER.

AND WHEN MY EYE FLEES FROM THE PRESENT TO THE PAST, IT ALWAYS DISCOVERS THE SAME THING: FRAGMENTS AND LIMBS AND DREADFUL CHANCES -- BUT NO MEN!

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST UPON THE EARTH -- ALAS! MY FRIENDS -- THAT IS MY MOST INTOLERABLE BURDEN; AND I SHOULD NOT KNOW HOW TO LIVE, IF I WERE NOT A SEER OF THAT WHICH MUST COME.

A SEER, A WILLER, A CREATOR, A FUTURE ITSELF AND A BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE -- AND ALAS, ALSO LIKE A CRIPPLE UPON THIS BRIDGE: ZARATHUSTRA IS ALL THIS.

AND EVEN YOU HAVE OFTEN ASKED YOURSELVES: WHO IS ZARATHUSTRA TO US? WHAT SHALL WE CALL HIM? AND, LIKE ME, YOU ANSWER YOUR OWN QUESTIONS WITH QUESTIONS.

IS HE A PROMISER? OR A FULFILLER? A CONQUEROR? OR AN INHERITOR? A HARVEST? OR A PLOWSHARE? A PHYSICIAN? OR A CONVALESCENT?

IS HE A POET? OR A GENUINE MAN? A LIBERATOR? OR A SUBDUER? A GOOD MAN? OR AN EVIL MAN?...

... IT IS ALL MY ART AND AIM, TO COMPOSE INTO ONE AND BRING TOGETHER WHAT IS FRAGMENT AND RIDDLE AND DREADFUL CHANCE....

WILL -- THAT IS WHAT THE LIBERATOR AND BRINGER OF JOY IS CALLED: THUS I HAVE TAUGHT YOU, MY FRIENDS! BUT NOW LEARN THIS AS WELL: THE WILL ITSELF IS STILL A PRISONER.

WILLING LIBERATES: BUT WHAT IS IT THAT FASTENS IN FETTERS EVEN THE LIBERATOR? `IT WAS': THAT IS WHAT THE WILL'S TEETH-GNASHING AND MOST LONELY AFFLICTION IS CALLED. POWERLESS AGAINST THAT WHICH HAS BEEN DONE, THE WILL IS AN ANGRY SPECTATOR OF ALL THINGS PAST.

THE WILL CANNOT WILL BACKWARDS; THAT IT CANNOT BREAK TIME AND TIME'S DESIRE -- THAT IS THE WILL'S MOST LONELY AFFLICTION.

WILLING LIBERATES: WHAT DOES WILLING ITSELF DEVISE TO FREE ITSELF FROM ITS AFFLICTION AND TO MOCK AT ITS DUNGEON?...

THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE: MY FRIENDS, THAT, UP TO NOW, HAS BEEN MANKIND'S CHIEF CONCERN; AND WHERE THERE WAS SUFFERING, THERE WAS ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE PUNISHMENT.

`PUNISHMENT' IS WHAT REVENGE CALLS ITSELF: IT FEIGNS A GOOD CONSCIENCE FOR

ITSELF WITH A LIE....

`EXCEPT THE WILL AT LAST REDEEM ITSELF AND WILLING BECOME NOT-WILLING -- ': BUT YOU, MY BROTHERS, KNOW THIS FABLE-SONG OF MADNESS!

I LED YOU AWAY FROM THESE FABLE-SONGS WHEN I TAUGHT YOU: `THE WILL IS A CREATOR....'

HAS THE WILL BECOME ITS OWN REDEEMER AND BRINGER OF JOY? HAS IT UNLEARNED THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE...?

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra is absolutely clear that religions have destroyed man's integrity. They have broken him -- not only in parts, but into opposing parts. The greatest crime against humanity has been committed by the religions. They have made humanity schizophrenic; they have given everybody a split personality. It has been done in a very clever and cunning way.

First, man has been told, "You are not the body," and second, "The body is your enemy." And this was the logical conclusion -- that you are not part of the world, and the world is nothing but your punishment; you are here to be punished. Your life is not, and cannot be, a rejoicing; it can only be a mourning, it can only be a tragedy. Suffering is going to be your lot on the earth.

They had to do it in order to praise God, who is a poetic fiction; and to praise heaven, which is an extension of human greed; and to make people afraid of hell, which is to create a great fear in the very center of the human soul. This way they have taken away man and dissected him.

No religion accepts the simple, natural and factual phenomenon that man is a unity and this world is not a punishment. And this world is not separate from man. Man is rooted in this world just as trees are rooted. This planet, the earth, is his mother.

Zarathustra has repeated again and again, "Never betray the earth." All the religions have betrayed the earth. They have betrayed their own mother, they have betrayed their own life source. They have condemned the earth, and they have argued for renouncing it -- renunciation is their continual emphasis.

But how can you renounce your nature? You can pretend, you can be a hypocrite. You can even start believing that you are no longer part of nature; but even your greatest saints depend on nature, just as your greatest sinners do. They need food, they need water, they need air; their needs don't change. What is their renunciation?

It creates a split mind within them. They fall apart into fragments, and these fragments are continuously fighting with each other. This is the root cause of human misery, and it has become almost an established thing because people have been suffering for thousands of years. Now they have started taking it for granted: "This is our lot, this is our fate, this is our destiny. Nothing can be done about it." The reality is, it is neither our fate nor our destiny. It is our stupidity, it is our unintelligence that we have been listening to the priests, believing in their fictions.

Of course, those fictions are very profitable to the priests. They have not bothered to butcher humanity into fragments, because these fictions serve their interests perfectly well. A healthy and whole man, a man who is not divided into fragments, cannot be enslaved by the priests. Only a man who is suffering needs prayer -- in the hope that perhaps God may help him. For God to exist, man has to suffer. To make God more and more a reality, man has to become more and more schizophrenic.

The more man is in pain, the more easily he can be convinced to pray, to do religious rituals, because he wants to get rid of the pain. He can be convinced about the saviors,

messengers of God, prophets. But a man who is living blissfully, living a life of joy, does not need any God. A man who is living life does not need any prayer. It is the sickness of man's mind that is absolutely needed for the priests and their profession.

Zarathustra is not a priest. He is perhaps one of the first psychologists to have discovered the schizophrenic state of the human mind.

He says, TRULY, MY FRIENDS, I WALK AMONG MEN AS AMONG THE FRAGMENTS AND LIMBS OF MEN! It is so difficult to find a man who is whole; everybody is just a fragment. Somebody is spiritual, he denies his body; somebody is materialist, he denies his soul. The spiritualist not only denies the body, he also denies the mind.

All theologies are very jealous and very monopolistic. In America, at the end of the last century, there was a great religious movement called Christian Science. They believed only in the soul. Everything else is just an illusion -- just your thought, there is no reality in it. They had their own churches where they used to meet to discuss their great philosophy.

A young man met an old woman on the street one day, and the old woman said, "What happened to your father? -- because he is not coming to our meetings any more."

The young man said, "He has been sick."

The woman laughed. She said, "Sickness is just a thought. He thinks he is sick; otherwise how can the soul be sick? Tell him that this is not right for a Christian Scientist."

After two, three weeks again she encountered the young man, and she asked, "What happened? He is still not coming to the meetings."

The young man said, "Lady, what can I do? Now he thinks he is dead! We tried to convince him, 'It is only your thought, you are not dead,' but he does not listen. We reminded him, 'You are a Christian Scientist, it is not right for you to believe in a thought. Start breathing!' But he believes in his thought so much that we had to take him to the graveyard. There was no way...."

There are people who are denying even the existence of the body. There are people who are denying even the existence of the mind. And there are also people who are denying the existence of the soul; they say only the body is real and all else is fiction. All these people -- spiritualists, materialists -- are agreed on one point: that they will not leave man natural, one organic unity; something has to be discarded. But that which you discard hangs around you; it is part of you. You can, by constant repetition -- repetition of centuries -- make yourself believe. But if your belief is not according to nature, suffering will be the result.

The whole of humanity is suffering. And the amazing phenomenon is that the suffering of humanity is because of these religious ideas, which do not allow man to grow naturally, to live naturally, to love naturally. And then when suffering comes, they say, "Look! Have we not been telling you that this earth is nothing but a punishment?"

It is a very cunning strategy. First you create suffering, and then you use suffering as an argument to support the idea that you are born in sin, and your being on the earth and not in paradise is a punishment.

Because Adam and Eve disobeyed God, you are suffering. It is a strange logic. Even if Adam and Eve had disobeyed God, it was not such a great sin -- they had only eaten one apple. Because of their eating the apple -- and we don't know whether Adam and Eve ever existed or not -- thousands of years afterwards you are suffering, because you are carrying their heritage. You belong to the line, and your originators were sinners; hence you are also sinners. And the suffering of life proves it; otherwise, why is there so much suffering?

Religions have been very cunning, priests have been very inhuman. They have divided

man against himself; fighting with himself he suffers.

Zarathustra is right: TRULY, MY FRIENDS, I WALK AMONG MEN AS AMONG FRAGMENTS AND LIMBS OF MEN!

It is very difficult to find a total man.

The total man will be the superman, the total man will be the happiest man, the total man will have all the blessings this beautiful planet can shower on him. But only the total man can have it.

Why can the total man be blissful? -- because the total man lives totally, lives intensely; each moment he squeezes the juice of life. His life is a dance, his life is a celebration.

And suddenly, when your life is a celebration, you cannot believe that it is a punishment. Then you can see through and through the lies of the priests, and then you don't need any paradise because you have it already here and now. You don't have to postpone it faraway, after your death.

THE TERRIBLE THING TO MY EYE IS TO FIND MEN SHATTERED IN PIECES AND SCATTERED AS IF OVER A BATTLE-FIELD OF SLAUGHTER. Zarathustra sees things very clearly, with a clarity which is rare. What we call humanity he sees as a battlefield of slaughter.

Everybody has been destroyed in some way or other, everybody has been stopped from growing. Everybody is missing something which is absolutely needed, and which was his birthright to have. The condemners -- and all the priests are condemners -- cannot see anybody happy, anybody joyous; they immediately turn upon him and start condemning his joy, condemning his pleasure. And they have developed great arguments about how to destroy people's pleasure.

Their greatest argument is that this life is very small, and pleasure is very ephemeral, continuously changing. Don't be deceived by it, because if you are deceived by it you will miss the eternal blissfulness of paradise.

Naturally, the stake is very big. Just for a small pleasure of enjoying your morning tea, you would not like to destroy your eternal blissfulness in paradise. And this life consists of small pleasures; but if all those pleasures are put together, your life becomes a pleasure unto itself. One does not need big pleasures. And their paradise and its eternal blissfulness is only poetry, because nobody has ever seen it. Nobody has come back and said, "Yes, I am an eyewitness."

In the name of fictitious gods, and in the name of fictitious pleasures, what is real has been destroyed.

AND WHEN MY EYE FLEES FROM THE PRESENT TO THE PAST, IT ALWAYS DISCOVERS THE SAME THING: FRAGMENTS AND LIMBS OF DREADFUL CHANCES -- BUT NO MEN!
THE PRESENT AND THE PAST UPON THE EARTH -- ALAS! MY FRIENDS -- THIS IS MY MOST INTOLERABLE BURDEN; AND I SHOULD NOT KNOW HOW TO LIVE, IF I WERE NOT A SEER OF THAT WHICH MUST COME.

Zarathustra is saying, "Looking at the past of humanity and the present is so painful, is such an agony, that I would never have thought I could survive it. The pain is too much; it would have broken my heart. The only thing that is keeping me alive is the hope that there is still a future. The past is finished. The present is becoming the past every moment. But there is still a hope that man may become free from the chains of religion, that man may see how he has been cheated, deceived, exploited, and in that seeing will arise the total man, the superman.

"Just the hope of the superman is keeping me alive. Otherwise looking at the past and the

present is such a burden, is so depressing, that I would have died of the depression."

And Zarathustra is right. It is only the hope that one day man will understand... how long can he remain in the prisons created by the priests? They may call them churches and temples and mosques; it does not matter what names they give to their prisons. It is so painful to see human beings labeled like cattle -- somebody is a Hindu, somebody is a Mohammedan, somebody is a Christian.

Going around the earth, it is very difficult to find a single human being who has not been stamped, who is still free from the mob, who is still free from the crowd, who is still himself, who is one single whole, and who is living fearlessly according to his nature.

Except nature there is no religion.

And you don't have to learn what nature is. When you feel thirsty, you know you need water. When you feel hungry, you know you need food. Your nature continuously guides you. Except nature there is no other guide. All other guides are misguides. They take you away from the natural course, and once you are out of your natural course, misery starts. And your misery is their joy, because only the miserable go to the churches, only the miserable go to the temples.

When you are feeling happy and joyous, young and healthy, who cares about the churches? Life is so rich, and life is such a joy, who wants to enter into those graveyards where sadness is thought to be seriousness? where a long face is thought to be religious? where to burst into laughter... you will be condemned as a madman? where dancing is not allowed? where love is prohibited? where you have to sit listening to dead words, so old and so dusty they don't touch your heart, they don't give a thrill to your being? But these churches and temples and mosques have dominated man.

Zarathustra hopes, just like every mystic, that this cannot go on forever. Someday the intelligence of man is going to rebel.

Rebellion is the only hope. Someday man is going to destroy all these so-called houses of God, because this planet, this sky full of stars, is the only temple there is; all other temples are man-made. And this life in the trees, in the animals, in human beings is the only living God.

The gods that are sitting in the temples are just manufactured by man. It is very strange that these religions go on saying that God created the world, but their gods are created by men. They say, "God created the human being just like himself. He created man in His own image."

The truth is just the contrary -- man has created God in his own image. That's why a Chinese god will be different from a Hindu god, an African god will be different from a European god -- because people are creating gods in their own image. And the stupidity reaches to its extreme: you create those images and then you kneel down before them. Can you think of anything more idiotic? And then you start praying.

Children could be forgiven; they love their toys and they love their teddy-bears. But you have not grown up, you also love your teddy-bears. Your teddy-bears are in your temples, in your churches, in your synagogues. But they are teddy-bears -- they fulfill the same function.

The child feels alone without the teddy-bear. A small child was here a few days ago. His mother is a sannyasin, Amrito from Greece, and when I was in Greece he became very friendly with me. He brought a teddy-bear for me! And he told his mother, "I will not leave India unless I give the teddy-bear to Osho, because he lives alone, he needs some companions."

What are your gods? Consolations, because you feel, even in the crowd, that you are

alone. You need a teddy-bear in the sky, an eternal teddy-bear who will be always with you. He is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent -- he can do anything. He is just a consolation. The people who believe in God have not allowed themselves to be grown-ups. They have remained retarded in their psychology; otherwise there would be no need of any God.

Life is enough unto itself. And it is so beautiful, so full of songs and flowers and birds on the wing -- it is absolute freedom to grow and to be yourself. It does not give you ten commandments, it accepts you as you are. It does not make much fuss about how you should be; its love and respect for all that is living is unconditional.

For what do you need your gods? -- because you are miserable. So this is the strategy: don't let people become happy, otherwise, religion will disappear.

In one of his great insights, Bertrand Russell has said, "If the whole world becomes happy, I can guarantee there will be no religions anymore." And what he is saying has tremendous truth in it. Religions want people to remain poor, to remain sick, to remain miserable, to remain always in anxiety. Then naturally they become weak, and they need some support, and the priest is ready to give the support. He is ready to inform God, "This man needs your compassion" -- although no prayer seems to be heard at all.

But the priests are very clever. They say, "Your prayers are not heard because you are not worthy. You don't deserve. You are sinners. You are committing things against religion." And it is almost impossible to live without committing some sin.

In India one of the religions, Jainism, has five great principles. The first great principle is *asad*, no taste; eat, but don't enjoy the taste. Now you are putting man in such difficult situations. He has taste buds in his tongue -- unless he goes through plastic surgery and those taste buds are removed, he will have to taste.

When something bitter comes into your mouth you will have to taste its bitterness; and so also with the sweet. But you have committed something wrong, because taste is of the body, and you have to fight against the body; and you are enjoying the body.

They have made everything impossible for man, so everybody is unworthy. And naturally, if you are unworthy... you have desires, you have longings -- all are condemned. You have a biology; you are born out of biology, your every cell is nothing but sexual energy.

You would like to love someone, but all religions are against it -- love, and your hell is certain! But your biology forces you to love, so you love half-heartedly, with fear, with great sadness in the heart, knowing that you are committing a sin. Naturally, you cannot enjoy love; and because you cannot enjoy, you need more; and because you need more, you go on becoming a bigger sinner. So you can say to anybody, without even looking into his biography, that he is unworthy -- that's why his prayer has not been heard.

The fact is, there is nobody to hear it. The fact is, there is nobody to answer it. The fact is that the man who is praying has remained stuck somewhere psychologically.

After the second world war they wanted to know the average mental age of the soldiers, because by that time psychologists had become more efficient at measuring intelligence. They were shocked. They had never thought that this would be the result. The average mental age of the soldiers was thirteen years! And those soldiers are no more unintelligent than anybody else.

So it seems the body goes on growing -- growing old of course -- and the mind stops at the age of thirteen or fourteen. So you may be eighty years old, but when you are kneeling down before a god you are just a thirteen-year-old boy; although you are kneeling with your

body -- it is also your psychology.

Religions have done much harm. Nobody has bothered about why the mental age stops at thirteen or fourteen. It is so simple: that is the time when the boys and girls become sexually mature. At the time when they become sexually mature, biology needs no more intelligence.

Unless you make an effort on your own, your mental age will remain at fourteen, thirteen. Biology has come to its fulfillment. You are sexually mature -- this much intelligence is enough to reproduce children. If you want more intelligence, then you have to make efforts for it, then you have to meditate, then you have to sharpen your intelligence.

But all the religions want you never to be intelligent, because their teaching is to believe. A believer need not have any intelligence. Unless you learn to doubt, your intelligence will not grow, because doubt means enquiry; belief means there is no question of any enquiry.

Because of the belief systems imposed on man, his mental age has remained at fourteen, and these fourteen-year-olds are Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans. If their intelligence grows higher, they will start seeing that what they used to think of as religions are nothing but superstitions. If their intelligence goes on growing, they will start doubting about God, about heaven, about hell; they will start doubting about the priest and his religiousness; they will start questioning everything. And religions don't have answers.

Just now I said to you, Jainism believes that no-taste is one of the fundamentals of their religion. I asked one Jaina monk, "If no-taste is a fundamental of your religion, then why have the taste buds been given by nature to man?" Nature never gives anything unnecessarily.

The Buddhist monk has to walk looking only four feet ahead. He cannot look more than that, he cannot keep his head straight because he may see some beautiful woman -- that is the problem. Looking four feet ahead, at the most he can see some woman's feet, but not the woman's face.

But if love between man and woman is something wrong, why should nature give that longing? -- any intelligent person is going to ask. Even Buddha would not have been born. It is good that Buddha's father was not a Buddhist monk; otherwise we would have missed all these great people.

Nature wants to reproduce -- new life, new forms, better life, better forms. Nature is a continuous process of evolution. But religions are against... because the more evolved a person is, the less is the possibility that he can become a victim of any religious stupidity.

Bertrand Russell was one of the most intelligent men of this century. He lived almost a whole century, a long life, and even at the time of his last breath he was as young and intelligent as ever. He went on growing in his intelligence. And the result was, he started doubting all kinds of stupid ideas that had been told to him in his childhood. He was born in a very orthodox time in England, in the Victorian Age; but he could write a book, WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN.

His book is a milestone, and it has not been answered by Christianity even now, fifty years after its publication. He has questioned every Christian concept, and made it clear: "This is simply fictitious, and only people who are retarded can believe in it."

If intelligence grows, temples will be empty, but life will become immensely beautiful. "This is the only hope," says Zarathustra.

A SEER, A WILLER, A CREATOR, A FUTURE ITSELF AND A BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE -- AND ALAS, ALSO LIKE A CRIPPLE UPON THIS BRIDGE: ZARATHUSTRA IS ALL THIS. He is saying, "I am living only because of the hope that night, however long, is going to end; that the dawn will come -- that the dawn comes to every night. This night in which humanity is living cannot be forever."

But right now he describes his situation: A SEER, he can see far away; A WILLER, and he can will for the superman; A CREATOR, and he is doing everything to create the man that will succeed this humanity; A FUTURE ITSELF AND A BRIDGE TO THE FUTURE -- AND ALAS, ALSO LIKE A CRIPPLE UPON THIS BRIDGE.

He is saying, "I am the future because I can see it. To me, it is almost the present. I can see the dawn is not far away, and I am making every effort to bring it closer. I am a bridge between this humanity and the coming superman, but I am also crippled. I cannot be the superman, I can only be the bridge. Over me will pass humanity, into a new age, into a new space, into a more beautiful and more blissful existence." Zarathustra is all this. AND EVEN YOU HAVE OFTEN ASKED YOURSELVES: WHO IS ZARATHUSTRA TO US? WHAT SHALL WE CALL HIM? AND, LIKE ME, YOU ANSWER YOUR OWN QUESTIONS WITH QUESTIONS.

IS HE A PROMISER? -- just like others, who have promised much and delivered nothing -- OR A FULFILLER? A CONQUEROR? OR AN INHERITOR? A HARVEST? OR A PLOWSHARE? A PHYSICIAN? OR A CONVALESCENT? IS HE A POET? OR A GENUINE MAN? A LIBERATOR? OR A SUBDUER? A GOOD MAN? OR AN EVIL MAN? IT IS ALL MY ART AND AIM, TO COMPOSE INTO ONE AND BRING TOGETHER WHAT IS FRAGMENT AND RIDDLE AND DREADFUL CHANCE.

He says, "Just one thing to be remembered about me -- I am not giving you any promise. I am not proclaiming that I am a messiah, or a messenger. All that I can say is this: IT IS ALL MY ART AND AIM, TO COMPOSE INTO ONE AND BRING TOGETHER WHAT IS FRAGMENT AND RIDDLE AND DREADFUL CHANCE."

And this is my whole art and whole aim. I want to put all the fragments that have been shattered together, and to make men whole. I am against all division, all dualities, and I want man to be just like a child, enjoying life without any fear, with wholeheartedness.

WILL -- THAT IS WHAT THE LIBERATOR AND BRINGER OF JOY IS CALLED: THUS I HAVE TAUGHT YOU, MY FRIENDS! BUT NOW LEARN THIS AS WELL: THE WILL ITSELF IS STILL A PRISONER. Zarathustra has been teaching up to now will to power. Now he goes a little farther ahead. He says, "Even will to power becomes a prison."

One becomes imprisoned in it. One has to transcend that too. First, will to power; and then relax. Forget about the will, and forget about the power, and just be a child playing on the sea beach -- innocent, full of wonder, unafraid of anything, trusting existence totally. That will be your liberation.

He has divided consciousness into three stages: the camel, which is the consciousness of a slave, who wants to be burdened, who is always ready to kneel down and be loaded; the lion, that is the will to power; and the third, the child. The highest is the innocence of the child. The innocence of the child is the only thing that makes you religious.

WILLING LIBERATES: BUT WHAT IS IT THAT FASTENS IN FETTERS EVEN THE LIBERATOR? 'IT WAS': THAT IS WHAT THE WILL'S TEETH-GNASHING AND MOST LONELY AFFLICTION IS CALLED. POWERLESS AGAINST THAT WHICH HAS BEEN DONE, THE WILL IS AN ANGRY SPECTATOR OF ALL THINGS PAST.

The will liberates, but it cannot forget the past. So even though the will power liberates man, he remains secretly burdened with the past memories of those days of slavery and darkness. And there is no way for the will to undo the past -- what has happened has happened. Nothing can be done about it. Only in the innocence of the child, the past disappears.

Have you ever observed one simple experiment? If you try to remember backwards, how

far can you go? Four years, three years at the most. When you were four years old, up to that point you remember things. What happens? Why can you not remember those four years? -- because you have lived, and there must have been experiences.

The reason is that innocence does not collect memories. Innocence remains unscratched, nothing is written on it.

That's why you can remember the whole past, but suddenly there comes a stop and that will be either at the age of four if you are a man, or it will be the age of three if you are a woman -- because girls mature sooner than boys. There is one year's difference in their maturity. Girls become sexually mature at the age of thirteen, boys become sexually mature at the age of fourteen. Boys are always lagging behind; girls are more together.

Experienced mothers know -- if they have given birth to two or three children -- whether they have a girl or a boy growing inside them, because girls remain very quiet; even in pregnancy, those nine months they remain very silent. Boys start kicking here and there -- they start playing football! It seems natural to men to be doing something or other. Just to sit silently seems to be very difficult for them; they are fidgety.

Girls are more centered. Perhaps they are closer to nature, because they are going to be mothers and nature is the mother. Boys are just on the margin. It is possible for a girl to enter into meditation more easily than for a boy; naturally, they are calm and quiet. Boys are all over the place, running for no purpose. All boys are Americans -- they love speed. Don't ask where they are going, just ask whether they are going with full speed or not.

If you go backwards, you stop at the age of four or three. What happened to those three years? No trace is left in the memory. You were so innocent that you never collected memories. You lived each moment so totally that it never left any residue.

Memories are made by un-lived moments, memories are made by incomplete experiences so they hang around you. They are asking to be completed; they become your dreams. They are continuously harassing your mind, "Something has to be done, it is still incomplete." But the innocent mind lives every moment with such completion that it leaves no marks behind. It is just like the birds flying in the sky -- they don't leave their footprints.

Although the will to power liberates you, there are still chains deep in your memories.
`IT WAS': THAT IS WHAT THE WILL'S TEETH-GNASHING AND MOST LONELY AFFLICTION IS CALLED. POWERLESS AGAINST THAT WHICH HAS BEEN DONE, THE WILL IS AN ANGRY SPECTATOR OF ALL THINGS PAST.
THE WILL CANNOT WILL BACKWARDS; THAT IT CANNOT BREAK TIME AND TIME'S DESIRE -- THAT IS THE WILL'S MOST LONELY AFFLICTION.
WILLING LIBERATES: WHAT DOES WILLING ITSELF DEVISE TO FREE ITSELF FROM ITS AFFLICTION AND TO MOCK AT ITS DUNGEON?
THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE: MY FRIENDS, THAT UP TO NOW, HAS BEEN MANKIND'S CHIEF CONCERN; AND WHERE THERE WAS SUFFERING, THERE WAS ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE PUNISHMENT.
`PUNISHMENT' IS WHAT REVENGE CALLS ITSELF: IT FEIGNS A GOOD CONSCIENCE FOR ITSELF WITH A LIE.

Somebody murders, and your courts and your law and your police are going to murder the murderer. But they will do it with a method: there will be a great trial and a great show, "Justice has to be done." But this is all nonsense. The fact is, the society wants revenge. But it wants to camouflage it in beautiful words of justice.

What kind of justice is this? One man is murdered. By sending the other man to the gallows you cannot revive the first man. By sending the second man to the gallows, instead of one murder there are two murders. This is justice!

And are you certain that this man who murdered... he still has a future -- he may change. He may become a great saint. Perhaps because he has murdered -- that very act may bring a transformation to his being.

You are taking away that opportunity and you call it justice. It is pure and simple revenge -- one hundred percent pure revenge. But it is done with great ritual, in a beautiful temple of justice, in the court, where servants of society, paid servants of society are sitting as judges. Paid servants of society will go through a ceremonial ritual -- they call it trial -- and finally the man is sent to the gallows. Nietzsche is saying that this is simply revenge.

‘PUNISHMENT’ IS WHAT REVENGE CALLS ITSELF: IT FEIGNS A GOOD CONSCIENCE FOR ITSELF WITH A LIE.

‘EXCEPT THE WILL AT LAST REDEEMS ITSELF AND WILLING BECOME NOT-WILLING -- ‘: BUT YOU, MY BROTHERS, KNOW THIS FABLE-SONG OF MADNESS!

People will call you mad.

He is saying, "Life goes on transcending itself." The same rule applies to willing. Will also needs to transcend itself. Willing also has to disappear into silence -- only then the lion changes into a child. Many have wondered how the lion can become the child; they seem to be poles apart.

But such questions are raised by those who don't understand the dialectics of life. Only a lion can become a child because to be innocent in this cunning world needs immense courage -- the courage of a lion. To be trusting in this deceiving world is not possible for a coward, it is possible only for a lion; and the child is innocent, trusting.

It is one of the secrets of life that if you can be innocent and trusting, it is very difficult to deceive you. Your very innocence, your very trust prevents the deceiver.

You may have observed it... I have observed it myself many times, because I have been traveling around the country for almost twenty years, waiting for trains on the platform. If you want to go to the toilet, or you want to have a cup of tea, you strangely trust an absolutely unknown person who is sitting by your side on the bench, and you tell him, "Just look after my luggage, I will be coming." "Have you ever wondered that you don't know that man? He could take all your luggage.

But it never happens, no stranger ever deceives you. There must be some great principle behind it. Your very trusting becomes a barrier. You have trusted him, now he has to prove that he is trustworthy -- although he is a stranger, there is no need to prove anything; he can simply escape with your luggage and you will never see him again. And he may be a thief, may be a criminal. You don't know who he is. But almost everybody trusts strangers on the railway platforms, "Just watch my luggage, I am coming." And I have never heard anybody complaining that his trust has been exploited.

Trusting creates a certain energy around you which has its own protective aura. Innocence prevents people from deceiving you. It is easier to deceive a person who himself is a deceiver; it is easier to cheat a person who himself is a cheat. But someone who trusts, someone who is innocently ready to be exploited and cheated is never exploited and cheated. The very energy of innocence is a great protection. Trust functions almost like a shield. But the world will call you mad.

I LED YOU AWAY FROM THESE FABLE-SONGS WHEN I TAUGHT YOU: ‘THE WILL IS A CREATOR.’

HAS THE WILL BECOME ITS OWN REDEEMER AND BRINGER OF JOY? HAS IT UNLEARNED THE SPIRIT OF REVENGE?

Unless the will surpasses itself, it cannot forget the past. And if you cannot forget the past, you are chained with it. The last function of the will is to transcend itself, to go beyond

itself.

On this point, Zarathustra is in agreement with Gautam Buddha. They both have followed different paths -- Buddha calls this state "desirelessness," and Zarathustra calls it "will-lessness."

You have arrived home. There is nothing to desire, there is nothing to will. You have reached to the fulfillment, to the actualization of your potential. Flowers have come to your being.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #6

Chapter title: Of manly prudence

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF MANLY PRUDENCE
IT IS NOT THE HEIGHT, IT IS THE ABYSS THAT IS TERRIBLE!
THE ABYSS WHERE THE GLANCE PLUNGES DOWNWARD AND THE HAND GRASPS UPWARD.
THERE THE HEART GROWS GIDDY THROUGH ITS TWOFOLD WILL.
AH, FRIENDS, HAVE YOU, TOO, DIVINED MY HEART'S TWOFOLD WILL?...
MY WILL CLINGS TO MANKIND, I BIND MYSELF TO MANKIND WITH FETTERS, BECAUSE I AM
DRAWN UP TO THE SUPERMAN: FOR MY OTHER WILL WANTS TO DRAW ME UP TO THE
SUPERMAN.
THAT MY HAND MAY NOT QUITE LOSE ITS BELIEF IN FIRMNESS: THAT IS WHY I LIVE
BLINDLY AMONG MEN, AS IF I DID NOT RECOGNIZE THEM....
THIS IS MY FIRST MANLY PRUDENCE: I LET MYSELF BE DECEIVED SO AS NOT TO BE ON
GUARD AGAINST DECEIVERS....
THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY SECOND MANLY PRUDENCE: I AM MORE CONSIDERATE TO THE
VAIN THAN TO THE PROUD.
IS WOUNDED VANITY NOT THE MOTHER OF ALL TRAGEDIES? BUT WHERE PRIDE IS
WOUNDED THERE SURELY GROWS UP SOMETHING BETTER THAN PRIDE.
IF LIFE IS TO BE PLEASANT TO WATCH, ITS PLAY MUST BE WELL ACTED: FOR THAT,
HOWEVER, GOOD ACTORS ARE NEEDED.
I FOUND ALL VAIN PEOPLE TO BE GOOD ACTORS: THEY ACT AND DESIRE THAT OTHERS
SHALL WANT TO WATCH THEM -- ALL THEIR SPIRIT IS IN THIS DESIRE....
THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY THIRD MANLY PRUDENCE: I DO NOT LET YOUR TIMOROUSNESS
SPOIL MY PLEASURE AT THE SIGHT OF THE WICKED....
AMONG MEN, TOO, THERE IS A FINE BROOD OF THE HOT SUN AND MUCH THAT IS
MARVELLOUS IN THE WICKED.
INDEED, AS YOUR WISEST MAN DID NOT SEEM SO VERY WISE TO ME, SO I FOUND THAT
HUMAN WICKEDNESS, TOO, DID NOT LIVE UP TO ITS REPUTATION....
TRULY, THERE IS STILL A FUTURE, EVEN FOR EVIL!...
AND TRULY, YOU GOOD AND JUST! THERE IS MUCH IN YOU THAT IS LAUGHABLE AND
ESPECIALLY YOUR FEAR OF HIM WHO WAS FORMERLY CALLED THE 'DEVIL'!
YOUR SOULS ARE SO UNFAMILIAR WITH WHAT IS GREAT THAT THE SUPERMAN WOULD BE
FEARFUL TO YOU IN HIS GOODNESS!...
YOU HIGHEST MEN MY EYES HAVE ENCOUNTERED! THIS IS MY DOUBT OF YOU AND MY
SECRET LAUGHTER: I THINK YOU WOULD CALL MY SUPERMAN -- A DEVIL!
ALAS, I GREW WEARY OF THESE HIGHEST AND BEST MEN: FROM THEIR 'HEIGHTS' I
LONGED TO GO UP, OUT, AWAY TO THE SUPERMAN!
A HORROR OVERCAME ME WHEN I SAW THESE BEST MEN NAKED: THEN THERE GREW FOR

ME THE WINGS TO SOAR AWAY INTO DISTANT FUTURES...
BUT I WANT TO SEE YOU DISGUISED, YOU NEIGHBORS AND FELLOWMEN, AND
WELL-DRESSED AND VAIN AND WORTHY AS 'THE GOOD AND JUST.'
AND I MYSELF WILL SIT AMONG YOU DISGUISED, SO THAT I MAY MISUNDERSTAND YOU
AND MYSELF: THAT, IN FACT, IS MY LAST MANLY PRUDENCE.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra is not a thinker but a seer. All thought is a groping in darkness. Seeing is altogether a different matter.

The blind man can think about light, but however hard he thinks, it is not going to give him an experience of light. His thinking is going to remain always empty. There is a great danger that he may start believing in his thinking. And if a blind man starts believing in his thinking about light, he forgets all about finding his eyes, or searching for a physician who can cure his blindness.

There is a beautiful story from Gautam Buddha's life: He is staying in a village, and a crowd brings a blind man to him. A spokesman from the crowd says to Gautam Buddha, "We have brought this blind man to you for a special purpose -- he does not believe in light, he argues against light. He has a very sharp intellect and a very logical mind. We all know that light *is*, but we cannot convince this blind man about the existence of light. On the contrary, he convinces us that there is no light.

"And his arguments are such that we cannot refute them. He says, 'If light exists I would like to touch it, because I know things by touching.' Now, there is no way to touch light. He says, 'I also know things by tasting, I can taste light.' But light cannot be tasted either. He says, 'I also smell things.' But light has no smell. He says, 'I have only four senses. You can beat light just like a drum is beaten -- then at least I can hear the sound of it.'

"We are tired of this man, and slowly, slowly he has even been creating doubt in us, that perhaps we are deluded and he is right. And he has no other business. His whole life is devoted to a single cause -- to convince people that there is no light, and the idea that you have eyes is only imagination.

"Now, what to do with this man? Hearing that you would be coming to our village, we were immensely glad that now a great enlightened being will certainly be able to convince this blind fool that light exists."

What Gautam Buddha said is very symbolic, and very significant. He said, "The blind man is right. For him light does not exist. And why should he believe in something which he cannot experience himself? The whole fault lies with the crowd of your village. Rather than convincing him by arguments, you should have taken him to a physician. You bring him to me; I cannot give him his lost eyesight, but I will call my physician."

And he called his personal physician, who always used to travel with Gautam Buddha. The blind man said, "But what about arguments?" Gautam Buddha said, "Just wait a little. Let my physician check your eyes."

The physician looked into the blind man's eyes and said, "It is not a great problem. It may take at the most six months to cure him."

So Buddha said, "You remain in this village, and don't leave this village until this blind man is cured. When he starts seeing light, bring him to me, because then there will be a point to argue. Right now we are living in two different dimensions; it is impossible even to have a dialogue. What to say about light -- this blind man has not even seen darkness, because even to see darkness you need eyes. And no argument can prove...."

There are things which are beyond arguments, but which are not beyond experience.

Zarathustra is not a thinker, he is not a blind man, he is a seer.

After six months the blind man came dancing, with tears of joy in his eyes. He fell to the feet of Gautam Buddha and said, "I am immensely sorry that I wanted to argue about something which is not arguable, that I wanted to be convinced about something which can only be experienced. There is no way to talk about it. There is no way to explain it to someone who has no eyes.

"You were greatly compassionate towards me, that you refused to argue. I have been arguing my whole life, and wasting my time -- I could have cured my eyes long ago. And to live a life without eyes is not a life at all. Now I can say it, because now I can compare -- all the beauty of existence, all the beauty of flowers, all the beauty of sunrises and sunsets, all the beauty of a night full of stars, all the beauty of human beings.

"I would have died without knowing anything about beauty, anything about rainbows, anything about that which is available only to the eyes." And the experience of our lives is almost eighty percent from our eyes. Only twenty percent of the experience is from the other senses.

When I say Zarathustra is not a thinker but a seer, I want to emphasize the fact that just as you can see outside with the eyes, there is a way of seeing into your own being. Just as there are outward eyes, there is a sensibility, sensitivity, which is capable of seeing inwards. And unless one has that capacity, all arguments are futile.

That's why Zarathustra never gives any arguments; he simply states his experiences. But if you can understand his statements, that may start the beginning of an inner journey of seeing yourself; otherwise, people just go on looking outside. They never become aware that there is a possibility to see into their own beings, into their own subjectivity.

Soren Kierkegaard, one of the most important Danish mystics, has said that all religion is nothing but an experience of your subjectivity. It has nothing to do with God, it has nothing to do with virtue, it has nothing to do with heaven and hell -- all that is fictitious.

The authentic religion has only one concern, and that is the exploration of your inner world, the opening of the inward eye. In the East we have called it the third eye; that is only a symbol, a metaphor. But one *can* see inwards.

In silence, in utter silence, when the mind stops its constant chattering, suddenly you become aware of a great space which is far more beautiful than you could have ever dreamt of. You become aware of yourself, and your whole life is transformed.

Just seeing yourself is the beginning of a superman in you. Then you are no longer the old, rotten, prejudiced, blind follower of somebody, who himself may be in the same boat in which you are.

The man who can see himself becomes free from all bondage -- religious, ideological, theological, philosophical -- because now he has his own vision. He need not depend on anybody else. He does not need any saviors, he is already saved.

Listening to Zarathustra's statements, remember: they are not based on rational analysis of questions, they are not answers to any particular questions. They are his insights, his experiences, which he is trying, with great effort and with great success too, to convey to people for whom the world of their own interiority is absolutely unknown.

This is one of the greatest problems -- talking about light to people who don't have eyes. But everybody has the potential to be cured, to be healed. All that he needs is to put aside all prejudices and all beliefs and be as innocent, unknowledgeable, unprejudiced as a child. Innocence can understand the language of a seer, because the seer is also a child -- on a

higher level, but there is something similar in both.

The child does not know anything, and the seer has known everything and dropped it, because it was all rubbish. Both have come very close, and it is possible to have some kind of communion. That is what is needed when you are trying to understand a man like Zarathustra. It is not a question of your intellectual acumen, it is a question of your innocent heart.

He says, IT IS NOT THE HEIGHT, IT IS THE ABYSS THAT IS TERRIBLE!

THE ABYSS WHERE THE GLANCE PLUNGES downward AND THE HAND GRASPS upward. THERE THE HEART GROWS GIDDY THROUGH ITS TWOFOLD WILL.

He is talking about every human being who is trying to go beyond himself, who is trying to transcend himself, who is trying to become something superior to what he is. He faces the problem -- his hands are moving upwards, but below him there is a terrible abyss. The danger is, if you lose your grip, rather than becoming super-human you may fall into a subhuman existence.

According to Zarathustra, man is a rope stretched over an abyss. Man is joined on one hand with the world of animals, and has the longing on the other hand to go beyond man itself -- because man itself is not a being, it is only a bridge; it is something to be passed by, a ladder.

But millions of people never try to move upward, for sheer fear that the moment you start moving there is every possibility that you may fall. A small wrong step... and the terrible abyss is just by the side. Man can become far worse than any animal.

Man can go even beyond gods, because all gods are men's fictions. He can attain to a far greater reality than his fictions -- that is the height. Zarathustra is saying, "But with every height comes an abyss. And the moment you start moving upwards, you are taking a risk."

The height is not the problem. It may be hard to climb, but it is not terrible. What is terrible is the abyss by the side. A single wrong step, just a moment of unawareness and you can fall; you can fall below animals.

AH, FRIENDS, HAVE YOU, TOO, DIVINED MY HEART'S TWOFOLD WILL? Anybody who wants to evolve is divided: his biological, physiological gravitation pulls him downward, and his spiritual longing calls him from higher places, from sunlit peaks. He is divided, he becomes twofold.

And the height is hard. This is the reason why millions of people have decided not to bother about the height, not to make any effort to rise above themselves. That way they can avoid the abyss and the fall. They are not taking the challenge of the height because of the fear that the challenge contains in it -- a great abyss and a great fall.

Those who never try to rise, of course they never fall; they never take a wrong step, they never move. They simply remain where they are. But their life is almost dead, because life means something only if it is a constant movement towards height, a welcome to the challenge that is coming from the height, and a daring spirit to accept the abyss. But remain alert and aware, so that not a single step goes wrong!

It is almost like walking on a tightrope -- the excitement is tremendous. Those who arrive at the peak, their ecstasy is immeasurable. Only they have lived their lives; others have only passed their time.

MY WILL CLINGS TO MANKIND, I BIND MYSELF TO MANKIND WITH FETTERS, BECAUSE I AM DRAWN UP TO THE SUPERMAN: FOR MY OTHER WILL WANTS TO DRAW ME UP TO THE SUPERMAN. Zarathustra is analyzing his own

situation. And in analyzing his own situation he is analyzing the situation of every human being.

He is saying, "I keep myself fettered with humanity because I am afraid. I have a great longing to transcend myself; I am afraid that the heights are calling me. Irresistible is their challenge, and to move towards those heights I cannot forget the abyss. To avoid the abyss, I cling to the status quo, to the state of things as they are. I create all kinds of relationships, all kinds of fetters, all kinds of bondages, just to keep myself engaged -- so much occupied in the marketplace amongst the crowd of people that my dreams and my longings don't pull me towards the heights. But... I AM DRAWN UP TO THE SUPERMAN."

THAT MY HAND MAY NOT QUITE LOSE ITS BELIEF IN FIRMNESS: that is why I LIVE BLINDLY AMONG MEN, AS IF I DID NOT RECOGNIZE THEM. I live blindly among men, accepting their superstitions, accepting all their stupid ideas because not to accept them means you are falling out of the crowd. And I am afraid of being alone, because in my aloneness there is only one thing and that is an irresistible longing to reach to the sunlit peaks. This is what he is saying -- the situation of every human being.

Why do you go on remaining part of a crowd? Why don't you assert your individuality? Why do you go on playing pseudo roles, imposed by others, and not rebel against them? Why do you belong to so many organizations -- religious, political, social -- knowing that it is not going to help you in any way; it is not going to become the foundation of your growth. It will only lead you towards your grave... all your Rotary Clubs and all your Lions Clubs and all your political parties and all your religions.

You go on carrying your holy scriptures, but you never look in them. You are basically afraid that a doubt may arise -- nobody reads the holy books.

I have heard about a door-to-door salesman who used to sell encyclopedias and dictionaries. One lady opened the door as he knocked, and he showed her the latest encyclopedia. She said, "But we have got one. You can see, there on the table, in the far corner of the room. We don't need another."

The man looked at the table and he said, "Lady, that is not an encyclopedia, it is a bible." The woman could not believe it, that from so far away he had managed to see that it is a bible. She said, "On what grounds are you saying it is a bible, when I'm saying it is an encyclopedia?" He said, "It is *not* an encyclopedia, I can see the layer of dust on it. It can only be THE HOLY BIBLE."

A small child in school was asked, "Have you ever looked in THE HOLY BIBLE?" He said, "Many times." The teacher asked, "Can you tell me something that is in THE HOLY BIBLE?" He said, "Everything."

The teacher was surprised. He said, "Everything?" The child said, "Everything. My mother keeps my father's hairs in it." The teacher said, "Is your father dead?" He said, "No, he is not dead, but his hair is gone. He has become bald, and that is just the old memory of when he used to be young. My sister keeps her boyfriend's love letters in it, and to read them, I have to look in THE HOLY BIBLE."

People keep all kinds of things in holy books, but nobody reads them. And it cannot be just a coincidence, that out of millions of people in the world, nobody reads their holy books. The reason is, there is a certain fear that reading them, your belief in them may be disturbed. They may look stupid, they may look irrational; and you don't want to leave the fold.

If you are a Christian you want to remain a Christian, for the simple reason that the crowd is cozy, is a certain kind of security. You are not alone, there are millions of people just like you -- and they cannot all be wrong. This gives you a great consolation.

If you are left alone, you will have to look inside yourself. Unoccupied with anything on the outside, in your aloneness, the longing for the heights, the desire to fly like an eagle across the sun is bound to arise, because it is there in every human being.
Life wants to overcome itself.

That is one of the fundamental teachings of Zarathustra: life wants to overcome itself. But in overcoming, there is risk -- you can be new only if the old dies. But the risk is clear. Who knows... if the old dies and the new never comes?

When the old leaf is falling from the tree, what guarantee is there that a new leaf will be coming to replace it -- younger, fresher, greener. The old leaf falling is taking a risk, the tree is taking a risk. The man who wants a transformation to happen in his life has to take the risk.

THIS IS MY FIRST MANLY PRUDENCE: I LET MYSELF BE DECEIVED SO AS NOT TO BE ON GUARD AGAINST DECEIVERS. You have to be continuously on guard. There are so many deceivers around you. Zarathustra says, "My prudence is that I let them deceive; it helps me not to be constantly worried and on guard. It allows me to relax. I accept it, that they will deceive me."

There is no need to be on guard, because to be on guard is one of the greatest worries of humankind. There are so many people... you have to be on guard. Everybody is a stranger, even those who are very close to you are strangers. One never knows what they are going to do to you.

Zarathustra says, "Just to be at rest, I let them deceive me." This is cheaper and simpler than to be constantly on guard -- tense, worried, watching everybody, looking at everybody as if he is your enemy.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY SECOND MANLY PRUDENCE: I AM MORE CONSIDERATE TO THE VAIN THAN TO THE PROUD.
IS WOUNDED VANITY NOT THE MOTHER OF ALL TRAGEDIES? BUT WHERE PRIDE IS WOUNDED THERE SURELY GROWS UP SOMETHING BETTER THAN PRIDE.

His insights are tremendously fresh and new. He is saying, "It is better to be proud than to be vain, because if your pride is hurt.... And it is bound to be hurt, because you are not alone here -- there are millions of other proud beings in competition with you. But if the pride is hurt, it always brings something better out of it. To prove yourself better, to regain your pride and dignity, you have to improve."

The real problem is the vain man, who is utterly empty, who tries to show humbleness and meekness and simplicity. You cannot hurt him -- how can you hurt a meek man, how can you hurt a humble man? He is going to remain the same forever. He will never improve, because there is not going to be any challenge for him.

Ordinarily, the religions have praised the humble and condemned the proud, but Zarathustra, on each and every point, has an original contribution to make. One may agree with him or not, but one cannot say that what he is saying is insignificant.

Everything in the world that humanity can be proud of is created by the man of pride; it is not created by the so-called humble people. Have you known a humble painter, have you known a humble poet, have you known a humble creator, a humble dancer, a humble singer? The humble man seems to think that just by being humble he has done great service to humanity. And his humbleness is not of much value.

Perhaps in his humbleness he is simply trying to hide his cowardliness, his uncreativity. Perhaps in his humbleness he is simply avoiding the competition, the race.

Perhaps his humbleness is nothing but an escape from the struggle of life. It is not a positive value, it is a negative value.

IF LIFE IS TO BE PLEASANT TO WATCH, ITS PLAY MUST BE WELL ACTED: FOR THAT, HOWEVER, GOOD ACTORS ARE NEEDED.

I FOUND ALL VAIN PEOPLE TO BE GOOD ACTORS: THEY ACT AND DESIRE THAT OTHERS SHALL WANT TO WATCH THEM -- ALL THEIR SPIRIT IS IN THIS DESIRE.

The humble man is humble only so that he is respected. It is a very contradictory desire: to be humble, to have respectability; to be meek, to be honored. Zarathustra says, "They are all good actors, and all their desire is one -- to be recognized."

Kahlil Gibran has a beautiful story.... There is a very saintly dog, and his single-pointed philosophy is, to other dogs, that dogs are not evolving because they unnecessarily go on barking and wasting their energy.

"Why do you bark at the moon?" And the poor dogs look at each other: "What to say?" "Why do you bark at all people in uniforms?" Dogs are very much against uniforms -- the policeman, the postman, the sannyasin. The moment the dog sees somebody in a uniform, he suspects that something is wrong.

The saintly dog becomes more and more honored, and more and more respected. And the poor dogs say, "You are a great dog and we are just very ordinary dogs. We are ashamed, but what to do? We cannot control -- this barking is such a temptation to us. We try in every way to discipline ourselves. We understand your idea -- that if we stop barking we will have so much energy that that very energy will become our evolution."

The saint goes on becoming a bigger and bigger saint, and the dogs worship him. Finally, one full moon night, they decide that, at least once a year -- and this full moon night was the birthday of the great saint -- at least on his birthday, we should remain silent. It is going to be very difficult not to bark for the whole night -- and that too on a full moon night -- but we have to do it, just in honor of the great saint.

They decide that whatever happens, everybody should go into a dark corner, close his eyes and lie down. The whole night, don't look here and there. It is only a question of one night, and then tomorrow we can bark twice, or thrice, but tonight.... The great saint is very puzzled. One hour has passed, and the moon is high; two hours have passed, and not a single dog is seen anywhere. Where have they all disappeared to? And no barking is heard. It is such a strange experience.

It gets to be the middle of the night, and for the first time the great saint recognizes how he has been able to avoid up to now the temptation to bark. After all, he is also a dog. He was able to resist because he had no time. All his energy was wasted in giving sermons all over the city, getting hold of dogs and teaching them, "This is our downfall, your barking."

He had been barking all day anyway, against the dogs! But tonight suddenly, a great irritation in his throat, irresistible.... Half the night had passed and for the first time he found that he is also an ordinary dog. Something had to be done; it was becoming too much.

He goes into a dark corner and starts barking. Other dogs hear that somebody has broken the agreement. They have also been suffering half the night, and if one has broken the agreement, then they are not bound to the agreement anymore, the contract is finished.

The whole city is suddenly full of barking dogs, and the saint comes back and starts teaching again, "I have told you so many times, and even on my birthday you cannot remain silent just for one night. This is the downfall. This is why other animals have reached to higher stages of evolution and dogs, who have such a great potential, are still lingering behind."

The dogs said, "Forgive us. Just, somebody broke the agreement, but we don't know who he is. We had managed up to the middle of the night... and you can understand how difficult it was. Only saints like you can do it. We are very ordinary dogs -- just don't hope. We are ready to worship you, we are ready to believe in you, we are your followers, but we cannot change ourselves."

The vain people are all pretenders, hypocrites, actors. They can act as saints -- in fact, they have acted as saints; all that is needed by them is respectability.

The day saints are not worshiped, saints will disappear. The more you worship the saints, the more and more people are ready to do things which are against nature, against themselves. The desire to be recognized, to be respected, to be thought of as "holier than thou" is so great, and so irresistible.

Zarathustra is saying, "People who have pride are not to be condemned, because if they are hurt, they will manage to rise higher -- just to protect their pride, to prove their mettle." The really ugly part of humanity is the vain actors. They are absolutely hollow, but whatever you want they are ready to act.

And because it is only acting, they are different people from the back door, and they are different people from the front door. From the front door they are saints; from the backdoor you will find them the real sinners -- they sin with vengeance! And from the front door they are again standing there with their makeup to receive your worship, your respectability, your honors, your awards.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY THIRD MANLY PRUDENCE: I DO NOT LET YOUR TIMOROUSNESS SPOIL MY PLEASURE AT THE SIGHT OF THE WICKED.
AMONG MEN, TOO, THERE IS A FINE BROOD OF THE HOT SUN AND MUCH THAT IS MARVELLOUS IN THE WICKED.

Zarathustra sees things without any prejudice. He says, "Even in the so-called wicked people I have seen much that is marvellous. Just as I have seen your so-called great saints who are nothing but actors, your do-gooders who are just superficial... even in the wicked, I have seen something marvellous."

INDEED, AS YOUR WISEST MAN DID NOT SEEM SO VERY WISE TO ME, SO I FOUND THAT HUMAN WICKEDNESS, TOO, DID NOT LIVE UP TO ITS REPUTATION. Neither your wise men are so wise, nor your wicked are so wicked as you think. In fact, your wise and your wicked are not very different -- they are two sides of the same coin. Perhaps the wicked are more sincere, and your so-called saints and holy men are nothing but actors. The wicked at least are not actors; they are authentically wicked. They have a certain sincerity, and that sincerity makes them marvellous.

TRULY, THERE IS STILL A FUTURE, EVEN FOR EVIL! Even the most evil person still has a future. If he can be evil he is a man with courage, with power -- cowards cannot be evil -- and once his courage is challenged he can change any moment. Perhaps he is evil because that is the only possibility for people who want to live dangerously, who don't want to live a tepid life, a lukewarm existence.

The masses live in a very lukewarm way, and your saints don't live at all. You have not left a clear-cut direction for those who want to live totally, fully, intensely... no guidance for those. If these people become rebellious against your social norms, against your hypocritical society, they can also become immensely good. All that is needed is a challenge. Right now, only evil gives them the challenge.

Zarathustra is saying, "If we want the superman to come into the world, we should make a 'good life' also a challenge, also dangerous."

AND TRULY, YOU GOOD AND JUST! THERE IS MUCH IN YOU THAT IS LAUGHABLE AND ESPECIALLY YOUR FEAR OF HIM WHO WAS FORMERLY CALLED THE `DEVIL'! He is saying, about the so-called good and the just, that their goodness is not even skin-deep. Just scratch them a little and you will find the animal coming out. The people you call "just" are just showmen. If you look deeply into their lives, if their lives become an open book, you will be surprised: these people were thought to be great men, good and just, but they had another life also that they lived underground. They had their secrets.

President John Kennedy was respected in his life as one of the most just presidents America has ever had -- a very good and nice man. But after his death, after his assassination, things have come to light which are shocking to people who could have never thought that he had an underground life.

Everybody condemned his wife when she married after the assassination. But now nobody can say anything against her, because even while Kennedy was alive he was cheating her. He was going to many other women; and being the president he had the power and attraction, he was connected with many actresses. But that was the underground life; otherwise, he was a very moral man.

All your so-called good and just people remain good and just only because their whole life never becomes available to you; or if it becomes available to you, it becomes available only when they are dead. And then, who cares?

TRULY, YOU GOOD AND JUST! THERE IS MUCH IN YOU THAT IS LAUGHABLE AND ESPECIALLY YOUR FEAR OF HIM WHO WAS FORMERLY CALLED THE `DEVIL'. Your so-called good, just, holy, and saintly people are afraid of the devil. Zarathustra says, "It is laughable, it is so childish -- the very idea of the devil. And they are afraid of the devil." But there is a certain rationality: they are afraid of the devil because they are attracted toward another fiction, and that is the fiction of God.

Good and evil, God and the devil -- they are two opposite poles of the same fiction. Neither the devil can exist without God, nor God can exist without the devil. They need each other, they are complementary. So those who worship God are bound to be afraid of the devil.

Zarathustra says, "It is so laughable that fictions are worshiped, that fictions are feared -- and by so-called great men: saints, holy men, just men, good men. Even the wicked are more mature than your so-called good."

YOU HIGHEST MEN MY EYES HAVE ENCOUNTERED! THIS IS MY DOUBT OF YOU AND MY SECRET LAUGHTER: I THINK YOU WOULD CALL MY SUPERMAN -- A DEVIL. He is aware of the fact that his superman will be called, by the so-called religious people, a devil -- because the superman will be beyond your ideas of good and bad, your ideas of sin and virtue, your ideas of hell and heaven. Because the superman will not be a child, but a mature, centered, fully awakened human being, the religious people are bound to condemn him as the devil.

ALAS, I GREW WEARY OF THESE HIGHEST AND BEST MEN: FROM THEIR `HEIGHTS' I LONGED TO GO UP, OUT, AWAY TO THE SUPERMAN!
A HORROR OVERCAME ME WHEN I SAW THESE BEST MEN NAKED: THEN THERE GREW FOR ME THE WINGS TO SOAR AWAY INTO DISTANT FUTURES.

It is my own experience, too, that it is better not to know your so-called great men very closely -- because then you will get weary and tired, even of your greatest men; you will be

able to see their superstitions, stupidities.

Before the British empire disappeared from this country, one of the greatest states was Nizam Hyderabad. Nizam, the king of the state, was perhaps the richest man in the world, but he lived almost like a poor man.

If you had seen him, you could not have believed that he is the richest man. He had in his state the greatest diamond quarry in the world -- all the great diamonds, the Kohinoor and others, have come from his quarry. His own palace was full of diamonds; all his basements were full of diamonds. There were so many diamonds because first they used to come to him, he would choose the best ones for his own palace, and the remaining ones would be sold all over the world. He had so many diamonds that they were not counted, they were weighed. Diamonds are not weighed anywhere in the whole world, but their number was so great that there was no other way.

This man was a very holy man, and because of his holiness he lived a poor life. He went on gathering the money -- that was not a problem at all. The state had thousands of starving people and his palace was full of diamonds which were never going to be used. And he was a holy man, just because he lived like a poor man.

The most laughable thing about him was that he was very much afraid of ghosts. In Hyderabad it is thought that if you want to protect yourself from ghosts, you have to do one thing... they attack particularly in the night when you are asleep. To protect yourself in the night you have to put one of your legs into a bag full of salt. Nizam Hyderabad slept all his life with one of his legs in a bag full of salt, because ghosts are very much afraid of salt, they don't come close to salt -- I don't know who has created this idea.

And this man was constantly reading the holy KORAN, and was even respected by great Mohammedan scholars -- but nobody ever thought that he seems to be pathological... the fear of ghosts. To guard yourself against ghosts, and you are a man of God... God will take care at least. And if God cannot save you, how is the salt going to save you?

He was holy and very simple, doing everything a Mohammedan is supposed to do, but he had five hundred wives. Because Mohammed himself had nine wives, he has allowed his followers to have as many wives as they want. Can you think a man simple, holy -- afraid of ghosts, having five hundred wives, and not doubting once that it is absolutely ugly?

Women are not cattle. And there is a certain balance in existence; men and women are of equal number. If one person has five hundred wives, that means four hundred and ninety-nine men will remain without wives. What are they going to do? They will become homosexuals, or they will have to resort to some perversion, or they will have to go to prostitutes, or they will become rapists... but whatever happens to those four hundred and ninety-nine people, Nizam is responsible for all that.

Watch your holy men, watch your good men, watch your so-called moral men, and you will be amazed that the hidden reality is disgusting.

ALAS, I GREW WEARY OF THESE HIGHEST AND BEST MEN: FROM THEIR 'HEIGHTS' I LONGED TO GO UP, OUT, AWAY TO THE SUPERMAN!

A HORROR OVERCAME ME WHEN I SAW THESE BEST MEN NAKED: THEN THERE GREW FOR ME THE WINGS TO SOAR AWAY INTO DISTANT FUTURES. The moment I saw these greatest men naked, in their absolute reality -- not just the facade, not just the mask, but when I saw their original face -- I grew so weary that I grew wings to soar away into distant futures.

BUT I WANT TO SEE YOU DISGUISED, YOU NEIGHBORS AND FELLOWMEN, AND WELL-DRESSED AND VAIN AND WORTHY AS 'THE GOOD AND JUST.' I want

you to remain disguised, because if you stand naked this whole world will look so disgusting that it is better you keep yourself... WELL-DRESSED AND VAIN AND WORTHY AS `THE GOOD AND THE JUST.'

AND I MYSELF WILL SIT AMONG YOU DISGUISED, SO THAT I MAY MISUNDERSTAND YOU AND MYSELF: THAT, IN FACT, IS MY LAST MANLY PRUDENCE. He is talking about prudence. In an authentic society there is no need for any prudence. One should be simple and open, available to be seen; there should be nothing secretive. The secretive is always ugly.

The superman must be an open book.

"But before the superman comes into existence," Zarathustra says, "I myself will remain disguised amongst all these disguised people." Because to stand naked amongst these disguised people is to be crucified; that is the crime of Jesus -- is to be poisoned; that is the crime of Socrates.

Zarathustra says, this... IS MY LAST MANLY PRUDENCE.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Of the stillest hour

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE STILLEST HOUR
ZARATHUSTRA TELLS HIS DISCIPLES HE MUST GO BACK INTO SOLITUDE AGAIN,
ALTHOUGH HE DOES SO RELUCTANTLY, BECAUSE THE EVENING BEFORE, HIS "STILLEST
HOUR" HAD SPOKEN TO HIM. HE RECOUNTS WHAT HAPPENED.
I TELL YOU THIS IN A PARABLE. YESTERDAY, AT THE STILLEST HOUR, THE GROUND
SEEMED TO GIVE WAY: MY DREAM BEGAN.
THE HAND MOVED, THE CLOCK OF MY LIFE HELD ITS BREATH -- I HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH
STILLNESS ABOUT ME: SO THAT MY HEART WAS TERRIFIED.
THEN, VOICELESSLY, SOMETHING SAID TO ME: `YOU KNOW, ZARATHUSTRA?'
AND I CRIED OUT FOR TERROR AT THIS WHISPER, AND THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM MY
FACE: BUT I KEPT SILENT.
THEN AGAIN, SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `YOU KNOW, ZARATHUSTRA, BUT
YOU DO NOT SPEAK!'
AND I ANSWERED AT LAST DEFIANTLY: `YES, I KNOW, BUT I WILL NOT SPEAK!'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `YOU WILL NOT, ZARATHUSTRA? IS
THIS TRUE? DO NOT HIDE YOURSELF IN YOUR DEFIANCE!'
AND I WEPT AND TREMBLED LIKE A CHILD AND SAID: `ALAS, I WANT TO, BUT HOW CAN I?
RELEASE ME FROM THIS ALONE! IT IS BEYOND MY STRENGTH!'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `OF WHAT CONSEQUENCE ARE YOU,
ZARATHUSTRA? SPEAK YOUR TEACHING AND BREAK!'
AND I ANSWERED, `AH, IS IT MY TEACHING? WHO AM I? I AWAIT ONE WHO IS MORE
WORTHY; I AM NOT WORTHY EVEN TO BREAK BY IT....'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY, `OH, ZARATHUSTRA, HE WHO HAS TO
MOVE MOUNTAINS MOVES VALLEYS AND LOWLANDS, TOO.'
AND I ANSWERED: `MY WORDS HAVE AS YET MOVED NO MOUNTAINS AND WHAT I HAVE
SPOKEN HAS NOT REACHED MEN. INDEED, I WENT TO MEN, BUT I HAVE NOT YET ATTAINED
THEM.'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? THE DEW
FALLS UPON THE GRASS WHEN THE NIGHT IS AT ITS MOST SILENT.'
AND I ANSWERED, `THEY MOCKED ME WHEN I FOUND AND WALKED MY OWN WAY. AND IN
TRUTH MY FEET TREMBLED THEN.
`AND THEY SPOKE THUS TO ME: YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WAY, NOW YOU WILL ALSO
FORGET HOW TO WALK!'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `OF WHAT CONSEQUENCE IS THEIR
MOCKERY? YOU ARE ONE WHO HAS UNLEARNED HOW TO OBEY: NOW YOU SHALL
COMMAND!

`DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS ALL MEN MOST NEED? HIM WHO COMMANDS GREAT THINGS.
`TO PERFORM GREAT THINGS IS DIFFICULT: BUT MORE DIFFICULT IS TO COMMAND GREAT THINGS.
`THIS IS THE MOST UNPARDONABLE THING ABOUT YOU: YOU HAVE THE POWER AND YOU WILL NOT RULE.'
AND I ANSWERED: `I LACK THE LION'S VOICE FOR COMMAND.'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME IN A WHISPER: `IT IS THE STILLEST WORDS WHICH BRING THE STORM. THOUGHTS THAT COME ON DOVES' FEET GUIDE THE WORLD.
`O ZARATHUSTRA, YOU SHALL GO AS A SHADOW OF THAT WHICH MUST COME: THUS YOU WILL COMMAND AND COMMANDING LEAD THE WAY.'
AND I ANSWERED: `I AM ASHAMED.'
THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `YOU MUST YET BECOME A CHILD AND WITHOUT SHAME...'
AND I CONSIDERED LONG AND TREMBLED. AT LAST, HOWEVER, I SAID WHAT I HAD SAID AT FIRST: `I WILL NOT.'
THEN A LAUGHING BROKE OUT AROUND ME. ALAS, HOW THIS LAUGHING TORE MY BODY AND RIPPED OPEN MY HEART!
AND FOR THE LAST TIME, SOMETHING SAID TO ME: `O ZARATHUSTRA, YOUR FRUITS ARE RIPE, BUT YOU ARE NOT RIPE FOR YOUR FRUITS!
`SO YOU MUST GO BACK INTO SOLITUDE: FOR YOU SHALL YET GROW MELLOW...'
NOW YOU HAVE HEARD EVERYTHING, AND WHY I MUST RETURN TO MY SOLITUDE. I HAVE KEPT NOTHING BACK FROM YOU, MY FRIENDS.
AND YOU HAVE HEARD, TOO, WHO IS THE MOST SILENT OF MEN -- AND INTENDS TO REMAIN SO!...
WHEN ZARATHUSTRA HAD SAID THESE WORDS, HOWEVER, THE VIOLENCE OF HIS GRIEF AND THE NEARNESS OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM HIS FRIENDS OVERWHELMED HIM, SO THAT HE WEPT ALOUD; AND NO ONE KNEW HOW TO COMFORT HIM. BUT THAT NIGHT HE WENT AWAY ALONE AND FORSOOK HIS FRIENDS.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

The moment comes in every mystic's life when he feels that he is a failure -- a failure because he cannot reach human beings. Not that he is not trying hard, but there are so many hurdles and so many obstacles to reaching human beings.

First, the experience of the mystic is attained in absolute solitude and silence. It needs great articulateness to bring that silence into words, to bring that music into mundane language. Much of the truth is lost in transforming silence into sound. There begins the failure of the mystic.

And then the people who are hearing him are not silent. They are full of prejudices, of their own thoughts -- although those thoughts are just rubbish, because they have not been discovered by themselves. They have only borrowed them from others. But they cling to those thoughts as if they are great treasures. So when they hear a mystic talking to them, they don't hear what he says, they hear what their prejudices allow them to hear. There comes the great failure.

They *think* they have heard the mystic, but they are absolutely deaf and blind -- they have been hearing only their own thoughts, seeing only their own dreams. They have not allowed the mystic the space, the silence, the consciousness to reach to their hearts. They have interpreted him, and all their interpretations are distortions.

In these moments of failure, the mystic has only one way, and that is to go back to his solitude again, go back to his own innermost core, to find some better ways, some better words, some better devices, so that he can communicate. He is burdened with a truth and he wants to share it, but nobody is ready to hear him.

In the solitude he polishes, gives last touches to his words, to his poetry, to his song; he

drops all that which has been misunderstood before, and tries again from different angles. Perhaps from a different angle it may be possible to stir the longing in human beings which is lying dormant: the longing to transcend themselves, the longing to grow up, the longing to give birth to the superman.

It is in such a moment that these words have been spoken. Zarathustra wants to depart from his disciples, to go again into solitude. His effort to be understood has not been a success. He has tried his best, he has used the simplest words, the clearest concepts, but the mind is so full of prejudices, it screens everything that goes in.

The scientists have found a very shocking phenomenon: for centuries all our senses have been thought to be doors and windows through which existence can enter into us, but the latest research shows that rather than being windows and doors, our senses have been functioning as censors; and the percentage that they censor is unimaginable -- ninety-eight percent! What you see is only two percent of reality; ninety-eight percent has been blocked by your senses. What you hear is only two percent; ninety-eight percent has been blocked by your mind.

Certainly a man like Zarathustra will be able to see that he is going round and round you, but he is not reaching your heart. All doors are closed; no windows are open.

Before he departs again into solitude, to go deeper into himself and work out something more helpful for communion, he talks first with himself -- it is a monologue -- and then he departs from his disciples. Because it is a monologue, it is even more important than any dialogue, because he can say exactly what he wants to say -- he is talking to himself. The moment you talk to somebody else, you have to take him into consideration, and that pollutes everything, contaminates everything.

Zarathustra tells his disciples he must go back into solitude again, although he does so reluctantly, because the evening before, his " stillest hour" had spoken to him. What is this " stillest hour?" When he was absolutely silent and alone, he heard his own still, small voice. He recounts what happened.

I TELL YOU THIS IN A PARABLE: YESTERDAY, AT THE STILLEST HOUR, THE GROUND SEEMED TO GIVE WAY: MY DREAM BEGAN. You can see: just to be understood by his disciples, he is using words which are not exactly true. He is saying, I TELL YOU THIS IN A PARABLE. It is NOT a parable; it is something that has actually happened to him, but they will not be able to conceive of its happening. But as a parable, of course, they will be ready to listen to it.

YESTERDAY, AT THE STILLEST HOUR, THE GROUND SEEMED TO GIVE WAY: MY DREAM BEGAN. He does not say that it was an authentic experience -- that would make them cautious. He wants them to be relaxed, so something can penetrate into their beings. He says, "It was just a dream."

Have you ever watched? -- when somebody tells a parable or a dream, your mind is more open to listen to it. After all, it is a dream -- it is not going to disturb you. After all, it is only a parable, fictitious. You read fiction with a more open mind than you ever hear any mystic -- because to hear the mystic is dangerous. To hear the mystic means to get ready for a pilgrimage. To hear a mystic exactly means to go through a transformation. But fiction is entertainment.

Just three days before J. Krishnamurti died, one of my friends was with him; and he reported to me that his words to him were very strange. Krishnamurti was very sad and he simply said one thing: "I have wasted my life. People were listening to me as if I am an

entertainment."

The mystic is a revolution; he is not entertainment.

If you *hear* him, if you *allow* him, if you open your doors to him, he is pure fire. He will burn all that is rubbish in you, all that is old in you, and he will purify you into a new human being. It is risky to allow fire into your being -- rather than opening the doors, you immediately close all the doors.

But entertainment is another thing. It does not change you. It does not make you more conscious; on the contrary, it helps you to remain unconscious for two, three hours, so that you can forget all your worries, concerns, anxieties -- so that you can get lost in the entertainment. You can note it: as man has passed through the centuries, he has managed to create more and more entertainments, because he needs more and more to be unconscious. He is afraid of being conscious, because being conscious means to go through a metamorphosis.

THE HAND MOVED, THE CLOCK OF MY LIFE HELD ITS BREATH -- I HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH STILLNESS ABOUT ME: SO THAT MY HEART WAS TERRIFIED.

THEN, VOICELESSLY, SOMETHING SAID TO ME: `YOU KNOW, ZARATHUSTRA?'

AND I CRIED OUT FOR TERROR AT THIS WHISPER, AND THE BLOOD DRAINED FROM MY FACE; BUT I KEPT SILENT.

Knowing is not something terrible -- but he is talking to the disciples and he is creating this whole monologue in such a way that they can be entertained, that they can listen to it just as a parable, or just as a dream. YOU KNOW, ZARATHUSTRA? a voiceless something said to me. AND I CRIED OUT FOR TERROR... BUT I KEPT SILENT.

THEN AGAIN, SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `YOU KNOW, ZARATHUSTRA, BUT YOU DO NOT SPEAK!'

AND I ANSWERED AT LAST DEFIANTLY: `YES, I KNOW, BUT I WILL NOT SPEAK!'

THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `YOU WILL NOT, ZARATHUSTRA? IS THIS TRUE? DO NOT HIDE YOURSELF IN YOUR DEFIANCE!'

AND I WEPT AND TREMBLED LIKE A CHILD AND SAID: `ALAS, I WANT TO, BUT HOW CAN I? RELEASE ME FROM THIS ALONE! IT IS BEYOND MY STRENGTH!'

THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `OF WHAT CONSEQUENCE ARE YOU, ZARATHUSTRA? SPEAK YOUR TEACHING AND BREAK!'

AND I ANSWERED: `AH, IS IT MY TEACHING? WHO AM I? I AWAIT ONE WHO IS MORE WORTHY; I AM NOT WORTHY EVEN TO BREAK BY IT.'

THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `O ZARATHUSTRA, HE WHO HAS TO MOVE MOUNTAINS MOVES VALLEYS AND LOWLANDS TOO.'

AND I ANSWERED: `MY WORDS HAVE AS YET MOVED NO MOUNTAINS AND WHAT I HAVE SPOKEN HAS NOT REACHED MEN. INDEED, I WENT TO MEN, BUT I HAVE NOT YET ATTAINED THEM.'

THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT? THE DEW FALLS UPON THE GRASS WHEN THE NIGHT IS AT ITS MOST SILENT.'

All these things he is saying to his disciples in such an indirect way that they don't feel that they are being addressed -- a story is being told; they are just enjoying the parable. They are not on guard, and that is the whole purpose of the monologue: to put the disciples off guard.

AND I ANSWERED: `THEY MOCKED ME WHEN I FOUND AND WALKED MY OWN WAY; AND IN TRUTH MY FEET TREMBLED THEN.

'AND THEY SPOKE THUS TO ME: YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WAY, NOW YOU WILL ALSO FORGET HOW TO WALK!'

THEN AGAIN SOMETHING SAID TO ME VOICELESSLY: `OF WHAT CONSEQUENCE IS THEIR MOCKERY? YOU ARE ONE WHO HAS UNLEARNED HOW TO OBEY: NOW YOU SHALL COMMAND!'

`DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS ALL MEN MOST NEED? HIM WHO COMMANDS GREAT THINGS.

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`SO YOU MUST GO BACK INTO SOLITUDE: FOR YOU SHALL YET GROW MELLOW.'
NOW YOU HAVE HEARD EVERYTHING, AND WHY I MUST RETURN TO MY SOLITUDE. I HAVE KEPT NOTHING BACK FROM YOU, MY FRIENDS.
AND YOU HAVE HEARD, TOO, WHO IS THE MOST SILENT OF MEN -- AND INTENDS TO REMAIN SO!

This strange piece of monologue is a tremendously beautiful device. It is said, if you want your wife to listen to you, don't tell her directly, but whisper to somebody else... not loudly, just whisper in his ear and she will hear. Zarathustra is doing the same. He is not addressing the disciples as usual; he is tired of it. He has tried to reach men, but he has not been able to reach -- they are so closed.

And particularly they are very closed to strangers and outsiders like Zarathustra. You talk in the crowd, and you listen in the crowd, without much trouble; you enjoy good conversations. But with a man like Zarathustra, there is no conversation. He speaks, and you have just to listen. Even when it seems like a dialogue, it is a monologue.

I have been asked many times, particularly by celebrities of some kind, if they could come to me to discuss a few things. And I have always answered them, "If you want to say something to me, I am ready to listen, but if you want to *hear* something from me, then you cannot speak. Then you have to be just silent and listen. Discussion is out of the question."

Discussion they enjoy, arguing they enjoy. Conversations are enjoyed all over the world -- day in, day out, people are talking. But when you come to a man who *knows*, there is no question of any discussion. Either you hear him or you don't hear him. If you hear him, in the very hearing you feel the truth of it. Nothing is left to discuss. And if you don't hear him, what are you going to discuss?

I have also observed people ask questions of me, and when I am answering them, they are the most unfortunate ones because they are not able to listen. They are tense -- it is *their* question. Everybody else is immensely fortunate because it is not *their* question. They are sitting, relaxed, listening; they understand more than the person whose question I am answering.

Just the idea that "it is *my* question" makes them tense, worried, and afraid: I may be hard with them; I may say something which hurts; I may destroy some old idea that they have been clinging to for a long time. Naturally they cannot listen. But I answer them because I know that everybody else will be immensely helped, because their questions are also *your* questions. But because you have *not* asked, you can remain relaxed; you can listen -- there is

no harm.

Man's mind and its functioning is very strange.

This piece of Zarathustra's shows a great understanding. He has tried to address his disciples directly, and he has not been able to reach them. And I don't think there is any possibility to improve upon his statements -- they are perfect. Now he is saying, "I would like to tell you a parable, a dream, before I go into solitude. And I am going into solitude, into silence, to find deeper ways, subtler ways to reach men -- because what use is my understanding if I cannot share it? And what use is my experience if I cannot help those who are groping in the dark?"

The mystic's greatest problem, greater than attaining his experience, is to express it.

There is a story about Gautam Buddha. Every night his disciples, before going to sleep, had to meditate. And it was a very significant thing, because if you can go into sleep with a silent, peaceful mind, that space of silence and peace is carried all through your night. Just one hour's meditation before sleep turns into eight hours' meditation.

Whatever is your last thought when you fall asleep will be your first thought when you wake up. You can check it: just remember what your last thought is and you will be amazed -- as you start feeling that you are awakening, the same thought is standing at your door.

It means you can use six or eight hours of sleep in a tremendously creative way. And the most significant will be to go into sleep, slip into sleep, meditatively. Meditation slowly, slowly becomes your sleep, and then your sleep becomes meditation. And to meditate eight hours or six hours is going to change you so totally, without any effort, that you will be surprised: you have not done anything, but now you are not the same person who used to be angry over small things, who used to hate, who used to be greedy, who used to be violent, who used to be jealous, who used to be competitive.

All those things have disappeared and you have not done anything -- you have been simply meditating before you go to sleep. That is the *best* time, because in the day you cannot get six hours to devote to meditation. But anyway you have to sleep -- why not transform your sleep into meditation? That was a great contribution of Gautam Buddha.

So it was customary for his disciples.... Hence, he never used to say after his evening talk, "Now go and meditate before you fall asleep." Rather than saying that, he used to say -- it had become a code, because every evening it was repeated -- "I have said what I wanted to say to you; now do your *real* work before you go to sleep."

One night, a prostitute and a thief also had come to listen to Gautam Buddha, and when he said, "Now go and do your *real* work before you go to sleep," the thief said, "My God! In ten thousand people I am hiding myself, and this fellow knows about my work. And not only does he know, he is commanding me, 'Now go and do your real work before you go to sleep.'"

He was immensely impressed and so was the prostitute. She could not believe that Gautam Buddha could be aware of her and aware also that she was a prostitute and her real work was in the night. The man was amazing -- his vision, his clarity!

The next morning they both came to touch Gautam Buddha's feet, and he said, "What is the matter?"

The thief said, "Nothing is hidden from you. Last night was the last time that I even *thought* of stealing. I will never do it -- you changed me without preventing me from stealing. On the contrary, you said, 'Go and do your real work.' And I said, 'I am wasting my life. Such consciousness is possible for me too.'"

And the prostitute said, "I have dropped my profession. I had never thought that you would say before ten thousand people, 'Now go and do your real work.' I am not going anywhere now; now my real work is at your feet."

Buddha said, "My God, that 'real work' was something else I was saying to my disciples." They said, "Don't try to deceive us."

And Buddha used to speak about this incident -- they both became his disciples -- he used to say to people, "It is very difficult to know what you are going to understand. One thing is certain: it is not going to be the same as what I am saying. I will say one thing and it depends on you what you hear. I cannot control it."

And the last day, when he was dying, he was asked by Ananda, "You have not allowed any of your words to be written in your lifetime because when people misunderstand you in your very presence, what meanings will they take from a book? How they will distort cannot be conceived of. So you did not allow us to write anything. But after your death.... Please give us permission, because the words that you have spoken are pure gold, and they should be preserved for the coming generations."

So Buddha said, "You can write them, but I have one condition: each scripture that you make out of my words should begin, 'I have heard Gautam Buddha say....' Don't start it, 'Gautam Buddha said this.' You simply report what you have heard."

That is why all Buddhist scriptures start with the same sentence: "I have heard Gautam Buddha saying this." The implication is clear -- that he may not have meant what I have heard; he may not have said it at all, but this is what I have heard.

No other scripture in the world, of any religion, begins with those words -- because that was Buddha's condition: "If you write, remember, don't write that Gautam Buddha said this. How can you know what Gautam Buddha said? All that you can say is, 'I have heard Gautam Buddha saying this.' Make it a point that you don't impose *your* hearing on my sayings."

It is certainly almost impossible to understand a Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Jesus, because they are speaking from such heights and you are living in such deep, dark valleys that by the time their words reach you, they have lost the quality of a sunlit peak, and they have gathered the qualities of your dark valleys.

The day Gautam Buddha became enlightened, he remained for seven days silent, because he could not see *any* possibility to communicate what had happened to him. He thought over it again and again. Those seven days were a great torment for him. He wanted to speak, because it might help somebody somewhere, but he could not see the possibility that he would be able to reach anyone.

And the parable is that those who had become enlightened before him, and were no longer in their bodies.... In Buddhism they are called gods; Buddhism has no single God -- anybody who becomes enlightened is a god. On that point Zarathustra and Buddha are absolutely in agreement. God is your future, not your past; it is not that God created you -- it is you who have to create the God in your consciousness, by purifying it so totally that it becomes divine.

So the people who had become enlightened before him were watching from their universal state, unembodied, and said, "Why is this man not speaking? He *has* to speak... for the simple reason that in thousands of years only one person becomes enlightened, and if he does not speak he will not be able to share his ecstasy, he will not be able to help people, to show the way -- and there are millions of people who are groping in the dark, searching for truth. An enlightened man cannot be forgiven if he remains silent; although his silence can be understood, he cannot be forgiven."

They waited for seven days, and finally they came down -- just bodiless voices. And they told Gautam Buddha, "This is not right. The whole existence is waiting for you to speak, because you are the hope for raising the consciousness of humanity higher. Don't remain silent."

But Buddha's argument was clear: "Do you think that if I speak to people they will get it? Do you think there is *any* possibility that I will be understood? There is every possibility that I will be MISunderstood. Now the gap seems to be unbridgeable; they are creatures of darkness. I was also a creature of darkness and I understand what darkness does to people, what blindness does to people. Now I am an outsider. My language will be of *light*, and they can understand only the language of darkness. Still do you suggest that I speak?"

The gods were silent. They could not find any argument to convince Gautam Buddha, but they were very reluctant to leave him without convincing him. So they went aside and discussed among themselves what to do: "What he is saying *is* right -- it is our own experience -- but some way has to be found, some argument that compels him to speak."

And they found a way. They came back and they said, "We agree with you. But we agree with you only 99.9 percent. You have to give us at least .1 percent. We are not asking much; we are giving you almost one hundred percent, but you have to give us a little chance. We understand what you are saying -- it is our own experience too. But we have come to say to you that there are a few people, a *very* few people, who are just on the verge... a little push and they will move from darkness to light. And if nobody gives them a little push, they may move even more into darkness.

"And they are borderline cases -- you have to concede that there are a few cases which are just on the boundary. You have to speak for those few people who have somehow, accidentally perhaps, reached to the boundary of their darkness. Just a little push and they will be out of the darkness into the full daylight. They are not many, maybe very few; but even if a dozen people can become enlightened with your effort, it is a great reward. Existence will remain obliged to you forever."

Buddha could not deny this. The argument was significant -- and that was the beginning of his long journey amongst the crowds. For forty-two years he was speaking -- morning, evening -- to the very last moment of his life. And it was certainly good that he spoke, because more people became enlightened around him than around anybody else in the whole world.

The effort is tedious; the possibility of being misunderstood is great. Zarathustra's going into solitude has two points. One, he wants to find new ways, new methods, new words, new nets to catch men and drag them out of their blindness and their darkness. And secondly, he wants his disciples to understand that they have failed him, that they have not been what was expected of them, and that he has to go, just to find new ways of approaching their hearts. NOW YOU HAVE HEARD EVERYTHING, AND WHY I MUST RETURN TO MY SOLITUDE. I HAVE KEPT NOTHING BACK FROM YOU... AND YOU HAVE HEARD, TOO, WHO IS THE MOST SILENT OF MEN -- AND INTENDS TO REMAIN SO!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #8

Chapter title: The wanderer

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BELOVED OSHO,
THE WANDERER

ZARATHUSTRA SPEAKS TO HIMSELF:

I AM A WANDERER AND A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER... I DO NOT LIKE THE PLAINS AND IT SEEMS I CANNOT SIT STILL FOR LONG.

AND WHATEVER MAY YET COME TO ME AS FATE AND EXPERIENCE -- A WANDERING AND A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING WILL BE IN IT: IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS ONE EXPERIENCES ONLY ONESELF.

THE TIME HAS PASSED WHEN ACCIDENTS COULD BEFALL ME; AND WHAT COULD STILL COME TO ME THAT WAS NOT ALREADY MY OWN?

IT IS RETURNING, AT LAST IT IS COMING HOME TO ME -- MY OWN SELF AND THOSE PARTS OF IT THAT HAVE LONG BEEN ABROAD AND SCATTERED AMONG ALL THINGS AND ACCIDENTS.

AND I KNOW ONE THING MORE: I STAND NOW BEFORE MY LAST SUMMIT AND BEFORE THE DEED THAT HAS BEEN DEFERRED THE LONGEST. ALAS, I HAVE TO CLIMB MY MOST DIFFICULT PATH! ALAS, I HAVE STARTED UPON MY LONELIEST WANDERING!

BUT A MAN OF MY SORT DOES NOT AVOID SUCH AN HOUR: THE HOUR THAT SAYS TO HIM: `ONLY NOW DO YOU READ YOUR PATH OF GREATNESS! SUMMIT AND ABYSS -- THEY ARE NOW UNITED IN ONE!

`YOU ARE TREADING YOUR PATH OF GREATNESS: NOW WHAT WAS FORMERLY YOUR ULTIMATE DANGER HAS BECOME YOUR ULTIMATE REFUGE!...

`YOU ARE TREADING YOUR PATH OF GREATNESS: NO ONE SHALL STEAL AFTER YOU HERE! YOUR FOOT ITSELF HAS EXTINGUISHED THE PATH BEHIND YOU, AND ABOVE THAT PATH STANDS WRITTEN: IMPOSSIBILITY.

`AND WHEN ALL FOOTHOLDS DISAPPEAR, YOU MUST KNOW HOW TO CLIMB UPON YOUR OWN HEAD: HOW COULD YOU CLIMB UPWARD OTHERWISE?

`UPON YOUR OWN HEAD AND BEYOND YOUR OWN HEART! NOW THE GENTLEST PART OF YOU MUST BECOME THE HARDEST....

`IN ORDER TO SEE MUCH ONE MUST LEARN TO LOOK AWAY FROM ONESELF -- EVERY MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER NEEDS THIS HARDNESS.

`BUT HE WHO, SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT, IS OVER-EAGER WITH HIS EYES, HOW COULD HE SEE MORE OF A THING THAN ITS FOREGROUND!

`YOU, HOWEVER, O ZARATHUSTRA, HAVE WANTED TO BEHOLD THE GROUND OF THINGS AND THEIR BACKGROUND: SO YOU MUST CLIMB ABOVE YOURSELF -- UP AND BEYOND, UNTIL YOU HAVE EVEN YOUR STARS UNDER YOU!

YES! TO LOOK DOWN UPON MYSELF AND EVEN UPON MY STARS: THAT ALONE WOULD I CALL MY SUMMIT, THAT HAS REMAINED FOR ME AS MY ULTIMATE SUMMIT!...

MAN, HOWEVER, IS THE MOST COURAGEOUS ANIMAL: WITH HIS COURAGE HE HAS OVERCOME EVERY ANIMAL. WITH A TRIUMPHANT SHOUT HE HAS EVEN OVERCOME EVERY PAIN; HUMAN PAIN, HOWEVER, IS THE DEEPEST PAIN. COURAGE ALSO DESTROYS GIDDINESS AT ABYSSES: AND WHERE DOES MAN NOT STAND AT AN ABYSS? IS SEEING ITSELF NOT -- SEEING ABYSSES? COURAGE IS THE BEST DESTROYER: COURAGE ALSO DESTROYS PITY. PITY, HOWEVER, IS THE DEEPEST ABYSS: AS DEEPLY AS MAN LOOKS INTO LIFE, SO DEEPLY DOES HE LOOK ALSO INTO SUFFERING. COURAGE, HOWEVER, IS THE BEST DESTROYER, COURAGE THAT ATTACKS: IT DESTROYS EVEN DEATH, FOR IT SAYS: 'WAS THAT LIFE? WELL THEN! ONCE MORE!' BUT THERE IS A GREAT TRIUMPHANT SHOUT IN SUCH A SAYING. HE WHO HAS EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR...
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

One of the most fundamental things to be understood by all those who are in search -- in search of a path, in search of a direction, in search of a meaning, in search of themselves -- is that they will have to become wanderers. They cannot remain static. They have to learn to be a process rather than being an event.

The greatest distinguishing mark between things and man, between animals and man, is that things remain the same; they cannot become wanderers. Animals also are born complete -- they don't grow up, they only grow old. A deer is born a deer and will die a deer. There is no process between birth and death, no becoming.

Man is the only being on the earth -- and perhaps in the whole universe -- who can become a process, a movement, a growing. Not just growing old, but growing up to new levels of consciousness, to new stages of awareness, to new spaces of experience. And there is the possibility in man that he can even transcend himself, he can go beyond himself. That is taking the process to its logical end.

In other words, I would like you to remember that man is not to be understood as a being, because the word *being* gives a wrong idea -- as if man is complete. Man is a becoming.

Man is the only animal who is not complete. And that is his glory, not his curse; it is his blessing. He can be born as a man, and he can die as a Zarathustra, or as a Gautam Buddha, or as a Jesus Christ -- who have transcended humanity and reached to a new space you can call enlightenment, you can call awakening, you can call godliness, but something superhuman. Man is a becoming. Zarathustra uses the parable of the wanderer for this fundamental truth about man.

ZARATHUSTRA SPEAKS TO HIMSELF -- and naturally when somebody like Zarathustra speaks to himself he speaks more authentically, more truthfully than when he speaks to others. Speaking to others, he has to concede and compromise with the others; otherwise he will be speaking a language which is only going to be misunderstood. He has to come down from his heights to the dark valleys of those with whom he is speaking.

But when he speaks with himself he can speak on the sunlit peaks, without any compromise. He can say exactly what he wants to say because he is saying it to himself, not to anybody else; there is no problem of being misunderstood. The monologue and the dialogue are two totally different phenomena.

One of the most significant Jewish philosophers of this century, Martin Buber, has contributed to world thought the idea of the dialogue. According to him, dialogue is the most significant thing. But perhaps he does not know that monologue has a height which no dialogue can ever have. So when Zarathustra speaks to himself, listen more carefully,

because he is speaking from the very source of his heart -- and without any compromise, without any concern that he may be understood or not understood.

He is talking to himself, and these are the most important statements that he makes. ZARATHUSTRA SPEAKS TO HIMSELF:

I AM A WANDERER AND A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER... I DO NOT LIKE THE PLAINS AND IT SEEMS I CANNOT SIT STILL FOR LONG.

What he is saying represents exactly the innermost longing of human beings. They are all wanderers, although they have not dared to wander and they have not dared to mountain climb. Perhaps this is one of the basic reasons why they are miserable: their greatest longing remains unfulfilled; they are tied down to the plains.

There are reasons why they are tied down to the plains -- it is more comfortable, it is more convenient, it is less dangerous, more secure. But it is not according to the innermost longing of the soul. The soul wants to soar high in the skies, it wants to go into unknown lands, it wants to wander on paths which are virgin. It wants to climb mountains which have never been climbed before.

It is something essentially human; it is born with man. You can keep it repressed, but then you will remain sad, miserable, and you will always feel something is missing. You may accumulate money, you may accumulate power, you may become very respectable, but inside yourself there will remain something unfulfilled, still hankering for the stars.

Man is certainly a moon-gazer. Deep down, everybody is a lunatic. The word *lunatic* comes from *luna*, the moon. Everybody wants to reach to the moon. It is not a question of finding something there, the question is of reaching there. The very pilgrimage is the bliss -- not the goal.

The goal is perhaps nothing but an excuse to wander, because whenever one reaches a goal, immediately he starts preparing for a new journey, a new pilgrimage. That goal has served its purpose. All goals are just to help you to keep on moving.

Movement is such a joy because movement is life. Movement is such an ecstasy because the moment you stop moving, you are dead. You may go on breathing, but that does not mean life. Movement brings you all the songs and all the dances possible.

Rabindranath Tagore has written a very strange poem. The poem is immensely significant in understanding the wandering spirit of man.

Rabindranath says that he is in search of God... perhaps God too is the ultimate excuse for wandering -- perhaps the best excuse, because you will never find Him; the wandering will remain eternal. That is the beauty of God -- you can long for Him, but you cannot find Him; nobody has ever found Him. The people who deny God are not aware of the deep psychology behind the fiction of God. They don't know that if you deny God, if you deny paradise, if you deny the afterlife, you are denying movement for man.

If you deny soul, if you deny consciousness, if you say consciousness is nothing but a by-product of matter as the communists say.... The way Karl Marx has defined consciousness is as a by-product of matter, nothing much. Whether he is right or wrong is not the question, the question is that if he is accepted he has destroyed your every possibility of movement. He has denied you the exploration of the unknown and the unknowable.

Rabindranath says, "I was in search of God, and once in a while I would see him far away, near a star. But by the time I would reach that star, lives would have passed and God would have moved somewhere else. And the search continued... One day, suddenly, I reached a place before a beautiful palace, and on the signboard it said in golden letters 'The House of God.' First I was thrilled -- thrilled that I had made it after all -- and I rushed up the

many steps leading to the door of the palace.

"But just as I was going to knock on the door, a thought suddenly paralyzed me -- my hand remained paralyzed, without knocking, near the door -- a thought that `If in reality this is the house of God and He opens the door, then I am finished. My whole joy was the search, my whole joy was looking for God. After meeting God, what am I going to do?'"

A great fear grips him. He takes his shoes off and, carrying them in his hands, goes back down the steps. He is afraid -- although he has not knocked on the door, hearing the noise of the shoes, of footsteps, God Himself may open the door and say, "Where are you going? I am here."

"And then I ran away from that house, faster than I had ever run before. Now I am again searching for God. I know where He lives, so I can avoid that place and go on searching all over the universe. The search continues, my adventure continues, my excitement continues, the tomorrow remains meaningful -- and I am fortunate that I know that even by accident I cannot reach His house. I have seen His house, and I have also seen that He is just an excuse; my real desire is to explore the unknown.

"God was just a name, I had never really thought about all its implications. If you really meet Him, what are you going to do? It will be very embarrassing. What are you going to say? And then there is no tomorrow, you have come to the full stop -- because there is nothing beyond God; God is the very beyond."

I have loved that small poem very much; it gives insight into the human spirit. The human spirit is nothing but a longing -- longing for the unknown, longing to know more, longing to be more, longing to explore uncharted seas, unclimbed mountains, unreached stars.

And the joy is not in reaching, the joy is in making the effort, the arduous effort, the dangerous effort. Once you have reached you will have to find a new excuse; otherwise that will be your grave, that will be suicidal.

When Zarathustra says, I AM A WANDERER AND A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER, he is saying something about you all. He is saying something about the very human spirit.
I DO NOT LIKE THE PLAINS AND IT SEEMS I CANNOT SIT STILL FOR LONG.
AND WHATEVER MAY YET COME TO ME AS FATE AND EXPERIENCE -- A WANDERING AND A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING WILL BE IN IT.

I will not accept any other destiny, because any other destiny will be nothing but death. I will accept the destiny only if wandering and mountain climbing are *part* of it, if my wandering continues and new mountains and higher mountains and farther-away stars are still available to me.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, ONE EXPERIENCES ONLY ONESELF.

As you go on searching for truth, searching for God, searching for meaning... these are all different names because you cannot go on simply searching for nothing. That needs a totally different insight.

If you understand that wandering in itself is the goal, that there is no goal for which the wandering exists -- all goals exist for wandering; wandering itself is the goal -- then you need not even have goals. You need not even bother about meaning, about truth, about God; you can go on searching.

But it may be a little difficult. And it will look a little irrational if somebody asks you, "What are you searching for?" If you cannot answer him, and if you simply say, "I am only a pure searcher, it does not matter what...." Not to feel embarrassed, you choose any name: you are searching for liberation, you are searching for enlightenment, you are searching for the ultimate truth -- beautiful words, and very satisfying to the person who is asking you the

question. Neither he is embarrassed nor you are embarrassed.

But in all this wandering, in all this searching, in all this mountain climbing, what do you find? Zarathustra says: you find only yourself.

Of course, if you have not wandered, perhaps you may not have found yourself -- because all those ecstasies, all those new spaces that you come across help you to discover yourself. Slowly, slowly it dawns upon you that all goals are just excuses.

I am nothing but a longing, a desire for the impossible.

This is knowing oneself -- the desire for the impossible.

The possible is only for the mediocre minds, for the middle-class people. The impossible is for real giants. They know it cannot be found, that's why it is so important to find it. Knowing perfectly well it has never been found and it is not going to be found gives a great excitement.

The impossible goes on raising human consciousness to higher planes. You may not find anything but you will become a superman.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS ONE EXPERIENCES ONLY ONESELF.

THE TIME HAS PASSED WHEN ACCIDENTS COULD BEFALL ME; AND WHAT COULD STILL COME TO ME THAT WAS NOT ALREADY MY OWN?

Now, no accidents happen to him -- what does Zarathustra mean? Accidents happen in your life because you have chosen a certain goal, and if you go astray you miss the goal. You wanted to catch a train and you reached the station late and you missed the train. But if you have no goal except wandering, you cannot go astray. If you are not going to catch the train -- no train in particular -- you cannot miss the train.

Accidents happen only because we want our lives to be in a certain way and something goes wrong, something hinders, something prevents, something comes in the way. You wanted it to be otherwise, and it does not prove to be that way; that is why accidents happen.

Zarathustra says, THE TIME HAS PASSED WHEN ACCIDENTS COULD BEFALL ME. Now nothing can be an accident to me, because I accept everything. Even the accident is perfectly good, going astray is perfectly good. I was not going towards a particular goal anyway.

This is something of tremendous depth; that a man can come to an understanding with life, to such a deep rapport and harmony, that whatever happens is the right thing. He was not asking for something to happen, he was simply available -- whatever happens is the right thing, whatever happens, that's what he was wanting to happen.

To go beyond accidents means you have attained a tremendous accord with existence. There is no failure possible, there is no frustration possible. Your silence and your serenity cannot be disturbed.

Gautam Buddha has named this understanding the experience of "suchness." Whatever happens he says, "Such was going to happen." If you were expecting otherwise, then certainly you are sad and you are frustrated -- life has not been kind towards you. But to Gautam Buddha, life is always kind, existence is always compassionate, because whatever happens, that's how it should happen. Gautam Buddha has no other desire than existence itself.

His word is very beautiful. His original word is *tathata*, and because of this word, because he was using it continually... a disciple dies and he says, "It is perfectly okay, his time had come." Nobody dies untimely, although on every grave you will find written, "This poor fellow died untimely." Nobody dies untimely, everybody dies timely, exactly the way that he should die. Because of his use of the word *tathata*, "such is the nature of things," his

name became Tathagat -- the man who believes in suchness.

You cannot disturb such a man. He will accept the disturbance with an absolute welcome. There is no resistance, there is no reluctance. It is not that he is somehow accepting it, there is total acceptance.

With total acceptance, accidents stop happening and life becomes a totally different experience where there are no frustrations, no accidents, no disasters, where everything is exactly as it should be. You are so centered, so calm and quiet. Nothing stirs in you. Only in this centeredness, in this calmness and quietness, one comes to know oneself.

IT IS RETURNING, AT LAST IT IS COMING HOME TO ME -- MY OWN SELF AND THOSE PARTS OF IT THAT HAVE LONG BEEN ABROAD AND SCATTERED AMONG ALL THINGS AND ACCIDENTS. Now I am gathering to myself all those parts that had fallen apart. At last, I am coming home!

But remember, his home does not mean that he is going to sit still. Wandering is his home, climbing the mountains is his home. He has found his purest longing -- it is nothing but a desire to overcome itself. This he calls "returning home" and becoming one; gathering all the scattered parts and creating an organic unity.

AND I KNOW ONE THING MORE: I STAND NOW BEFORE MY LAST SUMMIT AND BEFORE THE DEED THAT HAS BEEN DEFERRED THE LONGEST. ALAS, I HAVE TO CLIMB MY MOST DIFFICULT PATH! ALAS, I HAVE STARTED UPON MY LONELIEST WANDERING! Up to now he was with his disciples. Now he is absolutely alone, and he is on his longest wandering -- a wandering that perhaps never ends, that only begins but never ends.

BUT A MAN OF MY SORT DOES NOT AVOID SUCH AN HOUR: THE HOUR THAT SAYS TO HIM: `ONLY NOW DO YOU TREAD YOUR PATH OF GREATNESS! SUMMIT AND ABYSS -- THEY ARE NOW UNITED IN ONE!' He is saying, "A man of my qualities, who is ready to go on the longest journey knowing perfectly well that perhaps it will never end, and alone, feels deep in the heart: only now am I treading the path of greatness. Summit and abyss -- the highest and the lowest -- both meet in one, because now nothing is high to me and nothing is low to me.

If I fall into the lowest abyss, that will be a wandering; if I reach to the highest summit, that will be a wandering. In my wandering there is no longer any goal. The summit and the abyss have become one; THEY ARE NOW UNITED IN ONE.

When such an experience happens you are both, together: your deepest self and your highest self. You are the whole range of all the colors of the rainbow, from one end to the other.

YOU ARE TREADING YOUR PATH OF GREATNESS: NOW WHAT WAS FORMERLY YOUR ULTIMATE DANGER HAS BECOME YOUR ULTIMATE REFUGE! What was first thought to be an ultimate danger -- to be alone on a journey which nobody knows whether it ends anywhere or not, whether it leads anywhere or not... that has always been the danger. That's why people remain in crowds. They don't go alone, they remain Christians, they remain Hindus, they remain Mohammedans; they remain Indians, they remain Germans, they remain British.

They are always clinging to some kind of crowd -- nation, religion, some organization, some political ideology -- just to avoid loneliness, because somehow we have convinced ourselves that so many millions of people cannot be wrong. But the trouble is, everybody is thinking the same.

In the life of one of the emperors of India, Akbar... he writes in *AKBAR NAMMA*, his autobiography, that a beautiful marble pond was made in his garden especially for swans to be brought from the Himalayas, because they are the greatest swans in the world -- the whitest and the most beautiful. One of his friends suggested, "Don't fill it with water, fill it with milk as a welcome for those great swans you are bringing from the Himalayas." They very rarely come to the plains; they remain at the highest lake in the world, Mansarovar.

Very few human beings have been able to reach Mansarovar. It is deep in the Himalayas, and at a height which no other lake in the world is. It is the most peaceful lake, and only those swans live there. The idea was good, to welcome them, but where to get so much milk from? -- the pond was very big.

The friend suggested, "Do one thing: we can inform the whole capital that tomorrow everybody has to bring a bucketful of milk for the king's garden. The swans are coming and it is the duty of the capital to welcome them with milk."

A very wise man who was very intimate with Akbar said to him, "You will be very much surprised tomorrow morning."

Akbar said, "Why? What do you mean?"

He said, "Just wait. Tomorrow morning is not far away."

And Akbar was really surprised, because the whole pond was full of water! Everybody in the capital had thought that just one bucketful of water in millions of buckets of milk... who can find out who has poured in a bucketful of water? It will get mixed with the milk. But *everybody* had thought that. Not even a single person had brought milk. Early in the morning -- and because they all were bringing water, before the sunrise -- they all poured their buckets in. And they were very happy that they had managed it. They went back home.

When the king came to look, the wise man was there, sitting. He said, "Look at that, your pond full of milk. You don't understand the human mind."

They all think alike -- it is a crowd. You are part of a crowd and you think, "So many people cannot be wrong." But they all are thinking the same, that so many people cannot be wrong. Everybody is thinking the same. Although you may be in a crowd you are alone, and your aloneness remains intact. Why do people want to remain in crowds? What is the fear of being alone?

Zarathustra says, "That has been formerly my greatest danger -- to be left alone, because then one starts wondering whether I am on the right path, whether what I am doing is the right thing to do. And there is nobody else to ask for advice." Left alone, a thousand and one doubts arise, and there is nobody to answer.

People love to live in crowds. There are always people who are ready to give you advice, whether they know anything or not. Giving advice to others is such a joy, and everybody knows that advice is the one thing in the world which is given most, and never taken by anybody. But still people go on giving, free of charge.

But in the crowd one feels cozy. Surrounded by so many people there is every possibility to feel, "Whatever I am doing is right, because everybody else is doing it." Alone, great doubts arise -- and with them, great darkness surrounds you. Alone... where are you going? Is there any God? Does this path lead anywhere, or are you simply going into nowhere-ness?

But he says "What was the greatest danger before has become my ultimate refuge. Now I enjoy it; it is my shelter, it is my home. I have dropped all goals, I have made wandering my goal; now I cannot go wrong."

YOU ARE TREADING YOUR PATH OF GREATNESS: NO ONE SHALL STEAL AFTER YOU HERE! YOUR FOOT ITSELF HAS EXTINGUISHED THE PATH BEHIND

YOU, AND ABOVE THAT PATH STANDS WRITTEN: IMPOSSIBILITY. Unless you accept the challenge of the impossible, your greatness can never blossom to its ultimate peak. Only the impossible brings you to your full flowering; only the impossible brings you your spring, your home.

If you ask me, I will say: God is nothing but another name of the impossible. But it has lost its quality because you have become so acquainted with it -- you never think that it is something that is impossible. You have started thinking of God as possible. It has lost its very purpose.

It is better now to change it for Zarathustra's word, *impossibility*. That is his home, that is his refuge, and that is his wandering. And it is bringing his genius, his greatness, his integrity, his individuality to its ultimate grandeur. There is no other achievement except the glory of your own being.

AND WHEN ALL FOOTHOLDS DISAPPEAR, YOU MUST KNOW HOW TO CLIMB UPON YOUR OWN HEAD: HOW COULD YOU CLIMB UPWARD OTHERWISE?

One has to transcend oneself.

One has to leave oneself behind; one has to go ahead of oneself.

All that you are has to be left behind -- your thoughts, your dreams, your imaginations, your prejudices, your philosophies... everything that makes up your personality. You have to leave it the way the snake leaves its old skin -- it slips out and never even looks back.

Unless one transcends oneself one cannot experience the impossible. One cannot experience the ultimate in wandering, in searching, one cannot experience the purest longing.

You are just an arrow, and for you there is no target. To understand that you are an arrow -- in full speed, going nowhere; you don't have any target -- is the most difficult thing to understand about your own being. All other religions seem to be childish -- toys for the children. Zarathustra is giving you a challenge which can be accepted only by the very courageous.

UPON YOUR OWN HEAD AND BEYOND YOUR OWN HEART! -- upon your own logic and beyond your own love -- NOW THE GENTLEST PART OF YOU MUST BECOME THE HARDEST.

IN ORDER TO SEE MUCH ONE MUST LEARN TO LOOK AWAY FROM ONESELF -- EVERY MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER NEEDS THIS HARDNESS.

BUT HE WHO, SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT, IS OVER-EAGER WITH HIS EYES, HOW COULD HE SEE MORE OF A THING THAN ITS FOREGROUND!

YOU, HOWEVER, O ZARATHUSTRA, HAVE WANTED TO BEHOLD THE GROUND OF THINGS AND THEIR BACKGROUND: SO YOU MUST CLIMB ABOVE YOURSELF -- UP AND BEYOND, UNTIL YOU HAVE EVEN YOUR STARS UNDER YOU!

YES! TO LOOK DOWN UPON MYSELF AND EVEN UPON MY STARS: THAT ALONE WOULD I CALL MY SUMMIT, THAT HAS REMAINED FOR ME AS MY ULTIMATE SUMMIT!

MAN, HOWEVER, IS THE MOST COURAGEOUS ANIMAL: WITH HIS COURAGE HE HAS OVERCOME EVERY ANIMAL. WITH A TRIUMPHANT SHOUT HE HAS EVEN OVERCOME EVERY PAIN; HUMAN PAIN, HOWEVER, IS THE DEEPEST PAIN.

COURAGE ALSO DESTROYS GIDDINESS AT ABYSSES: AND WHERE DOES MAN NOT STAND AT AN ABYSS?

Wherever you are, however you try to deceive yourself, you are standing at an abyss. All your consolations are false. All your defenses are only imaginary. Are you not standing at an abyss each moment of your life? -- because the next moment can be your death, and that is the greatest abyss.

IS SEEING ITSELF NOT -- SEEING ABYSSES? The more you are a seer, the more you see the abysses around you. The blind man can stand happily by the side of an abyss not knowing there is an abyss. Just one wrong step and he will be lost forever, but only a blind

man can stand there without any fear. All seeing is seeing of the abysses. But also, if you want to see the summits of your being you will have to see the abysses.

If you don't have a goal, if you don't want to reach anywhere, if the very exploring is a joy unto itself, if discovering new spaces outside and inside is a bliss and a benediction to you, then abysses and summits don't make any difference. They become one -- they *are* one. And man has that much courage, one just has to awaken it; it is fast asleep.

Once your courage is awake, once your courage roars like a lion, you feel for the first time the thrill of life, the joy of life, the dance of life.

COURAGE IS THE BEST DESTROYER: COURAGE ALSO DESTROYS PITY. PITY, HOWEVER, IS THE DEEPEST ABYSS: AS DEEPLY AS MAN LOOKS INTO LIFE, SO DEEPLY DOES HE LOOK ALSO INTO SUFFERING.

COURAGE, HOWEVER, IS THE BEST DESTROYER, COURAGE THAT ATTACKS: IT DESTROYS EVEN DEATH, FOR IT SAYS: 'WAS THAT LIFE? WELL THEN! ONCE MORE!'

I am reminded of a small anecdote. In the Soviet Union, in the middle of the night, a KGB man knocks on a door and shouts, "Is Ginsberg inside?"

Somebody opens the door, and the KGB man says, "I am from the KGB. Is Ginsberg inside?"

The man said, "Ginsberg? He is dead."

The KGB man said, "Dead? Who are you? What is your name?"

The man said, "My name? My name is Ginsberg."

The KGB man said, "Are you insane or something? Just now you said that Ginsberg is dead."

The man laughed and he said, "Do you call this living? Even in the middle of the night one cannot sleep peacefully -- do you call this living?"

If, at the time of death, death inquires of you, "Would you like to live your life -- the same life that you have lived -- one time more?" what do you think your answer is going to be? I don't think that any intelligent man would be ready to live this whole tragedy again -- exactly the same wife, the same husband; exactly the same drama, the same dialogues.

But a man who has lived life not as a misery, but as an exploration into new experiences -- always moving, always going upward; always searching for something better, always creating himself; always destroying all that is rubbish in him and bringing out the best -- perhaps he may say, "Well then, once more -- no harm!"

But only a man who has really lived intensively and totally and who has not been lukewarm and tepid, who has burnt his life's torch at both ends together, will be ready to go through life again -- because he knows he can change everything that has been. He can find new spaces, he can find new mountains to climb, he can find new stars to reach, he can trust in himself. He knows his courage and he knows that to live dangerously is the only way to live.

BUT THERE IS A GREAT TRIUMPHANT SHOUT IN SUCH A SAYING. HE WHO HAS EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR.

Live in such a way that if life is given to you again it will not be a repetition. But it is already a repetition. You don't need another life; even this life is just a repetition.

I have heard about a man who married eight times. Obviously the story must be from California, because you cannot find greater idiots anywhere else. Otherwise, one wife is enough for any intelligent man. For those who are really intelligent, even one is not needed. But eight wives.... And when he married the eighth time, after two months he realized that this woman he had married once before, but it was long time ago.

Another thing he found: each time he had tried to find a new woman, but within six months the story would become the same. It is a strange thing -- he goes to faraway lands to find a new woman, but every woman turns out, within six months, to be the same. But he never understood that *he* is the same, his liking is the same, his choice is the same. So whenever he finds a new woman, it is always the same woman he likes. He has not changed, he is only changing the woman.

But who is going to choose? The same man who had chosen the first woman will choose the second -- for the same reasons. Only a certain face appeals to him, a certain hairdo, a certain way of walking... just all kinds of stupid things which don't make any essential difference. Again he will fall into the same trap, and eight times.... It is now happening in many people's lives, because in California the average time for marriage stability is three years. It is the same average for any man to remain in one job, the same average for any man to remain in one town.

Strange -- three years, and the man gets bored with the job, with the wife, with the town, with the friends. He changes everything, but he will again find, within three months, that he has again entered a similar type of story. And within three years the conclusion is always the same tragedy.

In the East, all the three great religions -- Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism -- have used the idea of reincarnation; that you don't have only one life like in Christianity and Judaism and Mohammedanism. Those three religions born outside of India have only one life. They have not understood the great psychological insight of the East: the East accepts that you will have many, many lives. You had many before, and you will have many in the future.

The idea was to create in you a sense of utter boredom. Just think, you have lived many times, you have done the same stupid things many times, you are still doing them, and you are bound to do them in the future also. Many, many times, thousands of lives, and you will be just sitting in a grocery store, tending the shop, fighting with your wife, complaining to everybody about your misfortunes. The film is the same, the story is the same, the dialogues are the same, the actors are the same.

The idea was used by these three religions to give you a clear-cut sense of utter boredom. If you want to change, *change*; otherwise you will be moving like a wheel, and the same spokes will go on coming on top and down, on top and down, and the same misery....

If you want to change then don't postpone it for tomorrow, from this very moment start exploring. And remember not to be repetitive. Always look for something new, something fresh -- because there is really no goal except the journey. So make the most of it. Make it as beautiful as possible, as enchanting, as creative as you have the capacity to make it. And you have infinite capacity, it is just dormant.

Zarathustra wants to provoke you to be a seeker of the impossible, to be a mountain climber, to be a wanderer on the paths where nobody has ever wandered and perhaps nobody will ever wander.

Only this newness, this youth, can be called authentic living; otherwise, you are simply vegetating. What kind of vegetable you are does not matter, cabbage or cauliflower, because I have heard that the only difference between cabbages and cauliflowers is that cauliflowers have university degrees and cabbages are uneducated!

To be a man needs guts, because to be a man means a continuous overcoming, a transcendence every day. Where the sunset leaves you, the sunrise should not find you there, and where the sunrise leaves you, the sunset should not find you there.

Be a wanderer of the soul.

Be a wanderer in the innermost depths of consciousness. This is the only true religion, which only a very few people, like Zarathustra, have introduced to humanity. But they have been either totally ignored or they have been misunderstood.

It will be fortunate if you can understand this man Zarathustra, because he can give you the incentive to go on a long journey, which will end in finding yourself.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Of blissful islands

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF BLISSFUL ISLANDS
O AFTERNOON OF MY LIFE! WHAT HAVE I NOT GIVEN AWAY THAT I MIGHT POSSESS ONE
THING: THIS LIVING PLANTATION OF MY THOUGHTS AND THIS DAWN OF MY HIGHEST
HOPE!
ONCE THE CREATOR SOUGHT COMPANIONS AND CHILDREN OF HIS HOPE: AND BEHOLD, IT
TURNED OUT THAT HE COULD NOT FIND THEM, EXCEPT HE FIRST CREATE THEM HIMSELF.
THUS I AM IN THE MIDST OF MY WORK, GOING TO MY CHILDREN AND TURNING FROM
THEM: FOR THE SAKE OF HIS CHILDREN MUST ZARATHUSTRA PERFECT HIMSELF.
FOR ONE LOVES FROM THE VERY HEART ONLY ONE'S CHILD AND ONE'S WORK; AND
WHERE THERE IS GREAT LOVE OF ONESELF, THEN IT IS A SIGN OF PREGNANCY: THUS
HAVE I FOUND.
MY CHILDREN ARE STILL GREEN IN THEIR FIRST SPRING, STANDING CLOSE TOGETHER
AND SHAKEN IN COMMON BY THE WINDS, THE TREES OF MY GARDEN AND MY BEST SOIL.
AND TRULY! WHERE SUCH TREES STAND TOGETHER, THERE BLISSFUL ISLANDS ARE!
BUT ONE DAY I WILL UPROOT THEM AND SET EACH ONE UP BY ITSELF, THAT IT MAY LEARN
SOLITUDE AND DEFIANCE AND FORESIGHT.
THEN IT SHALL STAND BY THE SEA, GNARLED AND TWISTED AND WITH SUPPLE
HARDINESS, A LIVING LIGHTHOUSE OF UNCONQUERABLE LIFE.
YONDER, WHERE STORMS PLUNGE DOWN INTO THE SEA AND THE MOUNTAIN'S SNOUT
DRINKS WATER, THERE EACH OF THEM SHALL ONE DAY KEEP ITS DAY AND NIGHT WATCH,
FOR ITS TESTING AND RECOGNITION.
IT SHALL BE TESTED AND RECOGNIZED, TO SEE WHETHER IT IS OF MY KIND AND MY RACE
-- WHETHER IT IS MASTER OF A PROTRACTED WILL, SILENT EVEN WHEN IT SPEAKS, AND
GIVING IN SUCH A WAY THAT IN GIVING IT TAKES --
THAT IT MAY ONE DAY BE MY COMPANION AND A FELLOW-CREATOR AND
FELLOW-REJOICER OF ZARATHUSTRA -- SUCH A ONE AS INSCRIBES MY WILL UPON MY
TABLETS: FOR THE GREATER PERFECTION OF ALL THINGS.
AND FOR ITS SAKE, AND FOR THOSE LIKE IT, MUST I PERFECT MYSELF: THEREFORE I NOW
AVOID MY HAPPINESS AND OFFER MYSELF TO ALL UNHAPPINESS -- FOR MY ULTIMATE
TESTING AND RECOGNITION....
TO DESIRE -- THAT NOW MEANS TO ME: TO HAVE LOST MYSELF. I POSSESS YOU, MY
CHILDREN! IN THIS POSSESSION ALL SHOULD BE CERTAINTY AND NOTHING DESIRE....
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

A man like Zarathustra is almost a gardener, looking after people with love and care and

waiting for the time when they will be able to bring forth flowers and fruits.

Consciousness has its own flowering, but most of the people go on living like robots, not even thinking about the immense possibilities of consciousness and its growth. You don't get it just by being born. Birth brings you life; now it is up to you to transform your life energies into a higher phenomenon -- that of consciousness.

Consciousness is exactly like a flower. And unless your inner being blossoms, you will never feel contented, never feel fulfilled, because your seed remains just a seed. The seed is the imprisonment of thousands of flowers. The seed has to be broken; the seed has to merge into the soil so that those flowers which are hidden in it as a potential, start becoming actual.

All great masters are nothing but gardeners of humanity. So is Zarathustra. He is talking to himself:

O AFTERNOON OF MY LIFE! WHAT HAVE I NOT GIVEN AWAY THAT I MIGHT POSSESS ONE THING: THIS LIVING PLANTATION OF MY THOUGHTS AND THIS DAWN OF MY HIGHEST HOPE!

ONCE THE CREATOR SOUGHT COMPANIONS AND CHILDREN OF HIS HOPE: AND BEHOLD, IT TURNED OUT THAT HE COULD NOT FIND HIM, EXCEPT HE FIRST CREATE THEM HIMSELF.

He is saying that once he was looking for the superman, wandering amongst the valleys where humanity lives with a searching eye, that there may be someone who has attained his potential, who has transcended being a man and has become a superman. But he failed; he could not find a single man who has transcended himself.

And in the afternoon of his life he has realized the fact that the superman has not to be found somewhere else, you have to create it. The superman is not a finding but a creation, and you have to create it, just the way a gardener creates a beautiful garden.

ONCE THE CREATOR SOUGHT COMPANIONS AND CHILDREN OF HIS HOPE. His hope is very single-pointed. And his hope is not only *his* hope, it is the hope for the whole of humanity. Unless the superman appears, man is doomed. Either man has to create the superman in his consciousness or man's days are over.

There are only two alternatives: either suicide or superman.

Man cannot go on lingering the way he has been for thousands of years. For thousands of years there has not been any evolution as far as man's consciousness is concerned. Yes, once in a while a Gautam Buddha, a Zarathustra, a Lao Tzu have blossomed; but they are not the rule, they are the exceptions.

But even their existence has been of tremendous help -- to go on hoping that if it can happen to Zarathustra it can also happen to you. One has to create the superman. One has to become a womb; one has to become pregnant with the idea of superman.

... AND BEHOLD, IT TURNED OUT THAT HE COULD NOT FIND THEM, EXCEPT HE FIRST CREATE THEM HIMSELF. The only way to find them is to create them. This is a tremendous change of direction. He was wasting his time in looking for them -- as if they are somewhere already in existence, you have just to find out where they are. They are *nowhere* in existence.

One of the great mystics of this century, George Gurdjieff, has shocked the whole spiritual world by a very significant statement: all men don't have souls. Never before has anybody said that. It has been taken for granted that everybody has a soul. But Gurdjieff's meaning was misunderstood; hence the shock.

He was not saying that you don't have a soul, he was saying you have only the possibility of a soul. You don't have the actual soul unless you create it. You *can* have it, but you don't have it right now. You will have to be a creator -- a creator of yourself. And that is the highest creation in the world.

Creating a painting is one thing; creating a statue, creating poetry, or creating music are all trivia in comparison to creating yourself. That is the hardest work, the most arduous, but the most fulfilling, most blissful.

In the depths of your silences the superman is asleep as a seed. You have to find the right soil; you have to find the right season; you have to take every care, and you have to wait. Wait with deep love, with great hope, with patience.

Zarathustra finds that now in the afternoon of his life he has to begin his work again from a totally different angle: he has to *create* superman.

THUS I AM IN THE MIDST OF MY WORK, GOING TO MY CHILDREN AND TURNING FROM THEM: FOR THE SAKE OF HIS CHILDREN MUST ZARATHUSTRA PERFECT HIMSELF. You cannot create the superman unless the creator himself is perfect. So this new dimension of his work changes many things. First, he was just looking, without ever thinking that he himself is not perfect, and unless you are perfect you cannot give birth to perfection.

FOR ONE LOVES FROM THE VERY HEART ONLY ONE'S CHILD AND ONE'S WORK; AND WHERE THERE IS GREAT LOVE OF ONESELF, THEN IT IS A SIGN OF PREGNANCY: THUS HAVE I FOUND. This statement has to be understood as deeply as possible, because unfortunately humanity has lived under the influence of all kinds of wrong people.

They have *used* humanity, they have exploited humanity. They have given good words, like toys, to play with, but they have not done anything to perfect man. They themselves were not perfect. Just look at your priests who have dominated you for centuries, who have been your spiritual guides. They are utterly hollow people.

Just the other day Anando brought me a few pieces of information. One was about one great Christian American preacher who preaches on the television. He collects almost one hundred and twenty million dollars per year from his listeners for God's work, and just now he has been found to be having a love affair with a woman; and his wife was having a love affair with another man. And all that money that he was collecting in the name of God was being used by himself.

Another Christian preacher in Oklahoma threatened his listeners. He has a two-hundred-foot high tower from where he preaches to his television viewers. He threatened, "God has asked me to collect eight million dollars within two months, and if I don't collect eight million dollars I will be dead." Naturally people started pouring money in. He collected eight million dollars in two months, and now somebody is suing him in court as a representative of God.

In fact he is suing God for blackmail. This is pure blackmail: threatening that He will kill the preacher if they don't give Him eight million dollars! Americans are very much interested in suing people. Now they are suing God -- of course God cannot be found, but this preacher....

These kinds of people have dominated humanity. They were not interested in human consciousness evolving, they were interested in their own power trips. In fact it is good that human consciousness has not evolved... because the superman is not going to be a Christian -- that much is certain. The superman is not going to be a Hindu, the superman is not going to be a Mohammedan; the superman is going to be a god himself, a divine being, a divine realization.

Perhaps, without being conscious, all the priests of all the religions have conspired

against the coming of the superman. They want human beings unconscious, blind, groping in the dark, weak, afraid of death, afraid of God, greedy for rewards... listening to all kinds of nonsense these preachers go on telling them. And these preachers are not in any way superior consciousnesses; otherwise it would be impossible for them to do such stupid things.

It happened one day.... In the middle of the night, a woman was making love to a man in her bedroom and suddenly she heard her husband's car enter the driveway. She knew the noise; she recognized it immediately. He was not supposed to come at this hour, but perhaps some urgent work... so she pushed the man who was lying with her in the bed, and said, "Do something, my husband is here. He will simply kill you!" He said, "What can I do?"

She said, "You just jump out of the window." By that time the husband was knocking on the door, so there was no time to think. He jumped out of the window, naked... and it was raining.

Just by chance he found a group of joggers, so he joined them; otherwise standing there naked on the street would be very embarrassing. He was jogging in the crowd of joggers, and the man by his side looked at him. Seeing that he is naked -- and it was raining also -- he could not resist the temptation and he asked, "Do you *always* jog naked?" He said, "Always."

He said, "Strange, you are the first jogger I have seen jogging naked. But why are you wearing the condom? Do you also always wear the condom when you are jogging?" He said, "No, not always. Only when it is raining."

But the man who was talking to him remembered... his voice seems to be familiar. He looked more closely and he said, "Father, I had never thought that you love jogging so much. I come every Sunday to the church; I am one of your congregation."

These are your priests. They have dominated humanity, and every day they are being caught either molesting children, or raping women, or having homosexual relationships. They don't seem to have any consciousness which is superior to yours; it may be inferior, but it is not superior. They will not allow you to evolve because your evolution will destroy their whole profession. You have to remain retarded in order that their profession continues; and they have the greatest profession in the world.

The superman will be absolutely free from all these stupid people who know nothing, who are just like parrots, repeating scriptures. Their knowledge may be much but their wisdom is nil.

These people have taught one thing consistently all over the world, in all the religions, and that is: Don't love yourself. That is condemned as selfishness. Love others, even love your enemy, even love your neighbor, but nobody says, love yourself.

Unless you love yourself... Zarathustra is right: **WHERE THERE IS GREAT LOVE OF ONESELF, THEN IT IS A SIGN OF PREGNANCY.** Your love for yourself is the only alchemy that is going to produce the superman. Unless you love yourself, you will not refine yourself.

They have been telling you that you are a sinner, not worthy of receiving any acceptance. They have poisoned your mind against yourself -- that is their strategy to prevent the superman from coming into the world. They have put man against himself; they have condemned everything that you have: all your desires, all your longings, all your instincts, your body, your mind. They want you to be a sacrificial animal on some fictitious altar.

And they have succeeded up to now. Man has remained just a sacrifice to some fictitious God. They have not helped you to be creators, they have not helped you to be aware of yourself and love yourself so much that you become pregnant with your future, with your own superman -- which is just a seed within you, but can become a great flower with great

fragrance given the right time, the right space, the right tenderness, and the art of a gardener. MY CHILDREN ARE STILL GREEN IN THEIR FIRST SPRING, STANDING CLOSE TOGETHER AND SHAKEN IN COMMON BY THE WINDS, THE TREES OF MY GARDEN AND MY BEST SOIL. AND TRULY! WHERE SUCH TREES STAND TOGETHER, THERE BLISSFUL ISLANDS ARE!

Zarathustra loves the individual. He hates the crowd, he hates the mob. He is against the whole mob psychology, because the mob is the lowest as far as the evolution of man is concerned.

The mob does not allow anybody to go higher; they all pull his legs back down into the same mud in which the mob is living. It is against their egos that anybody should become an individual. They respect those people who sacrifice their individuality -- they call them saints. And all those saints are nothing but shadows, corpses, fulfilling the expectations of the crowd.

The more you fulfill the expectations of the crowd, the more respectability, the more honor they give to you; they make you a great saint. Just you should not be on your own -- that is what the crowd hates. You should not assert your individuality -- that is what the crowd hates. And unless you assert your individuality, you cannot be pregnant with the superman.

The superman is an individual.

Zarathustra is saying, AND TRULY! WHERE SUCH TREES STAND TOGETHER, THERE BLISSFUL ISLANDS ARE! But they will have to be separated; then they will become blissful islands. Every gardener knows: he sows the seeds, the trees grow up, and they are a crowd. Then he starts making them separate -- planting them, giving them their own territory, their own space. He makes them individuals. He makes them islands.

BUT ONE DAY I WILL UPROOT THEM AND SET EACH ONE UP BY ITSELF, THAT IT MAY LEARN SOLITUDE AND DEFIANCE AND FORESIGHT. Three things he is saying: THAT IT MAY LEARN SOLITUDE.... The crowd never allows you to learn the beautiful space of solitude. They are always surrounding you everywhere. They don't allow you to be silent, they don't leave you alone. They are very resentful of such people who are silent, remain alone, love solitude. The crowd feels they are enemies -- they are not one of them, they are outsiders, they don't belong to them.

But solitude is one of the most fundamental things needed for anybody to feel his own consciousness. In the crowd you feel the collective consciousness but not your own consciousness, and there are everyday instances all over the world where you can see how the collective consciousness works.

Just a few days ago, four teenagers in America closed the doors of their garage and kept the car engine running. Its exhaust gases are carbon monoxide, and the doors were closed. All four teenagers were found dead in the morning. As the news came on the television and in the newspapers, you will be surprised... all over America, in fifteen other places, similar incidents immediately followed. This is the collective mind.

When one of the actresses of America, Marilyn Monroe, died, the rate of suicide rose to fifteen percent. Just one woman committed suicide, and the collective mind is so contagious....

The University of California has been studying for one year why there is a fluctuation in the crime rate, and they have found that the fluctuation is because of football matches, boxing matches. Whenever there is a football match or a boxing match, immediately the crime rate goes seven percent, eight percent, and sometimes fourteen percent higher. All over California people suddenly start murdering, committing suicide, raping women -- it takes two weeks for

the crime rate to come back to normal. It is almost like a wave that touches many people, and many people are affected.

The collective consciousness functions as one whole. It does not allow individuals to be decisive on their own. People don't have space.

Scientists have discovered that even animals have their territorial imperative. For example, lions have a territory, and to make their territory known to everybody in the forest -- all the animals do the same thing -- they go on urinating on certain spots. The smell of their urine makes other animals not enter inside.

It has been observed that if you go and just remain outside the territory, the lion will not be disturbed. If he is resting he will go on looking at you, and he will be resting; you will not see any restlessness, but just one step within his territory and he stands up -- you have interfered in *his* space. Dogs go on doing the same thing: making their own territory by urinating on this pillar, on that god, on this temple, on that church. And other dogs recognize it.

All the animals are more sensitive than you are. Horses can smell from two miles away. If there is a lion, they can smell it from two miles away and they will stop moving; they will become reluctant to move on.

Trees have their own territories, and if you look.... The African trees grow highest in the world for the simple reason that they cannot find space enough around themselves. The forests are so thick that they can find a free space only if they grow very high in the sky. Grow the same tree here and it will not go to that height, there is no need, but in Africa it will grow to two hundred feet high, to feel the space and freedom and individuality.

Man has forgotten it completely. And perhaps most of the tensions of man are because of the crowd. Solitude is a spiritual necessity. But the crowd goes on becoming bigger and bigger; wherever you are, you are in a crowd.

Slowly, slowly you forget completely that there was a need for solitude. You remain pygmies, you don't grow your souls. There is no space for those souls to expand.

The first thing is solitude.

The second thing is defiance.

One has to be a rebel, one has to learn to say *no* to the crowd. One has to decide for himself. One has to make it clear to everybody that nobody is going to decide for him.

I was staying in a home and a small child was playing... I was sitting on the lawn and he was playing around me, so I started talking to him and I asked him, "What you are going to become in your life?"

He said, "As far as I can see, I will become insane."

I said, "From where did you get this idea?"

He said, "My mother wants me to become a doctor, my father wants me to become an engineer, my uncle wants me to become a scientist. That's why I am saying that all these people are going to drive me insane. And nobody asks me what I want to become. They are deciding, they are quarreling, they are continuously arguing. I am the only son, and they are all wanting to project their ambitions onto me."

I said to the boy, "Learn to say no. There is no need to become insane. Assert what you want to become and risk everything for it, and you will never be miserable. You may not become very rich, you may not become very famous, but who bothers about fame? And money cannot buy anything that is really meaningful. If you have a deep contentment that whatever you wanted to become you have become, you will be the richest person in the

world."

Richness does not consist of your bank accounts, richness consists of your contentment, of your fulfillment, of your innermost joy -- a feeling that you have come to be what was your destiny.

Defiance means disobedience.

Unless somebody is saying something with which you feel a deep rapport, a harmony... you can say yes, but let your yes be total; if something in you does not want to say yes, it is better to say no. It is one of the basics of life that only a man who can say no is capable of saying yes. Those who cannot say no, their yes is impotent; it means nothing, it has no strength in it.

The crowd wants you to be very obedient -- about everything, the smallest things, you have to be obedient.

In my childhood I used to go wherever I wanted to go, and my father would ask, "Why do you create trouble for us? We search for you and we cannot find you, and we worry about you. You could have told us, you could have asked if you could go. Why did you not ask?"

I said, "Because I wanted to go. I have seen and experienced that whenever I ask it is always 'no.' And I don't want to hurt you unnecessarily or go against you; it is better to go silently, without any problem. I will go anyway, whether you say go or not."

From the very beginning they started thinking that I am a little crazy, because I never obeyed anything unless it suited my own idea. And I have learned so much by defiance. It has given me a great strength to stand on my own, and it has made me free from the crowd. In my whole life I have never listened to anybody's order.

While I was doing my postgraduate studies the government passed a law that every student has to go for army training, and unless you receive a certificate from the army you will not be given your postgraduate degree.

I went directly to my vice-chancellor and I said, "You can keep my postgraduate degree, I will not need it. But I cannot go to any kind of idiotic training."

The army training is basically to destroy your intelligence, because you cannot say no, and if you cannot say no your intelligence starts dying. In the beginning it is a little hard to say yes, but reluctantly you say it. Slowly, slowly you become accustomed to saying yes without thinking at all what you are saying yes to.

I said, "I am not going to any army training. I don't care about the postgraduate degree, but I cannot conceive myself with somebody ordering me, 'Left turn!' and I have to turn left -- for no reason at all. 'Right turn!' and I have to turn right. 'Go forward!... Come backward!' This I cannot do. And if you want me to do it, then inform the military officer that he will have to give me an explanation for everything. Why should I turn left? What is the need?"

The vice-chancellor said, "Don't create trouble. You just remain silent. I will manage, I will tell the military officer that he has to give you attendance -- but don't create trouble, because if you start creating trouble others may start creating trouble. Right now you are the only one who has come to me; others have filled in the forms."

I said, "It is up to you. If I am to go to the army training I am going to create trouble there, because I am not a person who can obey something without sufficient reasons."

But the society in every way teaches you to be obedient, to be humble, to be meek, to be respectful to the elders. That is not the way of spiritual growth, that is the way of committing spiritual suicide.

And the third thing is foresight.

You all have hindsight -- somebody says something and later on you figure it out. But it

is too late; now you know what you should have said. A situation arises and you don't know how to face it, how to respond to it. You are never immediate. All your responses are haphazard; all your arrows fall short, they miss the target.

A man, to be independent and free, needs foresight. He needs to see ahead of himself -- because it is pointless to look backwards; nothing can be done about that which is past, you cannot undo it. But something can be done for the time that is coming. If you have foresight you can respond to situations in a more relevant and graceful way.

The superman is the most graceful man that can be conceived. His grace comes from his foresight. He is a very relaxed person, and his relaxedness comes from his foresight. He knows what is going to happen; he is ready to respond.

You cannot find him in a state of unreadiness. Even if death knocks on his doors he will welcome it with joy -- because life he has known; now death is going to be a new adventure.
THEN IT SHALL STAND BY THE SEA, GNARLED AND TWISTED AND WITH SUPPLE
HARDINESS, A LIVING LIGHTHOUSE OF UNCONQUERABLE LIFE.
YONDER, WHERE STORMS PLUNGE DOWN INTO THE SEA AND THE MOUNTAIN'S SNOUT
DRINKS WATER, THERE EACH OF THEM SHALL ONE DAY KEEP ITS DAY AND NIGHT WATCH,
FOR ITS TESTING AND RECOGNITION.

Each situation for the individual, however difficult and hard, is a test. He joyfully goes through it. He blissfully accepts any danger, because only that danger will make him stronger, will bring him recognition -- not from the crowd, but from existence itself.
IT SHALL BE TESTED AND RECOGNIZED, TO SEE WHETHER IT IS OF MY KIND AND MY RACE
-- WHETHER IT IS MASTER OF A PROTRACTED WILL, SILENT EVEN WHEN IT SPEAKS, AND
GIVING IN SUCH A WAY THAT IN GIVING IT TAKES.

The superman, the man who has integrity and individuality, and a consciousness around himself, is silent even when he speaks. Deep inside him is nothing but silence. His words come out of silence, not out of the gibberish of the mind.

Your words can come from two sources: either from the silences of your heart or from the noises,

mad voices, of your head. Mostly they come from your head, because you have never entered into your own silences of the heart. And when a word comes from the head it is meaningless.

When a word comes from your silences it is very pregnant with meaning. It carries something of silence within it. And if you have ears to hear, you will not only hear the word, you will also hear the wordless message.

The man who is conscious, alert, individual, also knows how to give a thing -- not to insult someone, not to hurt somebody's pride; he gives in such a way that it is as if he is not giving at all. On the contrary he is taking something. He enhances your pride, your dignity.
THAT IT MAY ONE DAY BE MY COMPANION AND A FELLOW-CREATOR AND
FELLOW-REJOICER OF ZARATHUSTRA -- SUCH A ONE AS INSCRIBES MY WILL UPON MY
TABLETS: FOR THE GREATER PERFECTION OF ALL THINGS.
AND FOR ITS SAKE, AND FOR THOSE LIKE IT, MUST I PERFECT MYSELF.

One has to begin with oneself.

One has to be utterly selfish.

Only out of this selfishness will grow the flower that can share its fragrance with others.

The old traditions have been teaching you to be unselfish, but you don't even know how to be selfish -- how you can be unselfish? You don't even know what the *self* is. Begin from the beginning. All old teachings about being unselfish are absolute nonsense. And the people

who have been trying to be unselfish are only superficially so; deep down they are selfish.

I have always loved a beautiful story: In a Chinese city there used to be an annual festival and a great fair. In old China the wells were without any walls, so it was very easy to fall in a well; there was nothing to prevent you. A man fell into a well, and there was so much noise from the festival and the fair that he shouted but nobody heard. Just a Buddhist monk who was accustomed to deep silence heard him shouting, "Save me!"

He went to the side of the well and he said, "What is the point? What will you be doing if you are saved -- the same repetitive life? It is better to die silently, that's what my master has taught me."

The man said, "I don't want any philosophy at this moment. I am *dying* and you are talking philosophy!"

The Buddhist monk said, "Nobody dies, the soul is eternal. One only changes houses. See you in some other house." And he went away.

The man was very angry but he could not do anything, he was in the well. Then there came a Taoist monk -- these people heard him because they were accustomed to meditation and silence. He looked down and said, "What is the matter? Why are you shouting? At such a moment, when one is dying, one should meditate. Listen to the great Lao Tzu, he says: Never fight against the current, go with the flow -- relax!"

The man said, "This is a strange place. First let me out and I will show you what relaxation is."

The monk said, "My master's teaching is never to interfere in anybody's life. I cannot interfere, just excuse me. The only advice that I can give to you is, go with the flow."

Just behind him there was a Confucian monk, and he said, "This proves that my master was right."

But the man said, "Nobody is bothered about saving me."

The Confucian monk said, "It is not a question of saving you. The question is, Confucius has said that every well should have a protective wall, and I am going to preach in every place to create walls around the wells so that nobody falls in. One person dying or not dying does not matter, it is a social question. Think of your children -- they will not have to fall into wells.

"And anyway, what are you going to do if you are saved? You are old enough, you look nearabout fifty, you have lived enough and your time has come. According to my master Confucius, nothing happens before its time. But you have proved my master's statement that every well should have a wall. A great revolution is needed in the whole country so that people start creating walls. Your falling in the well is a great thing; you have provoked me. Now I will go to every place, I will move around the country; you don't be worried."

But the man said, "Even if all the wells have walls, that will not save me. First do something to save me!"

The man said, "I am a believer in social reform; I don't waste my time and energy in small things. This saving you anybody can do, but the social reform.... I cannot wait here long, I will go right now into the crowds and preach to them. And you are a very good example. If they ask any questions I will say, 'Go and look in that well.' By taking you out, I would destroy my own example. So keep quiet and wait."

The man said, "I never thought that all kinds of idiots would come to the side of the well... not a single sensible person."

Then came a Christian missionary, and he had a bucket and a rope. He immediately threw the bucket and the rope down and told the man, "Just sit in the bucket, hold the rope, and I

will pull you up. This is the teaching of the great, only begotten son of God, Jesus Christ: service is religion. Serving you, I am earning great virtue."

He came out. He was very happy, and he said, "It seems your religion is the only true religion." The Christian missionary said, "Of course." "But," the man said, "I wonder why you were carrying a bucket and a rope?"

He said, "We remain ready for any emergency. Service is our motto, because only through service can we reach paradise. Now, you did a great thing by falling in the well. If you had not fallen in I would have missed my virtue.

"And stop that idiot, that Confucian, who has gone into the crowd and is telling people to create walls around the wells. That will prevent people serving others; he has to be stopped. Teach your children, and help others also to fall into the well. I am ready here with my bucket and my rope. The more people fall into the well, the more virtue is earned by taking them out."

It seems that the people who are serving others are serving for a reward. They are hoping to be welcomed at the pearly gates of heaven. They will go with their whole list -- how many orphans they saved, how many people they dragged out of wells, how many people they helped to be educated, how many people they provided with medicines... but their basic interest is still selfish. It cannot be otherwise, it is the very nature of man.

Zarathustra is not against the nature of man. Be selfish. Let your self grow to its ultimate potential, let it blossom; and then out of it the fragrance will go to all sides -- that will be your unselfishness. And it won't ask for any reward anywhere, here or hereafter, it will be a reward unto itself, it will be a joy to share your fragrance.

Zarathustra is not for unselfish service. No man of intelligence can say, "Serve others." You don't know yourself. Your serving others can only be dangerous. First know thyself. First be thyself.

First grow as much as you can, and then sharing will happen on its own accord. It is not something to be *done*. You will become a raincloud and you will shower on many lands, and you will not think that you are giving something to anybody. On the contrary, you will think you are taking something from others.

A raincloud showering on the thirsty earth does not think that he is showering because of the thirsty earth. He is thankful to the earth because it allowed him to be unburdened; he was too full of rainwater. He will not make the earth feel obliged; on the contrary, he will be obliged to the earth.

And that is the dignity of man.

THAT IT MAY ONE DAY BE MY COMPANION AND A FELLOW-CREATOR AND FELLOW-REJOICER OF ZARATHUSTRA -- SUCH A ONE AS INSCRIBES MY WILL UPON MY TABLETS: FOR THE GREATER PERFECTION OF ALL THINGS. AND FOR ITS SAKE, AND FOR THOSE LIKE IT, MUST I PERFECT MYSELF: THEREFORE I NOW AVOID MY HAPPINESS AND OFFER MYSELF TO ALL UNHAPPINESS -- FOR MY ULTIMATE TESTING AND RECOGNITION.

He is saying, "I am no longer interested in small pleasures, happinesses. My only concern is to offer myself for the final test, the fire test, which will give me the recognition of existence -- that my consciousness is immortal, that my consciousness is divine, that I have come to fulfill my destiny."

TO DESIRE -- THAT NOW MEANS TO ME: TO HAVE LOST MYSELF. I POSSESS YOU, MY CHILDREN! He is saying, "I am not only desiring the superman, because I have desired the superman long enough. Just desiring will not help."

TO DESIRE -- THAT NOW MEANS TO ME: TO HAVE LOST MYSELF. I possess

you, my children! IN THIS POSSESSION ALL SHOULD BE CERTAINTY AND NOTHING DESIRE. It is not a desire; I am absolutely certain that I possess you within me. All that is needed is their assertion, their growing, their becoming individuals, their rising to the stars.

IN THIS POSSESSION ALL SHOULD BE CERTAINTY AND NOTHING DESIRE. Desire is not anything certain; you desire a thousand and one things. He says, "I possess it. I have got hold of my soul and I am going to change it. And it is not a desire, it is a certainty. I am absolutely and unconditionally devoted to only one thing: to creating the superman, because the superman is going to be the very salt of the earth."

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #10

Chapter title: Before sunrise

12 April 1987 pm in Chuang Tzu Auditorium

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BELOVED OSHO,
BEFORE SUNRISE
O SKY ABOVE ME! O PURE, DEEP SKY! YOU ABYSS OF LIGHT! GAZING INTO YOU, I TREMBLE
WITH DIVINE DESIRES.
TO CAST MYSELF INTO YOUR HEIGHT -- THAT IS MY DEPTH! TO HIDE MYSELF IN YOUR
PURITY -- THAT IS MY INNOCENCE!
THE GOD IS VEILED BY HIS BEAUTY: THUS YOU HIDE YOUR STARS. YOU DO NOT SPEAK:
THUS YOU PROCLAIM TO ME YOUR WISDOM....
WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FROM THE BEGINNING:...
WE DO NOT SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER, BECAUSE WE KNOW TOO MUCH: WE ARE SILENT
TOGETHER, WE SMILE OUR KNOWLEDGE TO ONE ANOTHER.
ARE YOU NOT THE LIGHT OF MY FIRE? DO YOU NOT HAVE THE SISTER-SOUL OF MY
INSIGHT?
TOGETHER WE LEARNED EVERYTHING; TOGETHER WE LEARNED TO MOUNT ABOVE
OURSELVES TO OURSELVES AND TO SMILE UNCLOUDEDLY -- TO SMILE UNCLOUDEDLY
DOWN FROM BRIGHT EYES AND FROM MILES AWAY WHEN UNDER US COMPULSION AND
PURPOSE AND GUILT STREAM LIKE RAIN.
AND WHEN I WANDERED ALONE, WHAT DID MY SOUL HUNGER AFTER BY NIGHT AND ON
TREACHEROUS PATHS? AND WHEN I CLIMBED MOUNTAINS, WHOM DID I ALWAYS SEEK, IF
NOT YOU, UPON MOUNTAINS?
AND ALL MY WANDERING AND MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING: IT WAS MERELY A NECESSITY AND AN
EXPEDIENT OF CLUMSINESS: MY WHOLE WILL DESIRES ONLY TO FLY, TO FLY INTO YOU!
AND WHAT HAVE I HATED MORE THAN PASSING CLOUDS AND ALL THAT DEFILES YOU?
AND I HAVE HATED EVEN MY OWN HATRED, BECAUSE IT DEFILED YOU!
I DISLIKE THE PASSING CLOUDS, THESE STEALTHY CATS OF PREY: THEY TAKE FROM YOU
AND FROM ME WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON -- THE VAST AND BOUNDLESS DECLARATION
OF YES AND AMEN....
I, HOWEVER, AM ONE WHO BLESSES AND DECLARES YES, IF ONLY YOU ARE AROUND ME,
YOU PURE, LUMINOUS SKY! YOU ABYSS OF LIGHT! -- THEN INTO ALL ABYSSES DO I CARRY
MY CONSECRATING DECLARATION YES.
I HAVE BECOME ONE WHO BLESSES AND ONE WHO DECLARES YES: AND FOR THAT I
WRESTLED LONG AND WAS A WRESTLER, SO THAT I MIGHT ONE DAY HAVE MY HANDS
FREE FOR BLESSING.
THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY BLESSING: TO STAND OVER EVERYTHING AS ITS OWN SKY, AS ITS
ROUND ROOF, ITS AZURE BELL AND ETERNAL CERTAINTY: AND HAPPY IS HE WHO THUS
BLESSES!
FOR ALL THINGS ARE BAPTIZED AT THE FOUNT OF ETERNITY AND BEYOND GOOD AND

EVIL; GOOD AND EVIL THEMSELVES, HOWEVER, ARE ONLY INTERVENING SHADOWS AND DAMP AFFLICTIONS AND PASSING CLOUDS....
THE WORLD IS DEEP: AND DEEPER THAN DAY HAS EVER COMPREHENDED. NOT EVERYTHING MAY BE SPOKEN IN THE PRESENCE OF DAY. BUT DAY IS COMING: SO LET US PART!
O SKY ABOVE ME, YOU MODEST, GLOWING SKY! O YOU, MY HAPPINESS BEFORE SUNRISE!
DAY IS COMING: SO LET US PART!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra cannot speak except in poetry. He is helpless. Prose is almost impossible for him, because there are heights and there are depths which are only available to poetry -- prose is too mundane.

Poetry is not just a form, but a certain spirit, a certain beauty, a certain grace. Linguistically his statements may not be called poetry, but nobody can deny that they are the pure essence of what poetry is. Their very foundation, their very spirit, is poetic.

So please do not understand this prose the way prose is being understood. It has no logic in it but it has great aesthetic sensitivity. His words don't say what the dictionary words say about them. His words are only wings, indications, but they are always indicative beyond themselves. They are always hinting towards much that they cannot contain.

In other words, Zarathustra has to be understood metaphorically, not literally. He is not a man of letters but a man of genuine experiences. These statements, BEFORE SUNRISE, are not only beautiful but contain great insight, and can be helpful to all those who do not want to remain confined to the mind but want to transcend it.

Transcendence of man and man's mind is Zarathustra's basic teaching.

O SKY ABOVE ME! O PURE, DEEP SKY! YOU ABYSS OF LIGHT! GAZING INTO YOU, I TREMBLE WITH DIVINE DESIRES. The sky symbolizes emptiness, but not in a negative sense... emptiness which is full, over-full. The sky is the ancient word -- what we now call "space."

Zarathustra's whole longing is for spaciousness: no boundaries to the human spirit, no limitations to the human flight. That's why he used to carry an eagle with himself, as a symbol of a longing to go beyond the stars. He is the first man who has longed so much; and unless you long so much you remain small. Your desires are very small -- for money, for respectability, for a certain social status, for some political power.

That's the difference between desires and longings: longings are always of the sacred, desires are achievable. Longings are for the impossible; and unless you long for the impossible you cannot rise to your ultimate height, and you cannot penetrate to your ultimate depth either.

Zarathustra is very clear that the impossible should be the only challenge for human consciousness. Less than that he will not be ready to accept as the goal. Anything that seems to be achievable is not worth achieving, anything that is possible has already lost its spiritual meaning.

Only the impossible can give you space enough to be your infinite self, to be your eternity.

The impossible for Zarathustra is equivalent to God. If you can understand his impossible then you will see how religions have degraded and spoiled a beautiful word, *god*.

God does not exist. And God is not achievable; God is just another name for the impossible. But you cannot be a superman if you don't have the longing for the impossible. The sky is the space without any limits. It is freedom from all fetters of the past, from all

fetters that make you so mean, so cunning, so jealous.

Just the other day Anando brought a cartoon to show me -- a beautiful cartoon, but the government of Tamil Nadu in Madras asked the cartoonist to apologize publicly. Obviously he refused, because he has not mentioned anybody's name. The cartoon was of two figures, with a small note underneath that the man who looks like a pickpocket is a minister and the man who looks like a *dacoit*, a thief, is the chief minister. Now, there was no need for anybody to be angry -- and particularly in a democracy where you go on bragging about freedom of speech. He has not named anybody, and in India there are so many chief ministers, and so many ministers.

In fact, if anybody was to be really offended it was the pickpockets and the dacoits. But they seem to have some sense of humor. No pickpocket, no dacoit went to the court saying, "It is insulting to us."

But the chief minister of Tamil Nadu and the whole assembly unanimously voted to send the man to jail for one year because he has refused to make an apology. The man had already served three days in jail... but then there was great uproar all over the country, that this is absolutely absurd. He has not mentioned anybody's name, and if even a cartoon becomes so damaging to your respectability, then certainly the cartoon is saying something true about you. Whoever is offended has exposed himself, that the cartoon is about him; otherwise there was no need, there was no name on it.

Because the pressure from all over the country became greater and greater, they had to release the man. But such is the smallness of man. Even the people you think great leaders of men behave so stupidly.

Today there was another piece of information.... I have often been telling you that the royal families of Europe have committed a great crime for centuries by intermarrying. They have created more retarded people in the world than anybody else.

Forty-six years ago, two cousins of Queen Elizabeth and three distant cousins -- five persons -- were found to be insane. Silently they were put into an insane asylum, and the public was not made aware of it. And you will be surprised: when asked what happened to those two cousins -- because they had suddenly disappeared -- it was informed from the royal family sources that those two cousins were dead; and they were in a mad asylum. One has died just now, that's why the whole thing has become alive again -- "We were thinking that she had died forty-six years ago; now she has died again!"

What about the other? It has been found that she is still alive. And she is not alone -- three other cousins are also in the mad asylum. That too has been kept secret for forty-six years. And these are the people who are the models....

All around the world, man seems to be the meanest and the most cunning animal of all the animals. Zarathustra's whole effort is to bring innocence to man: the freedom of the sky, the silence of the sky, the purity of the sky, the innocence of the sky.

O SKY ABOVE ME! O PURE, DEEP SKY! YOU ABYSS OF LIGHT! GAZING INTO YOU, I TREMBLE WITH DIVINE DESIRES. What are the divine desires?... a longing to transcend all that man has treasured up to now as valuable.

What he has been thinking of as ornaments are nothing but chains; what he has been thinking of as houses are nothing but prisons; what he has been thinking of as family does not help him to grow, but makes him retarded. What he has been thinking of as religions -- which are supposed to lead man towards God -- are the only people preventing man from any search for God.

A divine longing is to transcend all these barriers and to move into the unknown sky, in search of the impossible. The beauty of his idea is that by searching for the impossible you will find yourself. You cannot find yourself unless your longing is for the impossible. Only that great longing can raise you high above all human limitations, can clean you from all that has polluted you, can make your soul just as vast as the sky, and as pure as the sky.

TO CAST MYSELF INTO YOUR HEIGHT -- THAT IS MY DEPTH. Zarathustra says, "Your height is my depth. Less than that will not satisfy me."

TO HIDE MYSELF IN YOUR PURITY -- THAT IS MY INNOCENCE! And unless I am as pure as you are, I will not know my own innocence.

THE GOD IS VEILED BY HIS BEAUTY: THUS YOU HIDE YOUR STARS. YOU DO NOT SPEAK: THUS YOU PROCLAIM TO ME YOUR WISDOM. The sky does not speak. That does not mean it is dumb, and that does not mean that it is ignorant. The mystic knows that when you know, silence is the only language. The silence of the sky proclaims its wisdom.

He is also saying, THE GOD IS VEILED BY HIS BEAUTY. In a beautiful flower, in a beautiful sunset, in a beautiful starry night, in the beautiful silence, you can find God; but not in the churches and not in the temples and not in the mosques. Their priests have created false gods to deceive humanity.

All your temples of God are just man-manufactured shops where you can purchase God very easily and cheaply -- without any search, without any risk, without any danger, without going anywhere, without opening your wings into the sky, without even opening your eyes to the light, without even raising your head and looking at the starry night... a stone statue.

The priests have deceived you for centuries and they go on deceiving you. They alone are not responsible, you are also responsible for it. You want it cheap. Wherever there is a demand for cheap gods, of course a few people will supply cheap gods.

And the person who talks about the authentic God will appear dangerous to you. He can corrupt the minds of the young people because he can create a longing in the young people for an impossible pilgrimage. And the crowd does not want you to leave the fold.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FROM THE BEGINNING:

WE DO NOT SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER, BECAUSE WE KNOW TOO MUCH: WE ARE SILENT TOGETHER, WE SMILE OUR KNOWLEDGE TO ONE ANOTHER.

A very beautiful statement: WE DO NOT SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER, BECAUSE WE KNOW TOO MUCH. There is no need to say anything.

There is a beautiful incident in the life of one of the great mystics of India, Kabir, and another great mystic, Farid. Farid was on pilgrimage with his disciples, and they passed Maghar, a small village near Varanasi. Varanasi is on one side of the Ganges, and Maghar is on the other side. Varanasi has been for centuries the citadel of Hinduism, and according to Hindu scholars it is the ancientmost city in the world. And it looks to be true, also, because it is referred to in the ancientmost scriptures.

The idea has been spread by the priests that a person who dies in Varanasi -- it does not matter who he was, a sinner or a saint -- just if he dies in Varanasi, his heaven will be guaranteed. So Varanasi is full of many old people, men and women, who are waiting to die there. They have done nothing in their lives -- but at least one thing they can do: they can die in Varanasi.

It is a strange city -- people go there only to die. When it becomes certain that life has slipped out of their hands, and now there is not much time, people start going to Varanasi. It

is the deadliest city in the world. Everybody is waiting to die.

But death is something that you cannot be certain about, so even when people die somewhere else their relatives carry their bodies to Varanasi. At least their bodies can be burned in Varanasi. If not to a higher heaven, at least some lower place somewhere... but hell can be avoided.

Just as it has been known for thousands of years that by dying in Varanasi one is born as a god in heaven, Maghar -- the small village on the other side of Varanasi.... There is no way to know how people started the idea, but perhaps every idea needs a balance and Maghar was the closest to Varanasi, so anybody who dies in Maghar is bound to go to hell -- if he is a sinner. But if he is a saint, some concessions can be given; he will be born as a donkey!

Before his death, as he was becoming old, Kabir told his disciples -- he had lived his whole life in Varanasi -- "Now I want to live in Maghar."

They said, "Are you mad? People LEAVE Maghar; before dying they come to this side of the river. It is just fifteen minutes' distance. Are you mad or something that you are thinking to go to Maghar?"

He said, "I want to go to heaven only if I am worthy of it, not because of Varanasi" -- just the pride of the man -- "I would rather prefer hell; I can become a donkey, that's perfectly okay, but at least I am myself and I don't owe anything to Varanasi." There was no way to convince him; he went to Maghar. Reluctantly his disciples also had to go.

At that time Farid was passing by Maghar. His disciples said, "Just a few days ago Kabir came to live in Maghar, and it will be a great joy if you both meet." The same was said by the followers of Kabir. Kabir said, "Certainly invite him. He should be our guest."

And they met. They hugged each other, they wept, they smiled, they did everything -- except speaking. The disciples of both mystics were so disappointed and disgusted, "But what nonsense is going on... two days, and they sit holding each other's hands, crying, or laughing, or dancing." But not a single word was spoken between them.

After two days Farid left; Kabir had come to give him a send-off at the boundary of Maghar. They again hugged, they again cried, they again laughed. Those two days must have been like two lives to the disciples, who were waiting for them to speak, to say something. And as they parted, the disciples of both were very angry and they said, "What kind of meeting was this?"

Kabir said, "There was nothing to say. He is just like me. Saying anything to him would be as if I am talking to myself, it would be simply stupid."

And Farid said, "It was impossible to talk, because whatever he knows, I know; whatever I know, he knows. We are in the same space. We cried for you and we laughed for ourselves. And just not to disappoint you, we even danced. But more than that was not possible. Whoever had spoken would have proved himself ignorant."

WE DO NOT SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER, BECAUSE WE KNOW TOO MUCH: WE ARE SILENT TOGETHER, WE SMILE OUR KNOWLEDGE TO ONE ANOTHER.
ARE YOU NOT THE LIGHT OF MY FIRE? DO YOU NOT HAVE THE SISTER-SOUL OF MY INSIGHT?

TOGETHER WE LEARNED EVERYTHING; TOGETHER WE LEARNED TO MOUNT ABOVE OURSELVES TO OURSELVES AND TO SMILE UNCLOUDEDLY -- TO SMILE UNCLOUDEDLY DOWN FROM BRIGHT EYES AND FROM MILES AWAY WHEN UNDER US COMPULSION AND PURPOSE AND GUILT STREAM LIKE RAIN.

These three words -- compulsion, purpose and guilt -- are about the crowd of small human beings. They live a life of compulsion; they even love out of compulsion, they work out of compulsion. They do everything without any joy, out of duty.

My father used to love his feet to be massaged, so whoever he would find... and I was always available because I had nothing to do in the world and everybody knew that I am good for nothing, so nobody gave me any work. People gave me work a few times and the result was such a disaster that they stopped... I was always around. He would ask me and sometimes I would say yes, sometimes I would say no.

One day he asked me, "What decides? Sometimes you say yes, sometimes you say no."

I said, "I say yes when I feel that I can do it lovingly, joyously, without any compulsion. I say no when I feel that I will be doing it out of compulsion, as a duty. And to me, duty is an ugly word."

Sometimes it used to happen, I would start massaging his feet and in the middle I would say, "That's the end." And he would say, "I am not satisfied yet."

I said, "It is not a question of *your* satisfaction. I am perfectly satisfied. Now, going on massaging you will be out of compulsion, and I hate to do anything out of compulsion; just forgive me."

He said, "You are a strange boy. You started, you were doing so well."

I said, "I was doing so well because I loved it. Whenever I love, I do it. But whenever I don't feel any love, I don't want to pretend. And I want it to be clear to you that this is going to be my approach in everything about life. When I say yes, I mean yes. And when I say no, I mean no. Never try to change my no into yes, you will never succeed. I would rather die than do anything as obedience, under compulsion because you are my father."

But all over the world people are doing things which they hate. And they say that they hate it, but there is some compulsion and they have to do it.

Doing anything under compulsion is slavery -- and Zarathustra hates slavery -- or for a purpose, which is also another kind of slavery.

You are doing something to gain something, there is a purpose behind it. You are being very nice to someone, there is a purpose behind it. Then your niceness is disgusting. You should be aware that a life lived without purpose, just out of sheer joy, is the only pure life. Purpose contaminates, poisons.

But there are people... for them everything has some purpose behind it. In fact, if there is no purpose they will think you are mad. Then why are you doing it? Purpose has become to them the very aim of every act; they have lived under this kind of idiotic idea.

Now, if anybody is doing something out of sheer joy, not asking for any reward in the end, not asking for anything in response -- whose every act has its own reward in itself... Only such a man knows the depths of life, the heights of life. And those depths and heights are certainly the depths and heights of the sky.

Or people are living out of guilt. Every Sunday people are going to the churches -- not that they really want to, not that there is great joy in going, not that they have a feeling for Jesus. But they are going there; otherwise they will feel guilty. Just watch how many things you are doing because of the fear that if you don't do them there will be a guilt feeling.

One existentialist novel has a beautiful incident in it: A man is standing in the court. He has killed a stranger whom he had never known before. The question of enmity does not arise -- they have not even been friends.

He had never seen his face, because the man was sitting on the beach looking at the sea, and he came from behind and, with a knife, killed the man. He did not even bother to know who he is, what he looks like. But there was no eyewitness, it was he himself who had told the court. He had reported to the police station, "I have done this, and if you want me to go

the court I am willing."

The police officer was also amazed because there was no proof against him and there was no eyewitness. The man said to the judge, "If you are going to punish me, then less than the gallows will not be acceptable."

The judge said, "You are a strange fellow. In the first place, why have you killed that man?"

He said, "Why have I killed that man? Why have I been given birth? Is there any answer to it? Did anybody ask me, 'Do you want to be born or not?' And millions of people die every day. Do you ask them, 'Why are you dying? What is the purpose?'"

The judge said, "Strange... but you killed him!"

He said, "I have said it myself: I was feeling to *do* something; and I am not talented in anything. I cannot paint, I cannot sing, I cannot play on any instrument, I cannot dance. I wanted to do something historic. I am really happy that my picture is on every newspaper's front page. That's enough. What more does one need? I am world famous by a single act, and with me, that poor guy is also world famous."

But the law of the country was that unless there are eyewitnesses, some proof, at least some circumstantial proof, you cannot accept the murderer's own words. The judge cannot give the judgment just because this man is saying so. So he asks the police to investigate some circumstantial evidence. What kind of man is this? Some indications -- has he committed any other crimes before, has he ever gone to jail before? What he does, what kind of friends he has, what kind of life he lives -- collect every circumstantial evidence to show that it is possible that this man has committed the crime.

In that circumstantial evidence there are beautiful things: One man stands up in the witness box and says, "This man can do it. I cannot say that he has done it, but he can do it, because I know -- the day his mother died he was sitting with me in a restaurant when somebody came running in and told him, 'Your mother has died.' And his response was so strange that I was shocked. He said, 'I always knew she would die on Sunday just to spoil my holiday. That old woman was real nasty. Now, there are seven days in the week, she could have died any other day. What is the purpose of choosing Sunday? Just to spoil it! And I have purchased tickets to go to the movies. But I knew it. She has always been spoiling things for me.'"

The man said, "I could not believe it, that his mother has died and he is complaining about the day, as if she has chosen the day. And that very night he was seen in the movie, because he had purchased the tickets before. And late in the night he was seen in a disco, dancing.

"And when I asked him, 'Your mother has died just this morning, it doesn't look right that you should be dancing in a disco,' he said, 'Do you mean to say that once your mother is dead you cannot dance, ever? And what does it matter whether you dance after ten hours or ten days or ten months or ten years? Now it is always going to be after my mother is dead, so do you have any objection? And if people stop dancing because their mothers are dead, all discos will be closed. Because mothers happen to die -- everybody's mother is going to die one day or the other -- but the dance has to continue.'

"So I can say that this man is the type; he can do anything. Perhaps he has killed that man."

But, howsoever insane that man may look, he has some truth. The mother has died; now whenever you will dance it will be after your mother's death. And how can you make a demarcation that after twelve hours it will be right, or after twenty-four hours it will be right?

What is your criterion?

But this man is in fact giving evidence of one thing that perhaps he is not aware of, and neither is the judge aware of. He is saying that this man has no guilt. Mothers die, why make much fuss about it? The only complaint he had was, that there were seven days and she could have chosen some other day.

But he has no guilt. He has even killed a man who was absolutely unknown to him, a stranger, but he has no guilt. He says, "God goes on killing people every day, millions. He goes on giving birth every day to millions, without asking. Why am I supposed to ask if I want to kill somebody? And what is the necessity to know the person? I enjoyed the act, and I am ready to go to the gallows without any guilt. I had come myself to the court, the police had not caught me.

"I don't feel guilty, I simply feel that this whole life is useless. And I finished that man's useless life. Perhaps he was not courageous enough to finish it -- I managed. And if we ever meet somewhere, I know perfectly well he will be thankful to me, 'You did well. I had thought many times to commit suicide but I could not gather the courage, and you did it even without asking.'"

The existentialist philosophy is based on purposelessness, uselessness, futility, boredom, meaninglessness. Life is just accidental. You are not here to fulfill some great purpose, but just by some accident. Existentialist philosophy has been condemned by all the religions because to them, everything has to be purposeful. They are the two polar opposites.

Zarathustra is not an existentialist, neither am I, but existentialism has a certain truth which cannot be denied. And the truth is that there need be no purpose at all -- but they stopped there; this is a fragment of truth.

To complete it I would like to say: no action needs to have any purpose outside itself. It has to be intrinsically meaningful, its meaning has to be in itself. This is different from the religious attitude and this is different from the existentialist attitude.

Then each moment has its own joy, its own reward, its own beauty. And moment after moment you go on making a garland of flowers of your life. It will have immense significance and a great aura of joy around it, but it will not be fulfilling any purpose, it will not be giving you any reward. Your very action has been either your reward or your punishment.

AND WHEN I WANDERED ALONE, WHAT DID MY SOUL HUNGER AFTER BY NIGHT AND ON TREACHEROUS PATHS? AND WHEN I CLIMBED MOUNTAINS, WHOM DID I ALWAYS SEEK, IF NOT YOU, UPON MOUNTAINS? I have always been seeking the sky, the space, the unbounded freedom. In my wanderings, in my mountain climbings, there has been only one longing: to attain to ultimate freedom, to be myself, to be authentic and to be free.

AND ALL MY WANDERING AND MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING: IT WAS REALLY A NECESSITY AND AN EXPERIENCE OF CLUMSINESS: MY WHOLE WILL DESIRES ONLY TO FLY, TO FLY INTO YOU! Because I don't have wings I was wandering; it was a poor substitute for it. I was climbing the mountains; it was a little better, but still a substitute.

MY WHOLE WILL DESIRES ONLY TO FLY, TO FLY INTO YOU! Into the space which needs no limits, which requires no boundaries, which demands no expectations, which leaves you absolutely free to your own strength.

AND WHAT HAVE I HATED MORE THAN PASSING CLOUDS AND ALL THAT DEFILES YOU?

AND I HAVE HATED EVEN MY OWN HATRED, BECAUSE IT DEFILED YOU!

I DISLIKE THE PASSING CLOUDS, THESE STEALTHY CATS OF PREY: THEY TAKE FROM YOU AND FROM ME WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON -- THE VAST AND BOUNDLESS DECLARATION

OF YES AND AMEN.

He is saying, I hate the clouds because they defile your purity. I hate them because they pollute your innocence, and I hate them because one thing is common: THEY TAKE FROM YOU AND FROM ME WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON -- THE VAST AND BOUNDLESS DECLARATION OF YES AND AMEN.

I, HOWEVER, AM ONE WHO BLESSES AND DECLARES YES, IF ONLY YOU ARE AROUND ME, YOU PURE, LUMINOUS SKY! YOU ABYSS OF LIGHT! -- THEN INTO ALL ABYSSES DO I CARRY MY CONSECRATING DECLARATION YES.

I HAVE BECOME ONE WHO BLESSES AND ONE WHO DECLARES YES: AND FOR THAT I WRESTLED LONG AND WAS A WRESTLER, SO THAT I MIGHT ONE DAY HAVE MY HANDS FREE FOR BLESSING.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY BLESSING: TO STAND OVER EVERYTHING AS ITS OWN SKY, AS ITS ROUND ROOF, ITS AZURE BELL AND ETERNAL CERTAINTY: AND HAPPY IS HE WHO THUS BLESSES!

FOR ALL THINGS ARE BAPTIZED AT THE FOUNT OF ETERNITY AND BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL; GOOD AND EVIL THEMSELVES, HOWEVER, ARE ONLY INTERVENING SHADOWS AND DAMP AFFLICTIONS AND PASSING CLOUDS.

THE WORLD IS DEEP: AND DEEPER THAN DAY HAS EVER COMPREHENDED. NOT EVERYTHING MAY BE SPOKEN IN THE PRESENCE OF DAY. BUT DAY IS COMING: SO LET US PART!

O SKY ABOVE ME, YOU MODEST, GLOWING SKY! O YOU, MY HAPPINESS BEFORE SUNRISE! DAY IS COMING: SO LET US PART!

Zarathustra is saying a very profound thing: that there are things which can be known only in the darkness and in the depths of darkness, because life is a mystery -- not a problem that can be solved, but a mystery that can be lived.

Have you watched it: as the night comes everything starts becoming mysterious. As the day comes, mystery evaporates with the dewdrop evaporating from the lotus leaf. The day is superficial. It represents knowledge, and man can know only that which is below man.

If man wants to rise above himself, then he has to rise above knowledge too. He has to be courageous enough to live in a mystery without asking why, without creating a doubt, without any question -- with a total yes.

Unless a man is capable of saying a total yes to the mysterious he cannot transcend human mind.

Human mind is continuously suspicious; it is always creating doubt. To repress doubts it goes on creating beliefs, but every belief has a doubt hidden behind it. To hide suspicions it goes on creating faith, but every faith is nothing but a curtain, and behind the curtain are all kinds of suspicions.

To go beyond man means to go beyond man's mind. What I call meditation Zarathustra calls "transcending man and man's mind."

To me, meditation is the way to the mystery of existence. He does not use the word meditation -- perhaps he was not even aware of the word -- but what he says is exactly what meditation is.

Go beyond all your doubts, suspicions, questionings. Go into the dark and into the unknown and into the mysterious -- and with a deep yes and a sacred amen. That is the only way to know yourself, and that is the only way to know the mysterious beauty of life and existence.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #11

Chapter title: Of the virtue that makes small

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE VIRTUE THAT MAKES SMALL
I GO AMONG THIS PEOPLE AND LET FALL MANY A WORD; BUT THEY KNOW NEITHER HOW
TO TAKE NOR TO KEEP.
THEY ARE SURPRISED THAT I HAVE NOT COME TO RAIL AT THEIR LUSTS AND VICIES; AND
TRULY, I HAVE NOT COME TO WARN AGAINST PICKPOCKETS, EITHER!...
AND WHEN I CRY: `CURSE ALL THE COWARDLY DEVILS WITHIN YOU WHO WOULD LIKE TO
WHIMPER AND CLASP THEIR HANDS AND WORSHIP,' THEN THEY CRY: `ZARATHUSTRA IS
GODLESS.'
AND THIS IS ESPECIALLY THE CRY OF THEIR TEACHERS OF SUBMISSION; BUT IT IS INTO
PRECISELY THEIR EARS THAT I LOVE TO SHOUT: YES! I AM ZARATHUSTRA THE GODLESS!...
... THIS IS MY SERMON FOR THEIR EARS: I AM ZARATHUSTRA THE GODLESS, WHO SAYS
`WHO IS MORE GODLESS THAN I, THAT I MAY REJOICE IN HIS TEACHING?'
I AM ZARATHUSTRA THE GODLESS: WHERE SHALL I FIND MY EQUAL? ALL THOSE WHO
GIVE THEMSELVES THEIR OWN WILL AND RENOUNCE ALL SUBMISSION, THEY ARE MY
EQUALS....
BUT WHY DO I SPEAK WHERE NO ONE HAS MY KIND OF EARS? AND SO I WILL SHOUT IT
OUT TO ALL THE WINDS:
YOU WILL BECOME SMALLER AND SMALLER, YOU SMALL PEOPLE! YOU WILL CRUMBLE
AWAY, YOU COMFORTABLE PEOPLE! YOU WILL YET PERISH --
THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL VIRTUES, THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL OMISSIONS,
THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL SUBMISSIONS!
TOO INDULGENT, TOO YIELDING: THAT IS THE STATE OF YOUR SOIL! BUT IN ORDER TO
GROW BIG, A TREE WANTS TO STRIKE HARD ROOTS INTO HARD ROCKS!...
`IT IS GIVEN' -- THAT IS ALSO A DOCTRINE OF SUBMISSION. BUT I TELL YOU, YOU
COMFORTABLE PEOPLE: IT IS TAKEN....
OH, THAT YOU UNDERSTOOD MY SAYING: `ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU WILL -- BUT FIRST BE
SUCH AS CAN WILL!'
`ALWAYS LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELVES -- BUT FIRST BE SUCH AS LOVE
THEMSELVES....
AMONG THIS PEOPLE I AM MY OWN FORERUNNER, MY OWN COCK-CROW THROUGH DARK
LANES.
BUT THEIR HOUR IS COMING! AND MINE TOO IS COMING! HOURLY WILL THEY BECOME
SMALLER, POORER, MORE BARREN -- POOR WEEDS! POOR SOIL!
AND SOON THEY SHALL STAND BEFORE ME LIKE ARID GRASS AND STEPPE, AND TRULY!
WEARY OF THEMSELVES -- AND LONGING FOR FIRE RATHER THAN FOR WATER!
O BLESSED HOUR OF THE LIGHTNING! O MYSTERY BEFORE NOONTIDE! ONE DAY I SHALL

TURN THEM INTO RUNNING FIRE AND HERALDS WITH TONGUES OF FLAME --
ONE DAY THEY SHALL PROCLAIM WITH TONGUES OF FLAME: IT IS COMING, IT IS NEAR, THE
GREAT NOONTIDE!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra has not any doctrine to preach, he has not any ideal that every man has to become. He has no fixed morality; his trust is in spontaneous consciousness. His trust in his own consciousness is so great that he can deny God without any difficulty. On the path of truth, one has to choose either God, or one's own being.

If you choose God, you have chosen your slavery, and you can never become more than a preacher and a victim of a whimsical God. But if you choose yourself you have to deny God. God is the greatest bondage for those who want to be themselves. Because humanity has chosen God, it has denied itself. And you can see the ultimate mess into which man has fallen.

Once you are a slave, you forget all responsibilities for yourself; then God takes care of you. And if God is just a hypothesis, just a belief, then you are in real trouble. You were a reality, your consciousness could have grown if you had trusted it, but you denied the reality in favor of the fiction, because the fiction is more comfortable. It relieves you of responsibilities, but it also takes away your freedom.

Remember this, that freedom and responsibilities are always together. You cannot just choose freedom, or just responsibilities. Either you have to choose them both, or you have to deny them both.

Zarathustra denies God because he loves man. Zarathustra denies God because he can see clearly that man himself can become a god. The only hindrance of his becoming a god is a belief in some other god; then he remains simply a worshiper, a believer. His insight is clear, and these twenty-five centuries that have passed between him and us have proved everything that he is going to say in this morning's statements.

Man has become very small. He cannot grow in the shadow of an almighty God. Just a small rosebush cannot grow under the shadow of a huge tree. And when you decide for anything fictitious invented by man himself, this becomes the beginning of your fall. This becomes the shattering of your dignity.

A man of dignity trusts in himself, and through himself he trusts in existence. He is real, existence is real, but God is just a creation of the priests to lead you astray from your reality. And once you have gone away from your nature and your reality, you are going to be more and more miserable, more and more mean, more and more jealous.

The very hypothesis of God has made man's life a tragedy. He has forgotten to sing, he has forgotten to dance, he has forgotten himself. He does not know who he is, what are his potentials, and what are his basic rights given by nature. He lives in darkness -- and he is not a creature of darkness. He lives unnaturally, in a perverted way that destroys his all grace and all his beauty and all the possibilities for his growth.

These words have to be understood very clearly, because they are almost prophetic. They are about you! They are about the world that has come to be in these twenty-five centuries.

I GO AMONG THIS PEOPLE AND LET FALL MANY A WORD; BUT THEY KNOW NEITHER HOW TO TAKE NOR TO KEEP. Man listens only if something supports his prejudices; then he feels good that he has always been right. He listens only if you speak the language of fictions, which he thinks is the ultimate truth. But if you speak the truth he becomes completely closed. He does not allow any truth to enter in his being, to disturb his comfortable beliefs. He listens only to what he wants to listen to, and he takes into himself

only what fits with all kinds of garbage that he has been carrying down the ages.

Anything new -- and truth is always new -- freaks him out. Anything new creates a disturbance in him. If he keeps it, then what to do with the old ideas, ancient mythologies, half-baked truths? He has to throw them out -- that is too risky.

He is part of a crowd. If he keeps the new he becomes a stranger to his own crowd. He will be laughed at, he will be condemned. And if he is insistent, he can also be crucified. The crowd does not like the strangers. The crowd is very much against anybody disturbing its sleep -- although its sleep is nothing but a nightmare. But it is the only thing that the crowd has got. It has no idea, not even a distant echo, that life can be something else too, that this is not the only way of living; life can have a different style.

Right now he lives in a sad, miserable, torturous style. But this style has been supported by millions of people for thousands of years, and this is thought to be religious, spiritual. This is thought to be a necessary sacrifice if you want to realize God.

Zarathustra is a stranger. Obviously his words cannot be taken and cannot be kept. In fact, people like Zarathustra are nothing but a nuisance to the miserable crowd -- although they bring the good news. But nobody is ready to listen to them.

It is one of the most miserable facts about humanity that it has become accustomed to chains, superstitions, slavery, commandments. And it has forgotten completely that it has a soul, a sensitivity, an intelligence, which can be refined and which can become his only religion.

Religion is not in the scriptures, and not in the words of the priest; religion is a flowering of your own intelligence, of your own consciousness. It is not in the churches, nor in the temples, nor in the synagogues. Unless you become a temple, unless you become spacious enough -- pure and clean, just like the sky, unbounded -- you will not know anything of religious experience.

And this is the whole message of Zarathustra: how man can become a superman. God is not his message, his message is that you are carrying the seeds of superman but you are not taking any care about them. You have the right soil in your heart, you have the right love and the tenderness; just you have to be a gardener of your own inner world, and your life will become a festivity, a celebration. And this festiveness, this ecstasy, this celebration is the only religion there is. All else is just the profession of the priests to exploit you.

And they have exploited badly. They have taken away all your blood, they have taken away everything that was important in you. They have destroyed you completely, and they have left only corpses behind.

THEY ARE SURPRISED -- when they listen to Zarathustra -- THAT I HAVE NOT COME TO RAIL AT THEIR LUSTS AND VICIES. That's what the priests have always been doing -- condemning their lust, condemning their vices, condemning their desires. They have become accustomed to that. The priests never praise anything in the inner world of man. Everything is wrong -- you are a born sinner. They have convinced you, through thousands of years of conditioning, that it is impossible for you to listen to any other kind of message. THEY ARE SURPRISED THAT I HAVE NOT COME TO RAIL AT THEIR LUSTS AND VICIES; AND TRULY, I HAVE NOT COME TO WARN AGAINST PICKPOCKETS, EITHER! AND WHEN I CRY: 'CURSE ALL THE COWARDLY DEVILS WITHIN YOU WHO WOULD LIKE TO WHIMPER AND CLASP THEIR HANDS AND WORSHIP,' THEN THEY CRY: 'ZARATHUSTRA IS GODLESS.'

Who worships in you? Have you ever pondered over the problem? Is it not something cowardly in you that kneels down before stone statues made by man? It cannot be something courageous. One that worships is hiding his cowardliness in a beautiful word.

Who is it in you that surrenders, becomes a Christian or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan? Is it a lion in you, or a sheep?

Jesus used to say to his people, "You are my sheep and I am your shepherd." And not a single one of his followers ever raised the question, "You are insulting us. Why should we be sheep? Why should we not be lions, and why should we not bear in us a lion's roar?"

Naturally, lions don't need shepherds -- that is the problem. If people are really awakened to their bravery, then they don't need any shepherd, they don't need any savior, they don't need any messiah. They are their own saviors; and that gives pride and dignity and beauty to human beings.

To call human beings sheep is so insulting, so humiliating that one wonders how people listened to all this. And even today millions of Christians around the world -- and that is the greatest religion as far as numbers are concerned -- think of themselves as the sheep of Jesus Christ. If somebody wants to be a shepherd, he has to reduce the whole of humanity into an ugly state, into cowards.

Whenever you are in difficulty, why do you start immediately praying to God? -- although you know your prayers are never heard; there is nobody to hear them. It is possible, just by coincidence, you may think that your prayer has been heard.

A man used to come to me -- he had no child, and he said to me, "I cannot believe in God unless I have a child. And I hope that if God wants a believer, he should give me a child."

Now there is no need... even if there is a God, what is the use of having this fellow as a believer -- to fulfill his demands?

A child was born to him, and he came to me with sweets and fruits. He was distributing them in the whole neighborhood. I said, "What has happened?" He said, "God has heard me."

I said to him, "Just wait a little. God cannot be so much concerned about you." The universe is big, and this beautiful planet earth is such a small thing. Even our own sun is thousands of times bigger than this earth, and even this great sun that is our life is a very mediocre star in the universe. There are millions of times bigger stars than this sun. And scientists guess that there must be at least fifty thousand planets in the whole universe where life exists. And this poor fellow is thinking that God has heard his prayer!

I told him a story by Bertrand Russell. The Vatican pope dies. Obviously he knocks on the doors of heaven, because heaven and hell are just in front of each other. Hours of knocking... because the door is so big, he cannot see its end. He tries hard -- it is so vast.

But finally a window opens in the door, and Saint Peter looks out. With great difficulty, he finds this pope standing there -- just as you can find an ant standing on your door. It is very difficult to have a dialogue. The pope shouts. Saint Peter says, "Say it a little louder, because you are too small."

He says, "You don't understand. I am the representative of Jesus Christ; I am coming from the earth. I was the pope in the Vatican, and what kind of reception is this?"

And Saint Peter says to him, "We have never heard of any earth. You will have to give me the index number."

The pope says, "Index number?"

Saint Peter says, "There are so many planets that unless I get the index number of your earth, I cannot go to the library to find out where you come from. What do you mean by the Vatican, and who is this Jesus Christ?"

The pope shouts, "Are you kidding? Jesus Christ is the only begotten son of God."

Saint Peter said, "Do you think he finished after only one son, in the whole eternity he could produce only one son? I will go to the library, but without an index number it is very difficult to find out... which earth do you mean?"

The pope says, "I am coming from the solar system."

He says, "That's perfectly good, but there are millions of solar systems. Which solar system? What Index number?"

The pope says, "It is better you take me directly to God."

Saint Peter said, "I myself have not seen Him. I am just a doorkeeper, and God is too big. I have only heard about Him. You will have to forgive me. But I will do my best to find the index number, find out about Jesus Christ and about this Vatican."

He goes off and after hours he returns. And he says, "It is almost impossible. Millions of planets... there is no way to pinpoint where your earth is, where your solar system is. And anyway, what right do you have to enter into heaven? The easiest way is... on the other side of the road... there they don't ask who you are, they are nice people. They don't ask whether you deserve hell or not; the moment they see you, they grab you. You just try the other place."

He was woken up by the very idea that he has to go to hell, and the devils will grab him -- they don't even ask who you are. And then he remembered all the tortures, the hellfire... and the most difficult thing about the Christian hell is that it has no exit. You can enter, but you cannot get out. Otherwise, just as a tourist one could enjoy. But once you get in, you become an eternal resident without any application to leave. He woke up out of fear; he was perspiring all over. He was not dead, he was dreaming.

I told this man, "The very idea is egoistic -- that God should hear your prayer, should give proof by giving you a child. Just wait for a few more proofs, because one proof is not enough. No science will allow a single proof; it has to be repeatedly proved.

"You ask something else. You suffer from migraine, now start asking, 'Take my migraine away; otherwise I will not believe in you.' And you have a good strategy to blackmail God. He wants you to believe in Him, so exploit him as much as you can. Your brother is unemployed, ask for employment. Your father has cancer, ask for his cancer to be removed... you have so many problems. The child was not a problem at all. And are you certain the child is yours?"

He said, "I never thought that you will be so rude with me."

I said, "I am not being rude, because you have been trying for years, and there was no child coming, and suddenly it has come. Just look around the neighborhood, some rascal is doing it. Don't jump to God, first look around. There are so many rascals in the neighborhood."

He said, "That I know -- there are rascals."

I said, "Go back home. Don't waste your money in distributing sweets and fruits, first find out whose son has been born. Is it yours?"

He said, "To meet you is always a trouble. Now you have created a suspicion in my mind. I already have a migraine. Instead of being a help, now I will look with suspicion at every person who is connected with my family -- the servants, the neighbors, the relatives. And to tell you the truth," he whispered, "I had my suspicions, because the doctor has been telling me, 'You cannot have a child.'"

"But you should not be so harsh. I was happy that God has given me the child. And God is all-powerful; even if the doctor says I cannot have a child... God can change my chemistry, my hormones, my sperm. But I will go back. Now I cannot go on distributing sweets. I am

afraid that you are right -- you may be right!"

The people who worship are cowards. The people who pray are naggers. Prayer is nothing but nagging God, "Do this!" -- every morning and evening. Mohammedans are the best nagging people; they nag God five times a day! Hindus don't let Him even sleep in the beautiful mornings. They get up early, at three o'clock, and start praying. Sufis pray in the middle of the night.

Even if there had been a God in the beginning, He must have gone mad by now! So many people, and so many demands.... But you don't see that when you pray you are simply demanding. And a prayer cannot be a demand; it can only be a gratefulness.

When you worship, it cannot be out of your cowardliness; it can only be a lion's roar. The sheer joy, the overflowing energy....

AND WHEN I CRY: `CURSE ALL THE COWARDLY DEVILS... THEY ALL CRY: `ZARATHUSTRA IS GODLESS.' They don't listen. On the contrary, they start abusing Zarathustra.

AND THIS IS ESPECIALLY THE CRY OF THEIR TEACHERS OF SUBMISSION; BUT IT IS INTO PRECISELY THEIR EARS THAT I LOVE TO SHOUT: YES! I AM ZARATHUSTRA THE GODLESS! Zarathustra respects what is evolving in man so deeply, so profoundly that he can sacrifice all gods for its growth.

THIS IS MY SERMON FOR THEIR EARS: I AM ZARATHUSTRA THE GODLESS, WHO SAYS `WHO IS MORE GODLESS THAN I, THAT I MAY REJOICE IN HIS TEACHING?' I am more godless than Zarathustra; but it is very difficult to bridge the gap, twenty-five centuries, because at least Zarathustra goes on denying God... I don't even care to deny him.

Even to deny God is, in a negative way, keeping his name alive.

I want humanity simply to forget that nightmare of thousands of years that is associated with God. I don't think it is even necessary to say, "There is no God." It simply is not.

I would have given Zarathustra good company, but perhaps twenty-five centuries ago it was difficult to find a man... particularly in Iran, where Zarathustra was teaching his tremendously important philosophy. But in India at that very time there was Mahavira who denies God, and there was Gautam Buddha who denies God. But their denial is very sophisticated.

Zarathustra is very raw and very wild, and that is his beauty. He does not speak in a polished way; he speaks like a child, utterly innocent. He does not speak in a roundabout way, he does not speak in a sophisticated way. Buddha and Mahavira both speak in such a way that many people may not understand that they don't believe in God.

But Zarathustra is straight. He simply calls a spade a spade. And that's what I love in him -- his rawness. He is not a diamond -- cut, polished; he is directly from the mine -- uncut, unpolished. Therein lies his beauty and his truth.

I AM ZARATHUSTRA THE GODLESS: WHERE SHALL I FIND MY EQUAL? ALL THOSE WHO GIVE THEMSELVES THEIR OWN WILL AND RENOUNCE ALL SUBMISSION, THEY ARE MY EQUALS. Those who renounce all submission, surrendering to any god, being obedient to any scriptures....

The other-world teachers have been insisting, "Renounce the world." Zarathustra is saying, "Renounce your scriptures, and the renouncers! Renounce submission, renounce your cowardliness." Be authentically yourself, and only then your life sources can start flowing.

BUT WHY DO I SPEAK WHERE NO ONE HAS MY KIND OF EARS? AND SO I

WILL SHOUT IT OUT TO ALL THE WINDS. One can understand the difficulty. Particularly I can understand the difficulty. Many mystics have found the same problem.

Bodhidharma, one of the greatest masters, who became the source of the tradition of Zen, remained for nine years facing the wall. He would not face his audience. People would ask questions and he would answer to the wall.

Emperor Wu of China asked him, "This is a little strange. I have never seen such meetings. The speaker has to face the audience; you keep your back towards the audience. What kind of behavior is this?"

Bodhidharma said, "I used to keep, just like other speakers, the audience in front of me. But I found just a wall, and it was hurting, so I decided that it is better to keep the audience behind me and face the wall. The wall does not hurt, because it is a wall. It does not listen, but you cannot expect a wall to listen. But when I talk to people, and I see just walls around, it hurts. And I cannot stop speaking, because that which has grown in me is overflowing, and I cannot control it.

Zarathustra says, BUT WHY DO I SPEAK WHERE NO ONE HAS MY KIND OF EARS? AND SO I WILL SHOUT IT OUT TO ALL THE WINDS. I will not bother about people, whether they hear or not, I will talk to the winds. Perhaps they may carry the word, perhaps they may carry the message to the right kind of ears.

But it is very unfortunate that people like Zarathustra and Bodhidharma should feel so frustrated with our so-called humanity -- and the intelligentsia particularly are more dead, because they already think they know.

YOU WILL BECOME SMALLER AND SMALLER.... This is something so prophetic that it has come to be true.

YOU WILL BECOME SMALLER AND SMALLER, YOU SMALL PEOPLE! YOU WILL CRUMBLE AWAY, YOU COMFORTABLE PEOPLE! YOU WILL YET PERISH -- THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL VIRTUES, THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL OMISSIONS, THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL SUBMISSIONS!

What are our virtues? Is what our so-called religions teach virtuous? In the eyes of Zarathustra they are so small that your virtues -- rather than making you greater, giving you a grandeur -- make you even smaller.

I have heard about a woman who was a miser. In her whole life, she had only given a rotten carrot to a beggar -- that was all you could call virtuous in her. She died, and the angels came to take her. The problem was the carrot -- she has done a virtuous act; you cannot send her to hell.

So they told the woman, "This is your carrot that you gave to a beggar. This is your only virtue, so hold onto it, and it will go like a rocket towards heaven. Remember not to lose the grip."

The people who had gathered -- hearing that the old woman, the old miser, has died -- were surprised that the woman was being uplifted by something they could not see. But she was going upwards! They could not lose such a chance, so somebody took hold of her legs.

It became a long queue. And the carrot was going up and the woman was very angry -- angry naturally because it was *her* virtue, and all these neighbors hanging in a long queue... she could not tolerate it. When they reached near heaven, she shouted, "You idiots. You have never done anything virtuous. This carrot is MINE!" But at that moment the carrot was lost, and with the woman the whole queue fell down to earth. The woman was dead, but she killed almost two hundred people.

What are our virtues: that you have given something to eat to a beggar, that you have

donated for a temple to be raised. But do you think these are virtues?

I have heard, a man had just won a lottery, and he was so happy. Coming home he had to pass a bridge, and on the side of the bridge there was sitting an old blind beggar, who had always been sitting there. He had never given anything to him, but today was a different day; he had got such a big lump sum of money. He gave one rupee to the beggar.

The beggar looked at it and said, "Sir, it is fake."

The man said, "My God! You are blind, and you can see whether the coin is fake or authentic."

He said, "To tell you the truth, this is not my place; it belongs to my friend who is blind. Today he has gone to see the matinee show. I am the other fellow who sits on the other side of the bridge. I am just keeping his place, so nobody else gets into it. It is a very good corner.

"First I also used to be blind, but people were cheating, and I could not even say to them that they are cheating, so I dropped that idea. Now I have become deaf. Right now I am not, but when you see me in my place I am completely deaf -- because I saw that at least I can prevent people cheating me."

You think you are doing virtue by giving to a beggar; the beggar thinks he is cheating you, the beggar thinks that you are a fool. What are your virtues? Your virtues make you... but you are not great, you are not enjoying your virtues. They must be too small.

Zarathustra says, THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL VIRTUES, THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL OMISSIONS, THROUGH YOUR MANY SMALL SUBMISSIONS!
TOO INDULGENT, TOO YIELDING: THAT IS THE STATE OF YOUR SOIL! BUT IN ORDER TO GROW BIG, A TREE WANTS TO STRIKE HARD ROOTS INTO HARD ROCKS!

This small, so-called religiousness will not help. Because you fasted one day, you pray every day, you go to the temple every day, you kneel down before statues of God... just think what value all these things have. They keep you small.

TO GROW BIG, A TREE WANTS TO STRIKE HARD ROOTS INTO HARD ROCKS!
'IT IS GIVEN' -- THAT IS ALSO A DOCTRINE OF SUBMISSION. BUT I TELL YOU, YOU COMFORTABLE PEOPLE: IT IS TAKEN.

A very important point to be remembered. It has been said by all the teachers, without exception, that truth is given to you -- given by God. Zarathustra says, "It is not given, it is taken."

Only one man in this century, George Gurdjieff, had a similar idea, even more rough and more hard. He used to say, "Unless you are ready to steal the truth you will not get it." It is not only a question of taking; you have to steal it, you have to risk everything -- even your respectability, even your so-called virtue, your morality.

Truth cannot be given by anyone to anybody else. Zarathustra is right: it has to be taken. And to take it, you need to be not a coward, not a slave, not a beggar, but a lion: strong, able to take it.

A given truth is just a lie. And all your truths are given truths. Who has given you your God? Who has given you your truth? Who has given you your religion?

Just check one thing: has it been given to you, or have you taken it? If it has been given to you, throw it away -- it means nothing, it is self-deception. You have to be strong enough to take it.

OH, THAT YOU UNDERSTOOD MY SAYING: 'ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU WILL -- BUT FIRST BE SUCH AS CAN WILL!' -- a very subtle difference, but very great. He is saying, ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU WILL. You understand it, there is nothing difficult in understanding it -- ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU WILL -- but are you capable of willing?

BUT FIRST BE SUCH AS CAN WILL! -- because willing needs a non-submissive, strong, independent individuality; otherwise you cannot will. You can only pray; you can ask, you can beg. Your will will remain impotent. Become more crystallized, more of an individual, less a part of the crowd, so that you *can* will.

ALWAYS LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELVES. This is a famous statement, later on made by Jesus. But Zarathustra's insights are far deeper.

He says -- he had no idea about Jesus, Jesus came five hundred years afterwards; but the saying must have been in existence -- ALWAYS LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELVES -- BUT FIRST BE SUCH AS LOVE THEMSELVES. That is more difficult. Love them as they are -- not as yourselves.

Loving your neighbor as yourself is simply loving your own image in the mirror. It is not a great virtue, it is a small virtue.

Love the neighbor as he is. Whether he fulfills your ideas or is against them, whether he looks moral to you or immoral, these are unimportant things. He is a human being, and he has every right to be himself. Love him as he is. Your love should not become a demand, your love should not ask him to be different than he is.

This statement, LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELVES, has another implication also which Zarathustra has not mentioned, which I have come across almost every day. And this is how man remains blind.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELVES... and you have forgotten one thing: Do you love yourself? It is very rare to find a person who loves himself. People *hate* themselves. They don't want to be the way they are; they want to be somebody else... somebody else has a better nose, somebody else has better eyes, somebody else has a better body, somebody is more proportionate, somebody has better intelligence.

People hate themselves. And your religions have been teaching you contradictory things, which have created confusion and a chaos in your mind. On the one hand they say, "You have to become like Gautam Buddha." Then how can you love yourself? You have to hate yourself, you have to destroy yourself, dismantle yourself, and try to be like Gautam Buddha or Jesus or Krishna.

On the one hand they say, "Be like the great religious leaders, saints," and on the other hand they go on saying, "Love your neighbor as yourself."

If you really love your neighbor as yourself, you will have to hate him, because you hate yourself. You don't find anything in yourself which is worth loving. In fact, when people fall in love with each other, both are surprised: "My God, what has this man found in me which I have not found myself?" And the man also thinks, "This woman is a little bit crazy -- she loves *me*, who has lived with himself for all these thirty years and has not found a single thing worth any value."

Lovers surprise each other. Although nobody says it, both feel, deep down, really strange -- such a beautiful woman... a beauty loving a beast! And the beautiful woman knows perfectly well that she is a bitch -- such a young fellow, so beautiful falling in love with a bitch!

But these are inside things. They will become apparent after the honeymoon -- then they will come to know each other -- but then it is too late. They have promised to each other, "I will love you for my whole life. And not only in this life, if I am born again I will love you again. My love is not the ordinary love that changes, it is love eternal."

Now, what to do with your promises when you discover who the other person is in reality? Then they go on accumulating hate for each other -- pretending, acting love, but it

becomes just acting.

AMONG THIS PEOPLE I AM MY OWN FORERUNNER, MY OWN COCK-CROW THROUGH DARK LANES. Every great mystic has been a forerunner to himself, because every great mystic has come before his time. You can see it -- Zarathustra is even today not our contemporary. He is still ahead of us; he had come too soon, too early.

BUT THEIR HOUR IS COMING! AND MINE TOO IS COMING! HOURLY WILL THEY BECOME SMALLER, POORER, MORE BARREN -- POOR WEEDS! POOR SOIL!
AND SOON THEY SHALL STAND BEFORE ME LIKE ARID GRASS AND STEPPE, AND TRULY!
WEARY OF THEMSELVES -- AND LONGING FOR FIRE RATHER THAN FOR WATER!

Perhaps we have come to the point... his prophecy seems to be coming true. Man is preparing more for war than for peace. Man is creating more for death than for life. Seventy percent of all the wealth of the world is devoted to creating nuclear weapons.

WEARY OF THEMSELVES... perhaps humanity is tired now of being small, being too mean, being too jealous, being too ugly, and has lost all hope of growing out of this muddy state, has forgotten that lotuses are born in mud... AND LONGING FOR FIRE RATHER THAN FOR WATER!

It seems that people are deep-down ready to commit a global suicide; otherwise there is no reason why so much money should be wasted, and so much energy should be wasted for war.

All that money and all that energy and all that scientific genius can make this earth a paradise. But nobody is interested in that. Everybody is interested in finding more and more dangerous weapons. And now it is absolutely clear that nobody can be the victor, nobody can be the defeated; all will be dead. Still man goes on accumulating.

Even poorer countries, like Pakistan or India, are dying to create nuclear weapons. And the scientific surveys show that by the end of this century... right now only five nations have nuclear weapons, but by the end of this century twenty-five more nations will have joined in the nuclear club. Thirty nations will be nuclear powers.

What has happened to man's intelligence, that it is only devoted to a single cause -- death?

O BLESSED HOUR OF THE LIGHTNING! O MYSTERY BEFORE NOONTIDE! ONE DAY I SHALL TURN THEM INTO RUNNING FIRE AND HERALDS WITH TONGUES OF FLAME --
ONE DAY THEY SHALL PROCLAIM WITH TONGUES OF FLAME: IT IS COMING, IT IS NEAR, THE GREAT NOONTIDE!

But Zarathustra still hopes that we can even transform fire into a creative energy. You cook your food on fire and you can also burn your house with fire. Fire is neutral. All energies are neutral; it depends on you to what use you want to put them.

Zarathustra is not weary of himself. He still hopes that one day he will be able to declare... THE GREAT NOONTIDE.

That is his symbolic expression for the greatest explosion of light, love, individuality, freedom. All these he calls, THE GREAT NOONTIDE -- the highest peak in human consciousness.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #12

Chapter title: Of the apostates

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE APOSTATES

HE WHO IS OF MY SORT WILL ALSO ENCOUNTER EXPERIENCES OF MY SORT, SO THAT HIS FIRST COMPANIONS MUST BE CORPSES AND BUFFOONS.

HIS SECOND COMPANIONS, HOWEVER, WILL CALL THEMSELVES HIS BELIEVERS: A LIVELY FLOCK, FULL OF LOVE, FULL OF FOLLY, FULL OF ADOLESCENT ADORATION.

HE AMONG MEN WHO IS OF MY SORT SHOULD NOT GRAPPLE HIS HEART TO THESE BELIEVERS; HE WHO KNOWS FICKLE-COWARDLY HUMAN NATURE SHOULD NOT BELIEVE IN THESE SPRINGS AND MANY-COLORED MEADOWS!...

`WE HAVE GROWN PIOUS AGAIN' -- THUS THESE APOSTATES CONFESS; AND MANY OF THEM ARE STILL TOO COWARDLY TO CONFESS IT....

BUT IT IS A DISGRACE TO PRAY! NOT FOR EVERYONE, BUT FOR YOU AND ME AND FOR WHOEVER ELSE HAS HIS CONSCIENCE IN HIS HEAD. FOR YOU IT IS A DISGRACE TO PRAY! YOU KNOW IT WELL: THE COWARDLY DEVIL IN YOU WHO WOULD LIKE TO CLASP HIS HANDS AND TO FOLD HIS ARMS AND TO TAKE IT EASIER: -- IT WAS THIS COWARDLY DEVIL WHO PERSUADED YOU: `THERE IS A GOD!'

THROUGH THAT, HOWEVER, HAVE YOU BECOME ONE OF THOSE WHO DREAD THE LIGHT, WHOM LIGHT NEVER LETS REST; NOW YOU MUST STICK YOUR HEAD DEEPER EVERY DAY INTO NIGHT AND FOG!

... THE HOUR HAS ARRIVED FOR ALL PEOPLE WHO FEAR THE LIGHT, THE EVENING HOUR OF EASE WHEN THERE IS NO -- `EASE' FOR THEM....

AND SOME OF THEM HAVE EVEN BECOME NIGHT-WATCHMEN: NOW THEY KNOW HOW TO BLOW HORNS AND TO GO AROUND AT NIGHT AND AWAKEN OLD THINGS THAT HAVE LONG BEEN ASLEEP.

I HEARD FIVE SAYINGS ABOUT OLD THINGS LAST NIGHT BESIDE THE GARDEN WALL: THEY CAME FROM SUCH OLD, DISTRESSED, DRIED-UP NIGHT-WATCHMEN:

`FOR A FATHER HE DOES NOT LOOK AFTER HIS CHILDREN ENOUGH: HUMAN FATHERS DO IT BETTER!'

`HE IS TOO OLD! HE NO LONGER LOOKS AFTER HIS CHILDREN AT ALL' -- THUS THE OTHER NIGHT-WATCHMAN ANSWERED.

`HAS HE ANY CHILDREN? NO ONE CAN PROVE IT, IF HE DOESN'T PROVE IT HIMSELF! I HAVE LONG WISHED HE WOULD PROVE IT THOROUGHLY FOR ONCE.'

`PROVE IT? AS IF HE HAS EVER PROVED ANYTHING! HE FINDS IT HARD TO PROVE THINGS; HE THINKS IT VERY IMPORTANT THAT PEOPLE SHOULD BELIEVE HIM.'

`YES, YES! BELIEF MAKES HIM HAPPY, BELIEF IN HIM. OLD PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT!...

... HAS NOT THE TIME FOR ALL SUCH DOUBTS LONG SINCE PASSED?...

WITH THE OLD GODS, THEY HAVE LONG SINCE MET THEIR END -- AND TRULY, THEY HAD A

FINE, MERRY, DIVINE ENDING!
THEY DID NOT 'FADE AWAY IN TWILIGHT' -- THAT IS A LIE! ON THE CONTRARY: THEY ONCE
-- LAUGHED THEMSELVES TO DEATH!
THAT HAPPENED WHEN THE MOST GODLESS SAYING PROCEEDED FROM A GOD HIMSELF,
THE SAYING: 'THERE IS ONE GOD! YOU SHALL HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME!' --
AN OLD WRATH-BEARD OF A GOD, A JEALOUS GOD, THUS FORGOT HIMSELF:
AND ALL THE GODS LAUGHED THEN AND ROCKED IN THEIR CHAIRS AND CRIED: 'IS NOT
PRECISELY THIS GODLINESS, THAT THERE ARE GODS BUT NO GOD?'
HE WHO HAS EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra is trying, from every possible aspect, to understand why man has not evolved as he should have -- why he has remained childish, why the superman has not yet arrived. What are the causes that are preventing his coming, and how can those hindrances be removed and the closed doors opened, and the superman welcomed? He is not leaving any aspect unexplored. His search into the possibility of man transforming into a superman is exhaustive. Nobody has ever thought about the superman so much.

People have been thinking about all kinds of hypothetical things. For centuries they have pondered over the existence of God. Some have even denied Him, many have accepted Him, few have ignored Him. A few have taken the stance of the agnostic -- that it is not possible to know anything about God and we do not know whether He exists or He does not. But thousands of philosophers and millions of books, treatises have been devoted to something for which not a single proof exists.

Zarathustra is alone in contemplating the superman. The superman is not a hypothesis, because man is already in existence; he can be refined, all that is ugly in him can be destroyed. All that makes him small can be removed, and the superman will arise in man's consciousness without fail. Zarathustra is not concerned with any fiction, he is utterly a realist. It is not a dream that cannot be fulfilled, it is a dream that has every potential for fulfillment.

Superman is not somewhere in the sky, superman is within you. Superman is you in your purest form, in your most conscious awakening, in your experience of eternal life, in your purification of love. It is very close by -- it is just your neighbor.

You have only to transcend yourself. You have to come out from your dark holes. You have to risk a little -- the familiar for the unfamiliar, the known for the unknown, the comfortable for the dangerous -- and you will be pregnant with the superman, you will give birth to the superman.

God was the past, superman is the future. Nothing can be done about the past; everything can be done about the future. God was your creator, superman is going to be your creation -- and this makes a difference, so vital, so immense and immeasurable, that there is no possibility to make a bridge between God and the superman. God is always somewhere in the graves and superman is always somewhere in the future potentiality of your life, of your love and your consciousness.

This evening Zarathustra is approaching the superman from still a different angle, one he has not approached yet.

He says, HE WHO IS OF MY SORT WILL ALSO ENCOUNTER EXPERIENCES OF MY SORT, SO THAT HIS FIRST COMPANIONS MUST BE CORPSES AND BUFFOONS. First he is saying, "Whoever is of my sort, whoever has a clarity of consciousness exactly the same as I have is bound to have the same kind of experiences. That can be predicted, because your experiences depend on the quality of your consciousness. The

higher your consciousness is, the more blissful, more peaceful, more joyous experiences start blossoming in you.

At the highest peak a Gautam Buddha, or a Mahavira, or a Zarathustra are no longer three persons. Because three silences cannot remain separate, three ecstasies cannot remain separate -- three zeros are bound to become one zero.

It has to be understood, that things which make you separate are always painful. There is no way to participate with you in your migraine, in your anxieties, in your anguishes. Misery makes people separate; blissfulness brings them close. And as they reach to the purest form, the highest peak, they are no longer separate beings but one heart, one love, one joy, one ecstasy. In the ultimate we are one. Only in hell are we many. The more you feel yourself separate from others, the more you are living a life of misery, suffering -- a life which is not worth calling a life.

Looking at the earth you will find so many separations, so many discriminations. Looked at deeply, they are not accidental. So many nations, so many religions, so many sects, cults, and creeds only point to one truth: that man has fallen so low in the dark abysses of existence that he cannot make any connections, any bridges with anyone.

It is one of the most surprising facts, that at the lowest you are lonely, because you cannot make bridges around you. You have forgotten the language of love, you have forgotten how to communicate, how to relate. You are lonely in the darkness -- just tears of agony and a cry of tremendous pain.

On the highest peak of blissfulness, again you are alone, but not lonely. You are alone, because at that peak whoever reaches it merges into one orgasmic experience, into one oceanic experience -- just as rivers go on merging into the ocean. They may be coming through different paths, from different mountains, from different lakes, passing different territories, but in the ocean they suddenly lose all their boundaries. They become as free as the ocean is.

Gautam Buddha is reported to have said, "Taste the ocean from anywhere and you will find the same taste." It does not matter from where you have tasted the ocean. At the highest peak again one becomes alone. But this aloneness is a togetherness, this aloneness is a tremendous merger. With all those who have arrived there is a melting, you cannot keep yourself separate.

Even in ordinary life you may have observed the fact: when you are laughing, suddenly you are one in your laughter, and when you are crying you are alone. When you are joyous and dancing you start melting into each other, and when you are miserable all the bridges are broken; you have suddenly become absolutely lonely in a vast universe.

Zarathustra is right: whoever has my sort of will is bound to encounter experiences of my sort, because all experiences depend on your consciousness. Experiences don't depend on outside things, they depend on your inner growth, inner vision.

There is an ancient story: A king, his prime minister and his bodyguard have all lost their way in a deep forest where they have been hunting. The sun is setting and they come across a blind beggar sitting under a tree. The first man to come to the blind beggar is the bodyguard. He says to the beggar, "What are you doing here, you blind man?"

He said, "I am not doing anything. I don't have any other place. The whole day I beg and in the night I come here to rest."

And the bodyguard said, "Can you tell us the way to the town?"

He said, "Of course, but first I will tell you, that you seem to be a very lower kind of

person. Perhaps you are a constable, a bodyguard, who does not even know how to talk to an old blind man."

Then comes the prime minister and with great etiquette he asks the old man, "I have lost the way. It would be very kind of you if you could help me to find the way."

The old man says, "Just now, one man -- perhaps he was part of your party -- has passed and I have shown him the way. Was he a bodyguard?"

The prime minister said, "You are blind, how could you figure it out? You seem to be immensely wise. Yes, he was a bodyguard. Forgive me if he has misbehaved with you."

The blind man said, "Nobody can misbehave with me. Life has misbehaved with me. But I can say about you, that you are a man of manners. Perhaps a member of the court of the king, or maybe the prime minister."

Then came the king. He touched the feet of the old man and said, "There is no need to remain here in the open under the sky -- the clouds are gathering. You can come with me to the palace, and you can show me the way to it. We have been hunting and we have lost our way."

The old man said, "Just by your compassion you show the quality of your consciousness. You certainly are the king of this kingdom. And it is not just a coincidence, you have the qualities to be the king. Just before you, your prime minister passed me, and before that your guard passed me."

The king said, "You are blind, how can you manage to figure out who is who?"

The blind man said, "It would have been better if you had not asked that question. Once, I was also a king of a small kingdom. I lost the kingdom, but I have not lost the memory, the consciousness. There is no need for me to see, just the manners of a person are enough to show me to what category he belongs. Your grace makes you a king, not vice versa."

The king took him to the palace and he made him his permanent guest. He would not allow him to beg anymore.

He said, "A man who can, just by manners, decide the quality of a person -- his profession, his category of consciousness -- is a sage. His outer eyes may be blind, but his inner eyes are fully open."

If you look into different people's lives you start finding that their very consciousness is being expressed in their words, in their movements, in their behavior. Because from where are all these going to arise? The consciousness is the source of all that you are, and as your consciousness changes you start changing in your behavior, in your manners. Even the smallest things in your life start changing.

Zarathustra is right: when you have my sort of consciousness you will understand what I am saying immediately. There will be a deep rapport. He says: if you are a man who has become awakened, whose superman is no longer asleep, your... **FIRST COMPANIONS MUST BE CORPSES AND BUFFOONS.**

For the superman the ordinary man is just a corpse, a breathing corpse. His behavior is not of authentic life, he is just somehow surviving. Perhaps he has forgotten how not to breathe. Just as an old habit he goes on breathing, goes on producing children, goes on eating; eating all kinds of junk without ever thinking why he is eating it.

I have heard about a man whose wife was getting fatter and fatter and fatter. Her whole work was simply to sit on the sofa and go on eating, drinking. If there was nothing to eat, there was at least chewing gum, but her mouth was continuously at work.

He went to a psychologist and asked him, "Can you suggest something to me? I'm tired. I have told her many times, but it seems meaningless. She has become so ugly, but she goes on

gathering fat. That's her whole work, twenty-four hours a day."

The psychologist said, "You take this with you." He took out from his file a picture of a very beautiful naked woman -- very proportionate body, charming and attractive.

The man said, "How is this picture going to help?"

The psychologist said, "You do one thing: you just paste it inside the fridge, so each time she opens the fridge.... And she opens it the whole day, to take this thing out, to take that thing out. So each time she will be reminded of what she is doing to her own body. Once she was also as beautiful as this woman."

The man said, "The idea seems to be significant. I will try it. There is no harm in trying."

After six months the psychologist met him in a shopping mall. He could not believe the man was so fat, it was almost impossible to recognize him.

The fat man recognized him, "Have you forgotten me, doctor?"

He said, "I don't remember ever having seen you before."

He said, "What are you saying? You are my family psychologist. Just six months ago you gave me that picture. That picture did work, you can see it in me, but it worked in a wrong way. My wife does not look at it at all, but because of the picture I have started going to the fridge, just to have a look at it. And when one opens the fridge, then there are temptations to have some ice cream.... Because of that picture you spoiled me. My wife has gone ahead, she does not care at all about that girl.

"First she was very angry, saying, 'Why are you putting this picture in the fridge?' When I said, 'This has been suggested by the psychologist,' she said, 'To hell, with your psychologist!' Now it is too late, I cannot go back. She has gathered more weight, and you have destroyed my life too. I also cannot go back anymore."

Such is the unconscious behavior of man. With this unconsciousness, can you say a man is really alive, or is he just a robot?

For the man of awareness, the people he will find as companions first will be the corpses. They have died a long, long time ago -- just people have not buried them and they are still walking around. Just out of old habit they are still doing things. But a life without consciousness is not life at all.

You have life only in the same proportion as you have consciousness.

Or you will be meeting with buffoons, who pretend to understand everything and who understand nothing at all. They are idiots, but they pretend to be very wise. The world is full of corpses and buffoons. The whole work of the buffoon is to prove himself the wise man, and to ridicule everybody else, to make a laughingstock of everybody else -- not knowing that he is simply becoming a buffoon himself. It is not wisdom; wisdom is compassionate. It is simply an effort to prove: "I am wiser than you, and the easiest way to prove it is to laugh at you."

HIS SECOND COMPANIONS, HOWEVER, WILL CALL THEMSELVES HIS BELIEVERS: A LIVELY FLOCK, FULL OF LOVE, FULL OF FOLLY, FULL OF ADOLESCENT ADORATION.

These will be his second companions: the believers, who are continuously in search to believe in someone. They cannot live without belief; belief is their spiritual nourishment. And belief is always empty. It has no content in it, it is a pretender; it pretends to be true. And it is cheap; you don't have to pay anything for it. The people are ignorant but they don't want to be ignorant, and the easiest way to cover their ignorance is by acquiring as many beliefs as possible.

You will find the Christian believer, you will find the Hindu believer, you will find the Buddhist believer, and they are all in the same boat. They are carrying the same luggage, just

their labels are different.

Belief as such needs a blind man, who wants to show to the world that he is not blind, that he knows everything about light. Talking about light, he thinks he is proving that he has eyes. People talk about God, people talk about the soul, people talk about truth, and by talking they convince themselves that they know about these things. They know nothing. All these are their beliefs.

Belief is the greatest poison in the world. It has prevented the superman from arising within your soul. It destroys your intelligence. It keeps you retarded. You become very knowledgeable, you become very learned, very respected, but deep down inside you there is nothing but darkness. The old ignorance is still there, intact. Your knowledge cannot make even a dent in your ignorance.

Your knowledge cannot bring any transformation to you, but it can bring honors, awards, Nobel prizes. It can make you a very respected citizen of the world. But you know perfectly well that all your knowledge is superficial, it is all borrowed. The foundation is belief -- not knowing, not experience.

This creates the greatest hypocrisy in human beings. They have to pretend according to their belief system. Of course they cannot live according to it, because it is not their experience, so they have a mask in public and in their privacy they put the mask away. In their privacy you will know that they are a totally different person.

From their back door they are truer; in their drawing room they are utterly false. In the crowd they are nothing but actors on the stage; only in aloneness do they relax a little. And that's why these kind of people are very much afraid of aloneness, because the aloneness brings them the awareness of their ignorance. All their virtue, all their knowledge, all their character is just painted. Inside are all kinds of wild animals.

I have heard: A woman and a man are making love, and suddenly the woman says, "I have heard the car of my husband entering the garage. He was not expected, but sometimes he comes unexpectedly. You just hide in the cupboard."

The man could not find any other way to escape. Naked, he is standing inside the cupboard. The husband comes in and says that he had to come home for something that was needed immediately -- he was a detective in the police department. While he is talking to his wife the man, standing naked in the cold night, shivering, hears a small voice just by his side. A little boy is saying, "It is very dark here."

He said, "Keep quiet! I will give you ten dollars." The boy said, "But it is very dark!" He gives him twenty dollars.

The boy said, "I will scream, because it is *really* dark." He said, "Strange... I have got only fifty dollars. You take it all, but have mercy on me. Don't scream."

The next day the boy asked his father, "I want to purchase a bicycle." The father said, "Bicycle? But I don't have that much money."

The boy said, "You don't be worried about the money. I have enquired, it costs only fifty dollars and I have got fifty dollars." He showed him the fifty dollars. The father said, "But from where did you get these fifty dollars?" About that he keeps quiet.

The father says, "Unless you tell me where you got these fifty dollars from, I'm not going to take you to the market." But the boy said, "I cannot say. You want to destroy my very source of income? -- because once I say it, it is finished."

The father said, "Strange source of income, that you cannot say anything about it." He said, "I cannot say anything about it because once I say it, it is finished. And I don't want to finish my source of income."

The father said, "Then do one thing. It is Sunday, first we will go to the church... you confess to the priest, don't tell me, and the priest will not tell anybody else."

He said, "That's right! That I can do." He goes into the confessional. It is a small booth, and the priest is sitting behind a curtain. The boy says, "It is very dark here," and the priest says, "You son of a bitch, you are starting it all over again!"

These are your priests: they have one face in the church, another in reality. But it is not only about the priests, it is about almost everybody -- nobody is sincere. And this insincerity has come into the world because we have been told to believe, rather than to seek and search.

The world needs to be freed entirely from all beliefs, and there will be a great revolution. You will see for the first time people's original faces, their sincere individualities. You will be amazed what kind of society you have been living in, where everybody was a hypocrite.

These will be your second companions, Zarathustra says, if you are an awakened man: A LIVELY FLOCK.... They are not as dead as the first lot, because their belief gives them a false hope that now they are saved. Saved by Jesus Christ, saved by Krishna, saved by Gautam Buddha... but saved anyway, whoever is the savior.

FULL OF LOVE... although their love is very superficial. It cannot be very deep, because their very foundations are not very deep -- they are believers. But they will learn to act: how to be loving, how to show love.

FULL OF FOLLY.... That is natural, because they don't know anything and they believe they know everything. So on every step they do something foolish.

FULL OF ADOLESCENT ADORATION.... The childish mind always wants to adore somebody: the father, the mother. Their God is nothing but the projected idea of their father. HE AMONG MEN WHO IS OF MY SORT SHOULD NOT GRAPPLE HIS HEART TO THESE BELIEVERS; HE WHO KNOWS FICKLE-COWARDLY HUMAN NATURE SHOULD NOT BELIEVE IN THESE SPRINGS AND MANY-COLORED MEADOWS! 'WE HAVE GROWN PIOUS AGAIN' -- THUS THESE APOSTATES CONFESS; AND MANY OF THEM ARE STILL TOO COWARDLY TO CONFESS IT.

Zarathustra says, "Anybody who has any awareness, any consciousness, even a ray of light in his life will not be deceived by the crowd of the believers -- they are all cowardly."

The day Jesus was crucified all his twelve apostles escaped. There were thousands of people there to see the crucifixion; they were all waiting for some miracle to happen. Only those twelve apostles were not there. They were afraid that if somebody recognizes them -- they were well known, they were moving continuously with Jesus in the small country of Judea -- if somebody recognizes them, it can be dangerous, it can lead them to the same fate as Jesus Christ. If they can crucify Jesus... they are very small flies. But these cowardly people have become his twelve messengers in the world. Now the Vatican pope represents these apostles.

Zarathustra is saying, "Don't believe in your believers! Beware of it; they don't deserve it, they are not worthy of it."

BUT IT IS A DISGRACE TO PRAY! NOT FOR EVERYONE, BUT FOR YOU AND ME AND FOR WHOEVER ELSE HAS HIS CONSCIENCE IN HIS HEAD. He is saying, "Remember this too, that a man of conscience, a man of consciousness cannot pray." Pray to whom, and pray for what, and pray why?

A man of consciousness accepts his responsibility, he does not want to throw the responsibility on the shoulders of God. He knows, even if he is in pain, not to be affected by it but to remain alert and watchful, because everything passes by -- just as pleasure passes by, pain also passes by.

It is cowardly to pray. Praying for help means you are becoming submissive, you are ready to surrender your dignity, your pride, your humanity. It is a disgrace to pray, says Zarathustra. Twenty-five centuries ago, Zarathustra roared like a lion. Even today people will feel afraid to say that it is a disgrace to pray -- but the truth is the truth. It is not graceful to pray.

What *is* graceful is to transform yourself. What *is* graceful is not to ask any help from any fictitious God, or any pretender who says that he is a savior.

He is saying: This disgrace is... NOT FOR EVERYONE, BUT FOR YOU AND ME AND FOR WHOEVER ELSE HAS HIS CONSCIENCE IN HIS HEAD. For you it is a disgrace to pray, but not for everyone.

Almost the whole world is praying in different places -- in synagogues, in churches, in *gurudwaras*, in temples, in mosques. It makes no difference where you are praying, it makes no difference to which God you are praying, the essentiality is the same: that you are being disgraceful to yourself, that you are not asserting your individuality and its uniqueness.

You are not saying, "I will carry... if pain is going to be my life, I accept it. If death is going to be my fate, I will welcome it, but I will not ask for some savior to interfere. I will remain on my own, I will remain myself." Prayer is betraying you and your very being.

YOU KNOW IT WELL: THE COWARDLY DEVIL IN YOU WHO WOULD LIKE TO CLASP HIS HANDS AND TO FOLD HIS ARMS AND TO TAKE IT EASIER: -- IT WAS THIS COWARDLY DEVIL WHO PERSUADED YOU: "THERE IS A GOD!" This is a tremendously strange statement, but at the same time a very true statement too. It was the cowardly devil inside you, who persuaded you that there is a God. All the religions have been saying that the devil is against God.

Zarathustra is saying, "The devil is the inventor of God, and the devil is simply a symbol of your cowardliness. It is your cowardliness which has invented a God -- just to support you, just to protect you, just to be a father to you. You are not mature, that's why a father figure is needed."

Zarathustra would like you to be mature enough that you don't need a father, that you drop all your cowardliness. And with your cowardliness your God will also disappear like a dark shadow. THROUGH THAT, HOWEVER, HAVE YOU BECOME ONE OF THOSE WHO DREAD THE LIGHT, WHOM LIGHT NEVER LETS REST; NOW YOU MUST STICK YOUR HEAD DEEPER EVERY DAY INTO NIGHT AND FOG!

Your cowardliness has made you afraid of life, has made you afraid of truth, has made you afraid of anything that disturbs your comfortable belief.

I am reminded of a man in my village.... Hindus have two prominent gods -- I said two prominent gods, because they have thirty-three million gods. The time they invented thirty-three million gods was the time when India had a population of thirty-three million, and it seemed perfectly right and mathematical that everybody should have a god. Why not? Why be so miserly, and why be so monopolistic? Why create one god? -- because the very idea of one god is fascist, it is Nazi.

The Indian idea is perfectly true: for thirty-three million people, thirty-three million gods; everybody can have his own god. It seems more graceful and more democratic. And you can do whatsoever you want with your god, it is nobody else's business.

But two gods have become very prominent: Krishna and Rama. Both are Hindu incarnations of God. But such is the mind of man, he will create conflict everywhere. There are followers of Rama who will not go into the temples of Krishna, and there are followers of Krishna who will not go into the temples of Rama. And not only ordinary people, but a very

great poet, Tulsidas. As a poet he is certainly a great poet, but as a religious person he is as childish as any retarded man can be.

His biographer, Navadas, writes about an incident: He took Tulsidas to Vrindavan, which is the place of Krishna, and where there stands one of the most beautiful statues of Krishna. And Navadas said to Tulsidas, "It will be unfortunate if you don't go to Krishna's temple. The statue is worth seeing, just as a piece of art. Don't think that he is God"... because he cannot think of him as God, he is a follower of Rama.

But Tulsidas refused, and Tulsidas said, "I can only enter a temple which belongs to Rama. And if Krishna wants Tulsidas to enter into his temple, then he has to change his form and stand like Rama with a bow in his hand." That is Rama's symbol, the bow and the arrows; just as the flute is the symbol of Krishna. He said, "I will not enter, unless Krishna wants."

Do you see the ego of the believer, the futile ego of the believer, the folly of the believer, that if Krishna wants Tulsidas to enter into his temple... why should Krishna want it? But Tulsidas is a great poet. If he wants Tulsidas to enter into his temple then he has to take the form of Rama. Only then can he enter; otherwise not.

In my village there was a small temple and a small ashram of Krishna. And the old priest was not even ready to hear the name of Rama. He used to pass through the streets with both his fingers in his ears, because children and urchins would shout around him, "Rama!" and he could not hear this bad name.

When he was dying, I was present in his temple. As I heard that he was very sick, and dying... because I was one of the torturers of the old man. I said, "Just to say goodbye" -- an old friendship. I had been following him wherever he would go, because there were times when he had to take his fingers out -- if he was to purchase vegetables, he would have to take his fingers out -- and that was the time when I would shout "Rama!"

Immediately he would put his fingers back in and he would say, "You are the worst rascal of the boys in this town, because you follow me, but you never shout when I am keeping my ears closed. You watch for the right moment. And of course I have to sometimes...."

He would be taking a bath in the river -- now and then he would have to take one -- and immediately I would appear from the water, shouting, "Rama!" And immediately he would close his ears. And he was so angry.

When he was dying, I said, "It is not right for me not to go," so I went in. His disciples tried to prevent me. I said, "Don't prevent me, because this is the last farewell and we have been companions for so long." So I went in, and because he was dying he had forgotten to put his fingers in his ears. I went close to him -- it was dismal and dark in his cottage -- and I whispered in his ear, "Rama."

So he said, "You have come. But now I am so weak, I cannot even raise my hands."

I said, "Then I will say again the name `Rama.' Just for the last time, before you leave the body."

He said, "Don't do that to me, because I am a devotee of Krishna and at the last moment I should remember Krishna; and if you remain here by my side I will remember Rama, not Krishna. You are so much associated with him. For years you have been shouting... just let me die peacefully!"

These are the believers -- so afraid. Even the word... they will not read some other religion's scriptures for the simple fear that some doubt may arise. But if your belief is so superficial, and so afraid, and so cowardly, it is not going to save you. It is going to drown

you in darkness and a lower state of consciousness.

THE HOUR HAS ARRIVED FOR ALL PEOPLE WHO FEAR THE LIGHT, THE EVENING HOUR OF EASE WHEN THERE IS NO -- 'EASE' FOR THEM.

He is saying that evening is coming; the hour has arrived for all people who fear light, because light may expose them. THE EVENING HOUR OF EASE.... For them it should be a welcome time, that now there will be no light -- all over darkness. They can live with their belief, without any exposure.

But there is no ease for them, because a man of belief cannot relax. The moment he relaxes, doubts arise. He has to remain tense, and he has to remain on guard that no doubt should arise. Because he has repressed all kinds of doubts inside himself; any moment of relaxation, and all those doubts are going to surface.

AND SOME OF THEM HAVE EVEN BECOME NIGHT-WATCHMEN: NOW THEY KNOW HOW TO BLOW HORNS AND TO GO AROUND AT NIGHT AND AWAKEN OLD THINGS THAT HAVE LONG BEEN ASLEEP.

I HEARD FIVE SAYINGS ABOUT OLD THINGS LAST NIGHT BESIDE THE GARDEN WALL: THEY CAME FROM SUCH OLD, DISTRESSED, DRIED-UP NIGHT-WATCHMEN:

'FOR A FATHER HE DOES NOT LOOK AFTER HIS CHILDREN ENOUGH: HUMAN FATHERS DO IT BETTER!'

Even if you become a night-watchman.... The people who are living in beliefs are afraid of sleep too, because in sleep the dreams may come; and the dreams are going to be the dreams of their repressed doubt.

Sigmund Freud came across people who had dreams of repressed sex, but that is only one part of the story. Sigmund Freud never became aware that there are other kinds of repressions. People who have repressed their doubts, in their dreams, their doubts start floating in the consciousness.

All saints are afraid of sleep. They cut their sleep as much as possible, because when they are awake they can keep their beliefs and they can keep their doubts repressed but when they are asleep it is not within their control and the repressed is going to surface. Even though they have become night-watchmen, so that they don't have to sleep, still doubts arise.

Zarathustra says, I have heard a few things one night-watchman was saying about God:

'FOR A FATHER HE DOES NOT LOOK AFTER HIS CHILDREN ENOUGH: HUMAN FATHERS DO IT BETTER!' This is a doubt.

'HE IS TOO OLD! HE NO LONGER LOOKS AFTER HIS CHILDREN AT ALL' -- THUS THE OTHER NIGHT-WATCHMAN ANSWERED.

'HAS HE ANY CHILDREN? NO ONE CAN PROVE IT, IF HE DOESN'T PROVE IT HIMSELF! I HAVE LONG WISHED HE WOULD PROVE IT THOROUGHLY FOR ONCE.'

'PROVE IT? AS IF HE HAS EVER PROVED ANYTHING! HE FINDS IT HARD TO PROVE THINGS; HE THINKS IT VERY IMPORTANT THAT PEOPLE SHOULD BELIEVE HIM.'

'YES, YES! BELIEF MAKES HIM HAPPY, BELIEF IN HIM. OLD PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT!'

... HAS NOT THE TIME FOR ALL SUCH DOUBTS LONG SINCE PASSED? They are worried: these are doubts, and we were thinking that the time for doubts has long since passed -- but these doubts are still there. Doubts never go, unless you know.

Only your own knowing destroys doubts.

Believing never does that; in fact it keeps them alive and nourished.

WITH THE OLD GODS, THEY HAVE LONG SINCE MET THEIR END -- AND TRULY, THEY HAD A FINE, MERRY, DIVINE ENDING!

THEY DID NOT 'FADE AWAY IN TWILIGHT' -- THAT IS A LIE! ON THE CONTRARY: THEY ONCE -- LAUGHED THEMSELVES TO DEATH!

THAT HAPPENED WHEN THE MOST GODLESS SAYING PROCEEDED FROM A GOD HIMSELF,

THE SAYING: `THERE IS ONE GOD! YOU SHALL HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME!'

This is what the Old Testament says, this is what the Christians believe, this what the Mohammedans believe: there is only one God, and there is no God except the one God that they believe in. But Zarathustra says, "This statement is the most godless statement." Why is it godless? -- because the very idea of one God is against the very nature of existence.

Every soul has the right to reach to the peak and become a god. That's what Gautam Buddha believes, that's what Mahavira teaches, and that's what Zarathustra is saying. Buddhism doesn't have one God, Hinduism doesn't have one God -- the idea of one is monopolistic; it is something like monogamy, it is ugly. Why, in such a vast universe, should there be only one God? Why make this universe so poor? -- just one God!

Let there be a variety of gods, just as there is a variety of flowers. Let there be a variety of flowering consciousnesses -- different, unique, in their own right -- and existence will be richer. That's why Zarathustra says it was a godless saying. And because one god said it, all other gods laughed to their death. They laughed so much, "This old idiot must have gone mad. What is he saying? He is destroying the dignity of the whole existence and pretending to be just himself, the only God."

AN OLD WRATH-BEARD OF A GOD, A JEALOUS GOD, THUS FORGOT HIMSELF:
AND ALL THE GODS LAUGHED THEN AND ROCKED IN THEIR CHAIRS AND CRIED: `IS NOT
PRECISELY THIS GODLINESS, THAT THERE ARE GODS BUT NO GOD?'
HE WHO HAS EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR.

What does Zarathustra want you to hear? `IS NOT PRECISELY THIS GODLINESS,
THAT THERE ARE GODS BUT NO GOD?'

That's what I have been telling you again and again: the whole existence is divine.

There is godliness everywhere, but there is no single God as a person. The day we drop the idea of a single God as a person, all our religions and their discriminations will disappear. Then there is only godliness -- without form, just a quality, a fragrance. You can experience it, but you cannot pray to it; you can enjoy it, but you cannot make a temple around it; you can dance with it, you can sing with it, but you cannot praise it.

You will not find words to praise it, but you can sing a song of joy. And you can dance so totally that the dancer disappears and only the dance remains -- that is true religiousness and true gratefulness.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #13

Chapter title: The home-coming

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BELOVED OSHO,
THE HOME-COMING
O SOLITUDE! SOLITUDE, MY HOME! I HAVE LIVED TOO LONG WILDLY IN WILD STRANGE
LANDS TO COME HOME TO YOU WITHOUT TEARS!...
WE DO NOT QUESTION ONE ANOTHER, WE DO NOT COMPLAIN TO ONE ANOTHER, WE GO
OPENLY TOGETHER THROUGH OPEN DOORS....
HERE, THE WORDS... OF ALL EXISTENCE SPRING OPEN TO ME: ALL EXISTENCE HERE
WANTS TO BECOME WORDS, ALL BECOMING HERE WANTS TO LEARN SPEECH FROM ME.
DOWN THERE, HOWEVER -- ALL SPEECH IS IN VAIN! THERE, THE BEST WISDOM IS TO
FORGET AND PASS BY: I HAVE LEARNED THAT -- NOW!...
EVERYTHING AMONG THEM SPEAKS, NO ONE KNOWS ANY LONGER HOW TO
UNDERSTAND....
EVERYTHING AMONG THEM SPEAKS, EVERYTHING IS BETRAYED. AND WHAT WAS ONCE
CALLED A SECRET AND A SECRECY OF PROFOUND SOULS, TODAY BELONGS TO THE
STREET-TRUMPETERS AND OTHER BUTTERFLIES....
MY GREATEST DANGER ALWAYS LAY IN INDULGENCE AND SUFFERANCE; AND ALL
HUMANKIND WANTS TO BE INDULGED AND SUFFERED.
WITH TRUTHS HELD BACK... THAT IS HOW I USED TO LIVE AMONG MEN....
PITY TEACHES HIM TO LIE WHO LIVES AMONG THE GOOD. PITY MAKES THE AIR STIFLING
FOR ALL FREE SOULS. FOR THE STUPIDITY OF THE GOOD IS UNFATHOMABLE.
TO CONCEAL MYSELF AND MY RICHES -- THAT DID I LEARN DOWN THERE: FOR I FOUND
EVERYBODY STILL POOR IN SPIRIT....
THAT I SAW AND SCENTED IN EVERYBODY WHAT WAS SUFFICIENT SPIRIT FOR HIM AND
WHAT WAS TOO MUCH SPIRIT FOR HIM!...
WITH HAPPY NOSTRILS I BREATHE AGAIN MOUNTAIN-FREEDOM! AT LAST MY NOSE IS
DELIVERED FROM THE ODOUR OF ALL HUMANKIND!...
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Every man is in search of a home, because as he is, he is only a refugee: not at ease with himself or with the world around him, not relaxed the way one should be in his own home. Perhaps religion can be defined as the search for the home.

The psychologists have a certain insight into the phenomenon. The moment a child is born... he has lived for nine months in absolute comfort, in absolute security and safety, utterly relaxed. The mother's womb was his first experience of life -- no responsibility, no worry, no struggle, no suffering. He was in his element -- utterly satisfied, contented. But that

contentment, that satisfaction, that home, is lost when he is born.

Suddenly he finds himself in a strange world, with people he is not familiar with, with things which are absolutely new. He has to learn life from ABC, from scratch. Now he is no longer protected, safe, and secure.

Psychologists say the experience of nine months in the mother's womb is the basic cause for a tremendous desire in man to find again the same home -- the same old days of peace and silence, of no worry, no struggle, no "other"... of being oneself alone and enough unto oneself. There seems to be some truth in it.

Zarathustra is saying, O SOLITUDE! SOLITUDE, MY HOME! I HAVE LIVED TOO LONG WILDLY IN WILD STRANGE LANDS TO COME HOME TO YOU WITHOUT TEARS!

Those who have again arrived to the same state of silence, peace and tranquility as a child in the mother's womb -- in other words, the people for whom the whole existence has become a womb, a mother -- all these people have found it to be as if they have come back home: a vaster home, with more freedom, with immense space, with great beauty, with intense ecstasy.

The old home was just a faraway echo of the real home. The real home is to find one's solitude, to find one's aloneness, to find oneself.

We are wandering always outside, going somewhere. And every going is going away from yourself. You may be going in search of a home, but in fact you are going *away* from home -- your home is within you. And that home can be found only when you stop searching, when you stop wandering, when you are no longer interested in the distant but utterly relaxed in your very source of being.

The home is to be found within you. And solitude is an essential, a basic necessity. To be with yourself -- that's what is the meaning of solitude. We know how to be with others; we know how to be in a crowd, but we have forgotten the language of being with oneself.

This is not loneliness, because loneliness is always asking for the other. Loneliness is painful. Loneliness is not a rest, but a restlessness. Loneliness is not the home; the home is aloneness. You are not asking for the other, because for the first time you have found that there is no need of the other. You alone are enough -- more than enough.

Solitude is the flowering of meditation, is the flowering of silence, is the flowering of your innermost potential.

O SOLITUDE! SOLITUDE, MY HOME! I HAVE LIVED TOO LONG WILDLY IN WILD STRANGE LANDS TO COME HOME TO YOU WITHOUT TEARS! I'm coming home to you without any anguish of the world, without any anxiety of the world, without any responsibility of the world, without any tears; just like a small child running joyously, blissfully, towards his mother.

WE DO NOT QUESTION ONE ANOTHER, WE DO NOT COMPLAIN TO ONE ANOTHER, WE GO OPENLY TOGETHER THROUGH OPEN DOORS.

Solitude is not something strange. It is very strange that the people outside are all strangers -- whatever you do, it is impossible to destroy the strangeness of the other. You cannot enter into his privacy; he cannot enter into your privacy. You remain yourself in a crowd.

Even lovers only come close; but closeness is also a distance. And for lovers, even a small distance is very painful, because the desire is to destroy the distance, to know the other in his totality, to allow oneself to be known absolutely and without any conditions. But that is just not possible. Our privacies, our secret innermost centers, cannot be reached. Even by

love, the bridge cannot be made. The constant fight amongst lovers is not because of any enmity, the constant fight between them is because they are continuously feeling their deepest longing of becoming one. Yes, for moments, as if in a dream, they come very close. But however close they come the other remains a stranger, and however long they stay together, the feeling that the other is a stranger remains.

Only with yourself are you not a stranger. Only in your solitude there is no question to be asked, no introduction is needed -- as if you have known this solitude forever and forever, just you had forgotten the way to it. You have gone away in search of a thousand and one things, and got lost in the jungle of the world and forgot the way back home.

This coming back home is without any question, without any complaint, without any conflict. WE GO OPENLY TOGETHER THROUGH OPEN DOORS.

You and your solitude are not two things; you *are* your solitude. You and your aloneness are not two things; you *are* your aloneness, in its crystal clear transparency. Hence no question arises, no doubt arises.

You simply relax. You have found yourself.

In the crowd, in the wild lands, with strange people, you had forgotten how to relax within yourself. Relaxation is the bridge. Relaxation is the only real prayer, because only through relaxation are you at ease with yourself and with existence. All fear disappears. You drop all defenses, because there is nobody else but you. The existence takes a totally new quality; your aloneness, your solitude, makes the whole existence not separate from you.

The whole sky becomes yours, with all its stars.

The trees become you, with all their foliage and flowers.

The mountains are within you.

For the first time you feel that your heartbeat is not only your heartbeat; it is the heartbeat of the whole universe. This can certainly be called "the homecoming."

HERE, THE WORDS... OF ALL EXISTENCE SPRING OPEN TO ME: ALL EXISTENCE HERE WANTS TO BECOME WORDS, ALL BECOMING HERE WANTS TO LEARN SPEECH FROM ME.

In the depths of your solitude, the whole existence wants to express itself through you, wants to become words and songs and poetry and dance and creativity. Once you have found yourself you become a vehicle to all that exists.

HERE THE WORDS... OF ALL EXISTENCE SPRING OPEN TO ME: ALL EXISTENCE HERE WANTS TO BECOME WORDS. Your experience of solitude wants to become your expression too. It wants to sing and dance, it wants to share its treasures.

... ALL BECOMING HERE WANTS TO LEARN SPEECH FROM ME. It is utter silence -- but with a deep longing to reach to others. You have found your home; they can also find their home. And it is not far away, it is just a question of turning one hundred and eighty degrees. Otherwise you can go on searching from one planet to another, from one star to another, and you will be going farther and farther away from yourself.

The man who finds that he is his own home feels a tremendous need, an irresistible need, to say to all those who are still wanderers, who are still in search in faraway lands, in wild places, with strange people: Close your eyes and move inwards.

On this point all the mystics of the world agree totally: You are whom you are searching. The searcher is the sought; the arrow is the target; the observer is the observed.

The duality between the observer and the observed disappears. You become one -- the seer and the seen. This becoming one is the greatest ecstasy possible to human consciousness.

This is the highest peak and the deepest depth. This is the whole religion. All else that

exists in the name of religion is false -- not only false but positively harmful, because it takes you away. It tells you to worship a god who is in the sky -- and your god is within you; the worshiped is in the worshiper. It takes you to the temples and to the churches -- while you are the temple and you are the church and you are the synagogue.

You need not go anywhere.

You have just to settle down in deep silence, calmness and quietude, and you will have found that which cannot be found by wandering thousands of miles, by learning hundreds of scriptures, by practicing many, many rituals.

It needs no ritual, it needs no scripture. It needs no churches, no temples; it simply is there. It has not to happen; it is your essential reality, it is your existence. It has only to be discovered -- or perhaps rediscovered. Perhaps in the mother's womb you knew it. Those nine months of deep silence... how can you avoid knowing it?

But as you come into the world, the world is so full of attractions, challenges, that you start running after this thing, after that thing. And slowly, slowly... a very vague memory somewhere remains within you, but you cannot figure it out, where you have experienced it. But one thing is certain: unless you have known something of it you cannot search for it. Without knowing something of it, the idea of searching for it does not arise. You have tasted it, and it still remains in the deepest parts of your unconsciousness.

That is the only hope -- that someday you will listen to the still, small voice within. Tired of all your wanderings and explorations, there is only one hope: you will sit silently. You have done everything that was to be done; you will sit without doing anything. You are tired, utterly tired. You will relax. And in that relaxation, the greatest wonder of life happens -- you find that for which you have been running all along.

DOWN THERE, HOWEVER -- ALL SPEECH IS IN VAIN!

In your innermost center of being... ALL SPEECH IS IN VAIN.

Obviously speech is invented to convey something when there is somebody else. When you are absolutely alone the function of the speech disappears; one becomes speechless.

Sometimes it has happened... for example Mahavira lived for twelve years in silence. Naturally, living twelve years in absolute silence, he forgot how to speak. When he came out of the mountains he found himself just like a newly-born child who knows no language. And a beautiful parable exists about him, that he never spoke in his whole life from then on. He had to devise a totally different method for conveying a simple idea -- that that which you are searching is not outside; it is within you.

The device that he had to develop... because he had forgotten speech -- he had forgotten those words, those languages, that he had known once; the silence for twelve years had been so deep, it had erased everything else -- the device that he found was telepathy. He had his closest disciples just sit silently with him, and they would speak to people. Something would transpire between him and his closest disciples which was invisible; no word was exchanged.

And the miracle was that his closest disciples could hear that which was not said. How to decide whether they are hearing the right things? It was more a vibe... he was vibrating with tremendous ecstasy and silence and peace. They had become just sensitive enough to receive that vibe, and to translate that vibe into language. The only criterion that they were right was that they all were saying the same things to people. There was no quarrel, no conflict, no question that, "You have heard wrong." They simply repeated that which was not possible for Mahavira to speak. He used their language, their words, to convey his silence, to convey his solitude.

Just in this century, one of the most important men was Meher Baba. He remained silent

his whole life. Although he again and again announced that he was going to speak at a certain date, when the date came it was postponed.

His closest disciple, Adi Irani, used to come to see me. All Meher Baba's books are written by Adi Irani. His name is not on those books as the author; the author is Meher Baba.

I asked him, "Why, again and again, do you declare that this year Meher Baba is going to speak? This has been going on for thirty years, and people gather on that date and he does not speak."

He said, "I don't have any explanations."

I said, "My own experience says that perhaps he has forgotten language."

Adi Irani was not aware of Mahavira and his state that had happened after twelve years of silence. Perhaps he was trying, but he was failing again and again. The silence is so much, and the words are so small they cannot contain it. The truth is so big and the language is so trivial.

I told Adi Irani, "Drop the hope that he will ever speak."

And he did not speak; he died without speaking. But with Adi Irani he had a telepathic, non-linguistic communion.

I asked Adi Irani, "Do you feel sometimes suspicious whether what you are saying is exactly what he means?"

He said, "Not for a single moment. It comes with such force; it comes with such inner certainty that even if he says, 'That is not right,' I am not going to listen. How it happens I don't know, but just sitting by his side, something starts becoming so solid, so absolutely certain that there is not even a slight doubt about it. I know it is not from me, because I have no idea what I am saying. I could not have said it, left alone by myself.

"Certainly it is coming from him; and it is not coming as language. I am not hearing the words, but I am feeling surrounded by a certain energy, a presence, which becomes words within me. The words are mine, but his presence triggers them. The meaning is his, I am only a hollow bamboo flute. He sings his songs; my only function is not to hinder. Just let him sing his song. I am totally available to him as a vehicle."

DOWN THERE, HOWEVER -- ALL SPEECH IS IN VAIN! And by the way, I would like you to remember that Meher Baba comes from the same heritage as Zarathustra.

It is the fate of all the mystics to be misunderstood by their own people. Neither Zarathustra was understood by his own people, nor Meher Baba was understood by his own people. It seems something like a law of nature, that you cannot tolerate the idea that someone who comes from you has reached home, and you are still wandering. It hurts the ego.

THERE, THE BEST WISDOM IS TO FORGET AND PASS BY: I HAVE LEARNED that -- NOW! He has tried to convince people, and they laughed at him. He has tried in different ways to argue with people, and they thought he was insane. At the most, they enjoyed him as an entertainment.

Now he says, **THERE, THE BEST WISDOM IS TO FORGET AND PASS BY: I HAVE LEARNED** that -- NOW!

EVERYTHING AMONG THEM SPEAKS, NO ONE KNOWS ANY LONGER HOW TO UNDERSTAND.

As far as the people are concerned, everyone among them speaks, and... **NO ONE KNOWS ANY LONGER HOW TO UNDERSTAND.**

Our world is just the ancient story about the Tower of Babel: People had heard that God lives far away in the sky, and they decided that they should make a tower high enough so

they can reach from the tower to God. It is a beautiful parable. And they were almost near finishing the job. They had made the tower and God must have become afraid, because now they are making a ladder, everybody will be coming to Him with all their complaints, all their problems, all their so-called prayers.

He asked his advisors, "What to do? The tower is reaching every day closer to us."

And the advisors said, "Do one thing. While they are sleeping, make their minds such that nobody understands each other."

God said, "What kind of advice is that? How is it going to help?" The advisors said, "You just try."

It was tried, and it worked. All people were speaking, and nobody was able to understand anybody else.

The work stopped -- was bound to stop. There was so much misunderstanding all around, so much suspicion, so much doubt; nobody trusted anybody because nobody could understand anybody. The tower remained incomplete for the simple reason that everybody knew how to speak but nobody knew how to understand.

It is simply a parable, but has immense truth in it. We are still doing the same. For thousands of years people have been speaking; everybody knows how to speak, but it is very rare to find a person who understands too. Misunderstanding is the law; understanding is an exception.

And the more important a thing is, the less is the possibility to be understood; otherwise there is no reason that there should exist three hundred religions in the world. You don't have three hundred chemistries, you don't have three hundred physics, you don't have three hundred biologies. One is enough, because truth is one.

If, for the outside world, one science is enough, it is ridiculous that for the inner world three hundred religions are needed. This is a tower of Babel. No two religions understand each other. In fact, even people believing in the same religion have different interpretations of the same holy book.

India has a longer experience than any other country. You will be surprised to know, for example... one great philosopher, Badarayana, has written one of the most important treatises in existence, *brahmasutras* -- maxims about the ultimate. And there are hundreds of commentaries on it, and no commentary agrees with another.

But the thing has not stopped there -- then there are commentaries on commentaries. But the thing has not stopped there -- there are still commentaries on commentaries on commentaries! Thousands of schools... and it seems Badarayana is completely lost and forgotten; those commentaries have become important. But on those commentaries also people are not in agreement -- then they write more commentaries on commentaries.

Now, for almost two thousand years, nobody has written a commentary on Badarayana -- because first you have to write commentaries on commentaries on commentaries... it goes on. If you can read all the commentaries on Badarayana you will go mad! And perhaps then you can understand what Badarayana means.

EVERYONE AMONG THEM SPEAKS, NO ONE KNOWS ANY LONGER HOW TO UNDERSTAND.
EVERYTHING AMONG THEM SPEAKS, EVERYTHING IS BETRAYED.

Man has been betraying all the great masters, all the great mystics. If it was a single case of betrayal one could have thought it was accidental, just by chance. But every great master is bound to be betrayed. The greater the master, the more are the betrayers. In fact, count the number of the betrayers and you will know how great the master was. Jesus was not very

great -- just one betrayer, Judas. He had a very small following.

The betrayers are the right criterion to find out how great a master is -- for the simple reason that the greater the master is, the more he has to be misunderstood, and the more people are going to try to be his successors. Because they cannot be his successors, the only possibility left for them is to betray him.

And you know perfectly well, in every house... because that is where you can understand easily. The husband says one thing -- simple words, not something of great philosophy, metaphysics, but ordinary, day-to-day words -- but the wife does not understand. She jumps to a conclusion which the husband had never thought, never dreamt about -- that his words can mean this too. And it is not only the wife. When the wife says something, the husband insists, "I don't mean that," but what he is understanding about the wife's statement is in the same line, in the same category. The wife also says, "I don't mean that."

I have heard about a neighborhood which was very much puzzled, because everybody was fighting except one family, one *sardarji*. He was the exception in the whole neighborhood. From his house people always heard laughter. And in other houses, things were being thrown, plates were being broken, shouting, screaming, all kinds of tantrums... the husbands beating the wives -- and the more liberated wives were beating the husbands. But they were all puzzled about one thing: "How does this sardar manage it so that we never hear any fight, any conflict? All that is heard from his apartment is laughter."

Finally they could not resist their temptation, and as the sardar was coming back from his office, they all gathered around him on the lawn, and asked him, "You will have to tell us the secret. It is only from your house that always laughter is heard. What is your secret? How are you managing your life? Neither your wife screams, nor you beat her."

The sardar said, "It would have been better if you had not asked. But you are so curious, I have to tell you the truth. The truth is very sad!" They said, "Sad? And we hear always laughter."

He said, "That is true. After our honeymoon we decided one thing: she is allowed to throw things at me; if she misses, I will laugh; if she hits me, she can laugh. That's why you hear only laughter. But the situation is the same. There is no difference, just an agreement. It is almost fifty-fifty. She is becoming expert at hitting me; I am becoming expert at how to save myself. It is good exercise too. And there is no problem. At least the whole neighborhood has a tremendous respect for us -- that this is the right model of a family."

But I have heard that this sardar was found after twenty years in a court, asking for a divorce. And the magistrate said, "I have heard about you, that you are a well-known celebrity around the place because of your laughter and your agreement. What happened? And you have been married how long?"

He said, "It must have been forty years we have been married, but now it is too much." The magistrate said, "What happened to the agreement?"

He said, "It is that agreement, that goddamned agreement... because she has become so expert that one hundred percent *she* is laughing. Now it is too much -- fifty-fifty was okay. I cannot live with that woman anymore. And I cannot do anything, because she always reminds me, 'Remember the agreement!'"

Look into your families, look into your relations, look when you are talking with your friends -- it seems everybody speaks, nobody listens. And if you don't listen, how are you going to understand?

EVERYTHING AMONG THEM SPEAKS, EVERYTHING IS BETRAYED. AND WHAT WAS ONCE CALLED A SECRET AND A SECRECY OF PROFOUND SOULS, TODAY BELONGS TO THE STREET-TRUMPETERS AND OTHER BUTTERFLIES.

MY GREATEST DANGER ALWAYS LAY IN INDULGENCE AND SUFFERANCE.

These are the extremes: either people indulge or people repress and suffer. Both are against nature. Nature is very harmonious and balanced -- in all its activities. Man has a tendency to move to the extremes -- either he will be absolutely against, or he will be absolutely for. He cannot see that life is not an extreme but a golden mean. You need not indulge too much; otherwise your indulgence will destroy you. And you need not repress too much; otherwise your repression will destroy you. You have to keep a balance in life about everything. And a balanced life is a healthy life, wholesome.

... AND ALL HUMANKIND WANTS TO BE INDULGED AND SUFFERED. Man seems to be so conditioned that either he will suffer to become a saint, or he will go to the other extreme and indulge and become a sinner. The sinner and the saint both have to be dropped from the world; they are not needed. They are polar opposites, but very much deeply connected with each other.

Man has to be somewhere exactly in between. A saintly sinner, that seems to be the right attitude -- harmonious, balanced. But nobody has preached that you should be a saintly sinner; people could not even conceive of how these two things could be together. There is no need for you to make some harmony between them -- when nature is followed, the harmony will arise by itself.

What religions have called sin has a place in life, and what they have called saintliness also has a place in life, but they should be balanced. Zarathustra repeats again and again, "Life is like walking on a tightrope" -- you have to keep your balance continuously, every moment. If you are leaning towards the right, then immediately lean towards the left to keep the balance. If you are leaning too much towards the left, lean towards the right to keep the balance. The real thing is not whether you are leaning towards the left or towards the right, the real thing is that you remain on the rope, that you remain balanced.

WITH TRUTHS HELD BACK... THAT IS HOW I USED TO LIVE AMONG MEN. Zarathustra is saying, "When I lived among men I had to keep many truths hidden, because they will not understand. They will misunderstand; there is no point in telling them."

One cannot be sincere and truthful in this insincere and untruthful society. But in solitude, when he has reached his home of aloneness, he can be true to the very depths of it.

Nothing has to be hidden. You don't have to hold back anything, you can be simply absolutely innocent, clean, and clear.

PITY TEACHES HIM TO LIE WHO LIVES AMONG THE GOOD. PITY MAKES THE AIR STIFLING FOR ALL FREE SOULS. FOR THE STUPIDITY OF THE GOOD IS UNFATHOMABLE.

He is saying, "One has to lie many times just out of pity."

It happened in a bus: A woman was carrying a child with her, and a drunkard looked at the child and said, "Lady, I have to tell you the truth. I have never seen such an ugly child in my whole life." But he is drunk -- that's why he is saying exactly what he thinks; otherwise even ugly children are to be praised to their mothers: "What a beautiful child you have."

The woman started crying, and she made so much fuss that the driver had to stop the bus. And he came and enquired, "What is the matter?" And they said, "Nothing is the matter. This man is absolutely drunk, so he says the truth. And he has said something to that woman, and she cannot control herself; she is crying and crying."

The driver said, "I will do something."

He went out, brought a cup of tea, gave it to the woman, saying, "Don't be bothered about him, he is drunk. Have pity on him. Have a cup of tea... and I have also brought a banana for your pet monkey."

But what to do? At least the drunk was right. Even the driver could not manage to say, "It is a beautiful child." He found a way: it is better to say that it is a pet monkey -- then there is no problem.

In life every moment you are forced to lie, out of pity, out of compassion; and you have to hold the truth back.

PITY TEACHES HIM TO LIE WHO LIVES AMONG THE GOOD. PITY MAKES THE AIR STIFLING FOR ALL FREE SOULS... because anybody who wants to be truthful and honest and sincere will be crushed by the society -- because he will simply say, whatever the case is.

The prime minister of a country was coming to someone's house as a guest for a dinner. He had a very long nose, which made his face so ugly that you could not say that his face had a nose -- on the contrary his nose had the face. It was all nose and the other things were small. The family was very much worried about their small child, and all morning they were teaching him, "Listen, one thing you have to remember: don't mention the nose." The child said, "This is strange, but why?"

They said, "There is no question of why. You have to remember, he is the prime minister of the country, and he does not want and does not like noses to be discussed. So you have to remember one thing, keep quiet! You can talk about everything except the subject of noses." The boy said, "This is a strange guest. Is he mad or something? Why? And I have never in my life discussed noses."

But they were not telling him the actual fact, they were just preventing him from mentioning anything about the nose. The prime minister came, and the boy looked at him and he said, "My God, you have such a great nose! And my parents have been telling me from the morning, 'Don't discuss the nose!' Seeing you it is impossible not to discuss the nose. I really love it. You are such a cartoon."

It is difficult for children to lie, because they are not yet civilized enough. They are yet primitive -- simple souls. They are yet free to say the truth. But otherwise:
PITY MAKES THE AIR STIFLING FOR ALL FREE SOULS.

And... THE STUPIDITY OF THE GOOD IS UNFATHOMABLE. You ordinarily never think that the people who are thought to be good are good only because their stupidity has been accepted by the society long enough that people have forgotten it.

I was traveling with a Hindu monk. In every way he was a good man -- nonviolent, a very silent person -- and amongst the Hindus nobody would have taken note of his stupidity. When a limousine was brought to the station to receive us, he would not sit in it. I said, "What is the matter?"

The driver said, "First his bamboo mat has to be put on the seat. He will sit on the bamboo mat, because he is an ascetic. He cannot sit in such a luxurious car on such a luxurious seat.

Immediately his bamboo mat was brought. It was put there, and he sat on it. I was watching the whole show. Now he is thinking that he is sitting on his bamboo mat, and he is not concerned anymore about the luxurious car. Under his thin bamboo mat there is a beautiful leather couch -- that is not his concern; he has created a barrier. I said, "This is simply stupidity. You are such a good man, but can't you be intelligent also?"

And then the trouble started. He would drink only milk; he would not eat anything else. Hindus think that milk is the purest food. The reality is totally different -- because if you are really vegetarian, totally vegetarian, you cannot drink milk. Milk is coming from animal's bodies. In fact, it is part of the blood; the mother animal changes the blood into milk. It is

pure blood, nothing else. It is non-vegetarian.

It is not even vegetarian -- what to say about its being the purest food? And it is also dangerous, because in the whole of existence only small kids of animals drink the milk, and soon they move to solid food. It is only man who continues to drink milk to his last breath.

Milk is for small children who cannot digest food, it is not for grown-ups. And naturally it will have its implications. The person who lives only on milk will remain of retarded intelligence. He will remain childish -- a little foolish. When I came to know about the whole thing it became simply laughable. He would drink only the milk of a cow. Hindus are great worshipers of the cow. They worship the cow so much that even the cow dung becomes "holy cow dung." They eat it. They drink the urine of the cow -- it is holy. I have asked many learned Hindu scholars, "You don't drink the urine of your mother. That must be even holier."

And that man had other conditions also. The cow should be completely of white color, because black represents the devil and death and darkness and all that is evil. So a white cow had to be found for him. It had to be completely white -- not even patches of other color. I said to him, "Can't you see a simple fact, that even the black cow gives white milk. You should think of the milk; milk does not become black."

He said, "Don't disturb my religious life." He was worshiped for these idiotic ideas, and every morning... what Hindus call *panchamrit*: five nectars. Those are the five things that come from the cow's body: the cow dung, the urine, the milk, the curd and the butter. These five things have to be mixed and it becomes "five nectars." And that's how the real Hindu saint takes his breakfast.

Just look at the good people and you will rarely find them intelligent. Their stupidity has no limits. Watching so many good people, I have come to the conclusion that unless we get rid of good people we cannot get rid of stupidity, we cannot get rid of all kinds of idiotic ideas.

We need intelligent people, not good people.

And if your intelligence leads you, that life will be a good life. But a good life should not be the aim, the aim should be a keen and sharp intelligence.

TO CONCEAL MYSELF AND MY RICHES -- that DID I LEARN DOWN THERE:
FOR I FOUND EVERYBODY STILL POOR IN SPIRIT. Zarathustra is saying, "DOWN
THERE, AMONGST THE PEOPLE, I LEARNED TO CONCEAL MY RICHES JUST SO
THAT THEY DON'T BECOME JEALOUS, BECAUSE EVERYBODY IS SO POOR IN
SPIRIT THAT IF YOU ARE A GIANT IN INTELLIGENCE IT IS BETTER TO HIDE IT;
OTHERWISE THEY WILL KILL YOU."

THESE LITTLE MEN AND THEIR CROWDS DON'T LIKE GIANTS IN ANY SPHERE;
THEY HURT THEIR EGOS. THEIR VERY PRESENCE MAKES THEM FEEL THAT
THEY ARE SO SMALL. THE ONLY WAY TO REGAIN THEIR PRIDE IS TO
DESTROY THOSE PEOPLE WHO ARE REALLY RICH INWARDLY.

THAT I SAW AND SCENTED IN EVERYBODY WHAT WAS SUFFICIENT SPIRIT
FOR HIM AND WHAT WAS TOO MUCH SPIRIT FOR HIM!

WITH HAPPY NOSTRILS I BREATHE AGAIN MOUNTAIN-FREEDOM! AT LAST MY
NOSE IS DELIVERED FROM THE ODOR OF ALL HUMANKIND!

Zarathustra loves man, and Zarathustra also hates man. Zarathustra loves man because man has the potential to go beyond himself. Zarathustra hates man because man never uses his potential; he remains stuck as a seed, and never becomes a flower.

That is one of the reasons why Zarathustra has not been followed by a great crowd of

human beings -- because he hates you as you are. But he hates you only because you have great treasures and you are not exploring them. He hates you because he loves you. There is no contradiction in it. He wants the superman to be born out of you. He loves the superman, and unless the little man is ready to die and disappear the superman cannot arrive.

The seed has to die in the soil. Only then beautiful green sprouts will start growing. But the seed has to die. Man has to die to give place to the superman. So on the one hand he loves man because he is the seed... but he hates man because the seed is not allowing the superman to grow. The seed has become an imprisonment.

The seed should be only protective, and as the right soil is found, the seed should immediately be ready to die. But the seed becomes too protective -- then it becomes a prison. Then the seed avoids the right soil, because there he will have to die. Then the seed starts loving itself, and forgets completely the great possibility that he is carrying within himself.

Zarathustra loves the superman, and hence he has to hammer and shatter the seed -- the humankind. The humankind has to disappear from the earth so that a superman can make this earth a paradise.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #14

Chapter title: Of the three evil things

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BELOVED OSHO,

OF THE THREE EVIL THINGS

... I WILL NOW PLACE THE THREE MOST EVIL THINGS UPON THE SCALES AND WEIGH THEM WELL AND HUMANLY....

SENSUAL PLEASURE, LUST FOR POWER, SELFISHNESS: THESE THREE HAVE HITHERTO BEEN CURSED THE MOST AND HELD IN THE WORST AND MOST UNJUST REPUTE -- THESE THREE WILL I WEIGH WELL AND HUMANLY....

SENSUAL PLEASURE: A SWEET POISON ONLY TO THE WITHERED, BUT TO THE LION-WILLED THE GREAT RESTORATIVE AND REVERENTLY-PRESERVED WINE OF WINES.

SENSUAL PLEASURE: THE GREAT SYMBOLIC HAPPINESS OF A HIGHER HAPPINESS AND HIGHEST HOPE....

TO MANY THAT ARE STRANGER TO ONE ANOTHER THAN MAN AND WOMAN: AND WHO HAS FULLY CONCEIVED HOW STRANGE MAN AND WOMAN ARE TO ONE ANOTHER!...

LUST FOR POWER: THE SCOURGE OF FIRE OF THE HARDEST-HEARTED; THE CRUEL TORMENT RESERVED BY THE CRUELEST FOR HIMSELF; THE DARK FLAME OF LIVING BONFIRES....

LUST FOR POWER: BEFORE ITS GLANCE MAN CRAWLS AND BENDS AND TOILS AND BECOMES LOWER THAN THE SWINE OR THE SNAKE -- UNTIL AT LAST THE CRY OF THE GREAT CONTEMPT BURST FROM HIM....

LUST FOR POWER: WHICH, HOWEVER, RISES ENTICINGLY EVEN TO THE PURE AND THE SOLITARY AND UP TO SELF-SUFFICIENT HEIGHTS, GLOWING LIKE A LOVE THAT PAINTS PURPLE DELIGHTS ENTICINGLY ON EARTHLY HEAVENS.

LUST FOR POWER: BUT WHO SHALL CALL IT LUST, WHEN THE HEIGHT LONGS TO STOOP DOWN AFTER POWER! TRULY, THERE IS NO SICKNESS AND LUST IN SUCH A LONGING AND DESCENT!

THAT THE LONELY HEIGHT MAY NOT ALWAYS BE SOLITARY AND SUFFICIENT TO ITSELF; THAT THE MOUNTAIN MAY DESCEND TO THE VALLEY AND THE WIND OF THE HEIGHTS TO THE LOWLANDS --

OH WHO SHALL FIND THE RIGHTFUL BAPTISMAL AND VIRTUOUS NAME FOR SUCH A LONGING! 'BESTOWING VIRTUE' -- THAT IS THE NAME ZARATHUSTRA ONCE GAVE THE UNNAMEABLE.

AND THEN IT ALSO HAPPENED -- AND TRULY, IT HAPPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME! -- THAT HIS TEACHING GLORIFIED SELFISHNESS, THE SOUND, HEALTHY SELFISHNESS THAT ISSUES FROM A MIGHTY SOUL --

FROM A MIGHTY SOUL, TO WHICH PERTAINS THE EXALTED BODY, THE BEAUTIFUL, VICTORIOUS, REFRESHING BODY, AROUND WHICH EVERYTHING BECOMES A MIRROR....

IT BANISHES FROM ITSELF ALL THAT IS COWARDLY; IT SAYS: BAD -- THAT IS TO SAY,

COWARDLY!...1

TIMID MISTRUSTFULNESS SEEMS BASE TO IT, AS DO ALL WHO DESIRE OATHS.... ENTIRELY HATEFUL AND LOATHSOME TO IT IS HE WHO WILL NEVER DEFEND HIMSELF, WHO SWALLOWS DOWN POISONOUS SPITTLE AND EVIL LOOKS, THE TOO-PATIENT MAN WHO PUTS UP WITH EVERYTHING, IS CONTENT WITH EVERYTHING: FOR THAT IS THE NATURE OF SLAVES.

WHETHER ONE BE SERVILE BEFORE GODS AND DIVINE KICKS, OR BEFORE MEN AND THE SILLY OPINIONS OF MEN: IT SPITS AT SLAVES OF ALL KINDS, THIS GLORIOUS SELFISHNESS!...

... TO ILL-USE SELFISHNESS -- PRECISELY THAT HAS BEEN VIRTUE AND CALLED VIRTUE. AND 'SELFLESS' -- THAT IS WHAT, WITH GOOD REASON, ALL THESE WORLD-WEARY COWARDS... WISHED TO BE!

BUT NOW THE DAY, THE TRANSFORMATION, THE SWORD OF JUDGMENT, THE GREAT NOONTIDE COMES TO THEM ALL: THEN MANY THINGS SHALL BE REVEALED!

AND HE WHO DECLARES THE EGO HEALTHY AND HOLY AND SELFISHNESS GLORIOUS -- TRULY, HE, A PROPHET, DECLARES TOO WHAT HE KNOWS: 'BEHOLD, IT COMES, IT IS NEAR, THE GREAT NOONTIDE!'

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

All the teachers before Zarathustra, and even after him, have looked at things with a very prejudiced mind. They have not allowed the multidimensionality of every experience. They have imposed a certain dimension and conditioned human mind to look at things only in a certain way. Zarathustra's great contribution is that he helps man to look at things in new ways -- absolutely new, fresh, and immensely enlightening. You may be sometimes shocked, because he will be speaking against your prejudices. You have to be courageous enough to put aside all your prejudices.

To understand this man of great insight, who looks at things not according to a certain preconceived ideology, but looks at things as they are, in themselves.... He does not impose any meaning; on the contrary, he tries to find: is there any meaning in things themselves? He is very objective, very realistic and absolutely sane. He is not obsessed with any idea and he does not want to propound a certain philosophy or a certain religion.

His approach is so totally different. He teaches you how to see clearly. He does not teach you what to see, he simply teaches you how to see clearly.

The clarity of your vision will bring you the truth. He is not going to hand over the truth to you like something ready-made. He does not want truth to be so cheap. And anything which is very cheap cannot be true. Truth demands you be a gambler so that you can risk everything at the stake. Truth cannot be a possession of yours. On the contrary, if you are ready to be possessed by truth, then only you can have it.

What he is going to say this evening is so contrary to all the religions, all the so-called moralities, that unless you can put your mind out of the way, you will not be able to hear him and you will not be able to understand. And he is throwing diamonds on your path. But you can remain blind; you can keep your eyes closed just so that you are not disturbed in your preconceived beliefs.

He is bent upon disturbing you -- because unless you are disturbed you cannot move, you cannot progress; you cannot have any excitement to reach to farther away stars; you cannot be stirred by the longing to become a superman. You have to be shaken -- and shaken mercilessly. Only later on will you understand: that was compassion -- true compassion.

To support you in your convenient lies is not love. It makes you feel good, but it is very destructive -- it is evil. It destroys your possibilities of growth. And Zarathustra has only one single-pointed teaching: man should transcend himself. But why should he transcend if he is

very comfortable? His comfort has to be destroyed; his conveniences have to be taken away; his prejudices have to be shattered; his religions, his gods, his philosophies all have to be burned; he has to be left utterly nude, just like a newly-born baby.

Only from there, from that innocence, from that newness, from that point the superman, the only hope for humanity, can arise and replace this rotten, disgusting mankind. Because we are living in it we have become accustomed to its rottenness. We have become accustomed to his disgusting smell.

Kahlil Gibran has a small story: A woman has come from the village to the city to sell fish. She is a fisherman's wife. In the city, after selling her fish, she comes across an old friend. They used to study in the school together, but she was very rich and they had not seen each other for years. So the rich woman invited her, at least for the night, to stay with her. She had a beautiful palace, she had a beautiful garden, and she was certain that her friend would be immensely pleased.

Before going to bed she brought many, many roses and put them by the side of the bed of her guest. But time went on passing and the poor woman could not sleep. She turned over again and again, and because she could not sleep her host also could not sleep. Finally the host asked, "What is the matter?" She said, "You will have to forgive me. Just give me my clothes in which I had brought the fish to sell. Sprinkle them with a little water and remove these roses and bring those clothes back to me. If I can smell fish I will fall asleep immediately. These roses will not allow me to sleep."

The roses are removed, the rotten clothes, dirty, are sprinkled with water and the whole room starts smelling fishy. The woman is immensely happy and she says, "Now I can sleep perfectly well. I'm accustomed to this perfume. Roses don't suit me."

We are accustomed to this humanity -- that's why we don't see its disgustingness. We don't see its ugliness; we don't see its jealousy; we don't see its lovelessness; we don't see its unintelligent, stupid, mediocre behavior. Listening to Zarathustra you can become aware of a totally different way of seeing mankind.

Zarathustra says, I WILL NOW PLACE THE THREE MOST EVIL THINGS UPON THE SCALES AND WEIGH THEM WELL AND HUMANLY. I would like you to remember the word *humanly*, because all the so-called religions and spiritual philosophies have been valuing things very inhumanly. Hence I want you to remember the word *humanly*.

Zarathustra is immensely in love with man. He is no enemy; he is a friend. He hates the present state because he knows you can go far away, you can reach high peaks. This is not what you are meant for. His hate towards the present mankind is because of his deep love for your future, for the distant goal of the superman. He is absolutely against inhuman values. All the religions expect you to follow inhuman values.

If you look into the religious scriptures of all the religions you will be surprised: what they are asking you to do is so unnatural that you cannot fulfill it. Certainly their purpose of asking is something that you are not aware of. They also know you cannot fulfill the demands that they are making on you. But then why they are making those demands? Their hidden purpose is to make you feel guilty. And the only way to make you feel guilty is to ask something unnatural, which you cannot do, whatever way you try. You are going to fail.

I have heard: A man was purchasing in a toyshop a few toys for his children. The salesman brought something out, and he said, "This is the very latest device in the world of toys. It is a jigsaw puzzle." The man was a professor of mathematics, so he became immediately interested in it. He tried it this way and that way and he tried it in many ways

and the ultimate result was always failure. He said to the salesman, "I am a professor of mathematics and I cannot figure it out. How do you expect small children to succeed in solving the puzzle?"

The salesman laughed. He said, "It is not made to be solved. It represents man's actual situation. Whatever you do, it doesn't matter what, the puzzle cannot be solved. It is a very modern, a very contemporary understanding of humanity."

All the religions have been giving you puzzles, which are basically and intrinsically insoluble. And their purpose is to make you feel guilty, failures, frustrated, miserable, unsuccessful, unworthy, undeserving. They want to destroy your pride, your dignity, because the more your pride and your dignity is destroyed, the more you will be just like the camel -- kneeling down and ready to be loaded. You will understand yourself that this is your fate: to be a camel; you are not a lion and there is no point in pretending to be a lion.

You are born to be a slave -- that's the whole strategy of all the religions, all the political ideologies. They have a single intention: to make every human being feel that he is born to be a slave, to be a worshiper of a fictitious God, to kneel down and to pray.

The moment you accept yourself to be guilty, undeserving, unworthy, you lose self-respect; you lose love for yourself. And if you cannot love yourself, how can you expect anybody else to love you? It is almost always a shock when somebody says to you, "I love you." You cannot believe it. Nobody believes it, for the simple reason that, "I cannot love myself and this poor fellow is saying he loves me. That means only one thing: he does not know me! Once he knows me all love will disappear."

Lovers are great -- if they cannot meet in their life, if the society or the parents or the religion or something comes in their way and does not allow them to meet. All great love stories are about lovers who could not meet. I have been wondering... it is strange: there is not a single great love story of lovers who got married. Every old story ends when lovers get married. It says, "After that they lived in happiness forever." But it does not give any details. The story ends there.

I know perfectly well that if Laila and Majnu or Shiri and Farhad or Sohni and Mahival -- these three great lovers of the East, by chance had got married, they would have been standing in a court of divorce. There would have never been any great story about them.

The whole work of centuries is only one: to make you hate yourself; not to allow you to accept yourself. Of course they don't say it so clearly. Their ways are devious, but Zarathustra is very clear what their ways are and how they have destroyed human beings and the possibilities of this beautiful planet being turned into a living paradise... not a dream, but a reality.

Sensual pleasure, lust for power, selfishness: THESE THREE HAVE HITHERTO BEEN CURSED THE MOST AND HELD IN THE WORST AND MOST UNJUST REPUTE -- THESE THREE WILL I WEIGH WELL AND HUMANLY. That he never forgets: don't try to impose upon yourself inhuman standards which are only going to cripple you, which are only going to cut your wings, which are only going to enslave you in such a deep psychological slavery that it will be very difficult to get out of -- because one tends to cling to it; it seems to be safer; it seems to be more convenient; it seems to be more acceptable to the society.

The more a man tries to be disciplining himself into inhuman values, of course he is going to be just a hypocrite. But the crowds will respect him as a saint -- for the simple reason that they cannot do it. They have tried, but this man must be great; he *is* doing it. Most probably he has a dual personality. He has two faces: one to show to the world and one which

is a private thing, which he lives in secrecy. Life goes underground. On the surface he pretends all those values which are humanly impossible.

The first is sensual pleasure -- condemned by every religion without any conditions. But if you look humanly at sensual pleasure... a few things to be remembered. One is: if you renounce sensual pleasure, which is what all your so-called saints and priests are asking you to do, you will become more and more insensitive. It is sensual pleasure which keeps your senses alive, thrilled, dancing. It is sensual pleasure which keeps your sensitivity at its maximum. If you renounce sensual pleasure you are renouncing your sensitivity. You will see the roseflower, but you will not see the beauty of it. You will see the full moon in the night, but you will not see the beauty of it -- because to see the beauty, you need sensitivity.

If you cannot see the beauty of a woman, how can you see the beauty of a starry night? How can you see the beauty of flowers? If you are not sensitive you cannot experience the joys of music, the ecstatic pleasure of paintings, sculptures, poetry.

All that is great, all that is contributed by the great geniuses to humanity, you become utterly blind to it, deaf to it. Your sensitivity slowly, slowly becomes dead. And if all your senses become dead you are just a corpse. What is the difference between a corpse and a living man?

The living man is sensitive. All his senses are functioning at the optimum. He can hear the subtlest notes of music and he can see the profoundest beauty of art; he can feel the joy of great poetry. But this is possible only if he allows his sensual pleasure -- uninhibited, without any conditionings.

Zarathustra says, the first is the SENSUAL PLEASURE: A SWEET POISON ONLY TO THE WITHERED, BUT TO THE LION-WILLED THE GREAT RESTORATIVE AND REVERENTLY-PRESERVED WINE OF WINES.

Zarathustra is certainly unparalleled. When it comes to state the truth he simply states it without ever bothering whether anybody is going to listen to him or not. It may go against the whole world, but he will stand alone, will remain with the truth.

He is saying, sensual pleasure is... A SWEET POISON ONLY TO THE WITHERED... only to the weak. And the weak have been ruling over the strong. The unintelligent are deciding life patterns for the intelligent. The crowd is making religions to live by, commandments to be followed. All these moralities, ethical codes are created by the withered and the weak, the retarded and the stupid.

They are perfectly good for them, but they forget completely that everybody is not a sheep; there are lions also. And the lion cannot be forced to be a sheep. You can engage the lion, you can imprison the lion. And that's what all strong-willed people in the world feel: they are imprisoned -- imprisoned by the small, imprisoned by the weak, imprisoned by the crowd. Certainly the sheep are in the majority.

And just because of their numbers they have been deciding lifestyles which may be suitable to them but which are only imprisonment and death to those who are strong enough. There should be a clear-cut distinction: something can be poison to someone, and the same thing can be a medicine to someone. It all depends on to whom it is being given.

... A SWEET POISON ONLY TO THE WITHERED, BUT TO THE LION-WILLED THE GREAT RESTORATIVE AND REVERENTLY-PRESERVED WINE OF WINES. Zarathustra is saying something of immense importance and greatness: REVERENTLY-PRESERVED. He is making sensual pleasure something sacred. If it destroys you it is not the sensual pleasure, it is your weakness. Be strong! But your so-called religious leaders have been telling you just the opposite: renounce sensual pleasures and

remain weak. And the more you renounce them the weaker you will become, because you will lose all restorative power, all rejuvenating power. You will lose the contact with existence -- because it is through the senses that you are connected with existence. If you close your senses you have already prepared your grave.

Zarathustra will say just the opposite. If sensual pleasure destroys you, that means you need to be more strong. And discipline should be given to you so that you can become more strong. Sensual pleasure has not to be renounced; weakness has to be renounced. And everybody should be made so strong that he can enjoy the "wine of wines" without being destroyed by it, but on the contrary, made stronger, younger, fresher.

Sensuality has been so much condemned that it has made the whole world of human beings utterly weak, insensitive, unconnected with life. Most of your roots have been cut; only a few roots have been left so that you can just survive in the name of life.

SENSUAL PLEASURE: THE GREAT SYMBOLIC HAPPINESS OF A HIGHER HAPPINESS AND HIGHEST HOPE. Sensual pleasure has to be understood as an indication that even greater happiness is possible. It all depends on your being artful. It all depends how you use your life energies. It all depends if you don't stop at sensual pleasure. Sensual pleasure is only an arrow indicating that there are greater pleasures, that there are greater happinesses, that there are greater fulfillments.

But if you renounce sensual pleasure... it is like you see on a milestone an arrow showing you that this is not the place to stop -- go on! The renouncers are saying, "Erase that arrow. Renounce that milestone." But then who is going to indicate to you that you have still a long way to go.

Until you reach to the greatest joy of life... sensuous pleasure is only the beginning, not the end. But if you deny the beginning you have denied the end. It is such a simple logic, but sometimes whatever is obvious is easily forgotten. All the religions have been teaching you, "If you deny sensuous pleasure, then only you will be able to have spiritual blissfulness." It is absurd and illogical.

Sensuous pleasure is going to be a stepping stone towards spiritual blissfulness. You are destroying the very stepping stone. You will never reach to the higher stage -- you have removed the ladder. The ladder is something to be transcended, but not renounced! Remember the difference between transcendence and renunciation.

Zarathustra will say, "Transcend but never renounce, because if you renounce there is nothing to transcend." Enjoy the sensuous pleasures in all their variety and as intensely as possible. Exhaust them, so that suddenly you become aware "the world of sensuous pleasures is finished and I have to go beyond." But the sensuous pleasure has shown you the way. You will be grateful to it; you will not be against it. It has not taken anything away from you; it has only given to you.

**SENSUAL PLEASURE: THE GREAT SYMBOLIC HAPPINESS OF A HIGHER HAPPINESS AND HIGHEST HOPE.
TO MANY THAT ARE STRANGER TO ONE ANOTHER THAN MAN AND WOMAN....**

The sensuous pleasure is a bridge between man and woman. And certainly, they are strangers to one another.

This is not something unfortunate. The greater the distance is between man and woman, the greater is the attraction. The more different they are, the more there is a pull to come together. The more they are strangers to each other, the more there is a deep enquiry to understand each other.

If I have been against all kinds of sexual perversions, if I have been against homosexuality in particular, my basic reason is spiritual -- because a man loving another man or a woman loving another woman, they don't have any magnetic pull; they don't have any tension. They are so alike, they are almost the same. There is not going to be any enquiry; there is not going to be any exploration. They are not going to understand anything more than they know already, because they know themselves -- what can the other man be more than they are?

Homosexuality is absolutely unspiritual, because it cannot give the sharpness to your sensuality. And it cannot make your sensual pleasure an indicator of higher happiness. Homosexuality is a kind of being stuck. It is no longer a journey. You are not going anywhere.

The meeting of men and women is a journey; it is an exploration. It is an effort to understand the polar opposite. It is to understand the dialectics of life. It is a great lesson. And without this lesson you cannot move higher in consciousness, in happiness, in spirituality.

But man has fallen so low. Zarathustra was very predictive -- that the days are coming soon when man will become so small that he will not be worthy even to be called man. It seems those days have come.

One of the reasons of Holland's parliament to decide that I cannot enter Holland was that I have been speaking against homosexuality. Even I could not believe it: Holland's religion is homosexuality? But it certainly shows that the members of the parliament in Holland and the prime minister and the cabinet of Holland all seem to be homosexual, because not a single person stood up and said, "This is derogatory to the whole nation. What do you mean by it -- if a person has spoken against homosexuality, has he committed a crime? Are you a nation of homosexuals? Is he against your nationality?"

When I heard this I immediately informed my people, "Tell the parliament that the name of Holland should be changed: it should be homosexual land -- that will be more appropriate." But man has fallen very low. And the reason he has fallen so low is because of your saints, because they have been teaching you to be celibates, which is against nature. It is celibacy which is the cause of homosexuality.

And now one American bishop has come out and openly declared -- and he has not been refuted by the Pope or by any other Christian association or Christian church -- he has openly said that celibacy does not include homosexuality. You can be celibate and you can be homosexual. Celibacy simply means you cannot be heterosexual. It only prevents men meeting women; it does not prevent men making love to another man or a woman making love to another woman. It is not against lesbianism or against homosexuality.

And the Pope is silent! And his silence says much, because he knows perfectly well that more than fifty percent of his bishops, archbishops, cardinals, priests are all homosexuals.

Homosexuality was born in monasteries -- Christian, Buddhist, Jaina. Wherever so many celibates were forced to live together, a single sex... nature finds some way, however perverted it may be. These people who have been against sensual pleasure, they have destroyed man in such a subtle way and they have created a perverted humanity. And they are still our leaders. They are still our guides to spirituality.

AND WHO HAS FULLY CONCEIVED HOW STRANGE MAN AND WOMAN ARE TO ONE ANOTHER!

Only a man of deep sensual experience can understand the vast difference and the uniqueness of men and women. There is no question of equality and there is no question of

inequality; they are simply unique beings. And between them only friendship is possible.

This whole nonsense of marriage makes the man important. The woman becomes just a shadow. Why, after marriage, does a woman have to take her husband's name? These are subtle ways to make it clear to her that now she is secondary. She does not any longer have her own identity; her husband is her identity. Naturally, marriage can never be peaceful. Wherever there is an effort of domination there is going to be conflict and struggle. And all marriages create only hell.

LUST FOR POWER: THE SCOURGE OF FIRE OF THE HARDEST-HEARTED; THE CRUEL TORMENT RESERVED BY THE CRUELEST FOR HIMSELF; THE DARK FLAME OF LIVING BONFIRES.

LUST FOR POWER, BEFORE ITS GLANCE MAN CRAWLS AND BENDS AND TOILS AND BECOMES LOWER THAN THE SWINE OR THE SNAKE -- UNTIL AT LAST THE CRY OF THE GREAT CONTEMPT BURSTS FROM HIM.

LUST FOR POWER: WHICH, HOWEVER, RISES ENTICINGLY EVEN TO THE PURE AND THE SOLITARY AND UP TO SELF-SUFFICIENT HEIGHTS, GLOWING LIKE A LOVE THAT PAINTS PURPLE DELIGHTS ENTICINGLY ON EARTHLY HEAVENS.

LUST FOR POWER: BUT WHO SHALL CALL IT LUST, WHEN THE HEIGHT LONGS TO STOOP DOWN AFTER POWER! TRULY, THERE IS NO SICKNESS AND LUST IN SUCH A LONGING AND DESCENT!

One has to look at the whole thing. Lust for power has created slavery, has destroyed humanity in many ways. Lust for power is burning in every heart. Zarathustra is not in favor of this kind of lust for power -- it is destructive and ugly.

But there can be a creative way, and that creative thing he calls will to power, not lust for power. Will to power is a totally different phenomenon, but the religions have not made the distinction. For them lust for power is all -- there is nothing in it which can have something to contribute. But Zarathustra feels there is so much potential in it that it can become the greatest creative force in the world. But it has not to be lust. And it cannot be called even lust.

LUST FOR POWER: BUT WHO SHALL CALL IT LUST, WHEN THE HEIGHT LONGS TO STOOP DOWN AFTER POWER! TRULY, THERE IS NO SICKNESS AND LUST IN SUCH A LONGING AND DESCENT! Will to power makes a great change. Will to power simply means not power over others. Lust for power means power over others. Will to power means becoming in oneself more and more powerful, more and more radiant, more and more strong, more and more integrated, more and more a lion, an individual.

Will to power has nothing to do with the other. It is your own exercise of rising to the heights. It is your own discipline to reach to the highest peak of your being. It is not destructive of anybody; on the contrary, it can be an inspiration for others. It has to be an inspiration for others. It can be a great incentive: if a single man who was one day amongst you is now on the highest peak of consciousness, it may create an urge, a longing, a will -- which is asleep in you, which is dormant in you -- that you can also be a high peak, that it is also within your capacity.

Will to power is simply will to be oneself -- will to freedom, will to create, will to attain immortality, will to proclaim to the world, "I have always been here and I will be always here." It is will to eternity.

But the religions have taken only the negative side, and they have never talked about the positive side. And with the negative side they have condemned the positive side also. They deceived humanity; they never made any distinction -- that everything has its positivity, its negativity. They condemned the negative and that was right, but they never praised the positive, and that is where their cunningness is.

THAT THE LONELY HEIGHT MAY NOT ALWAYS BE SOLITARY AND SUFFICIENT TO ITSELF;
THAT THE MOUNTAIN MAY DESCEND TO THE VALLEY AND THE WIND OF THE HEIGHTS TO
THE LOWLANDS --

OH WHO SHALL FIND THE RIGHTFUL BAPTISMAL AND VIRTUOUS NAME FOR SUCH A
LONGING! 'BESTOWING VIRTUE' -- THAT IS THE NAME ZARATHUSTRA ONCE GAVE THE
UNNAMEABLE.

AND THEN IT ALSO HAPPENED -- AND TRULY, IT HAPPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME! -- THAT
HIS TEACHING GLORIFIED selfishness. About selfishness, certainly he is absolutely the first man in
the whole of history who glorified selfishness... THE SOUND, HEALTHY SELFISHNESS THAT
ISSUES FROM A MIGHTY SOUL -- FROM A MIGHTY SOUL, TO WHICH PERTAINS THE
EXALTED BODY, THE BEAUTIFUL, VICTORIOUS, REFRESHING BODY, AROUND WHICH
EVERYTHING BECOMES A MIRROR.

IT BANISHES FROM ITSELF ALL THAT IS COWARDLY; IT SAYS: BAD -- THAT IS TO SAY,
COWARDLY!....

According to Zarathustra the only thing bad is cowardliness and the only thing good is
courageousness. Out of courage are born all the virtues, and out of cowardliness are born all
the sins, all the crimes.

TIMID MISTRUSTFULNESS SEEMS BASE TO IT, AS DO ALL WHO DESIRE OATHS.

ENTIRELY HATEFUL AND LOATHSOME TO IT IS HE WHO WILL NEVER DEFEND HIMSELF!
WHO SWALLOWS DOWN POISONOUS SPITTLE AND EVIL LOOKS, THE TOO-PATIENT MAN
WHO PUTS UP WITH EVERYTHING, IS CONTENT WITH EVERYTHING: FOR THAT IS THE
NATURE OF SLAVES.

WHETHER ONE BE SERVILE BEFORE GODS AND DIVINE KICKS, OR BEFORE MEN AND THE
SILLY OPINIONS OF MEN: IT SPITS AT SLAVES OF ALL KINDS, THIS GLORIOUS
SELFISHNESS!

TO ILL-USE SELFISHNESS -- PRECISELY THAT HAS BEEN VIRTUE AND CALLED VIRTUE. AND
'SELFLESS' -- THAT IS WHAT, WITH GOOD REASONS, ALL THESE WORLD-WEARY
COWARDS... WISHED TO BE!

Zarathustra is saying that selfishness is simply the nature of things. But the cowards want
unselfishness to be the virtue, because in unselfishness the cowards are going to be the
winners.

In India you will find beggars all over the country. And every beggar is saying, "Give me
something. Giving to the beggars is virtue, and you will be rewarded immensely for it." Now
the very existence of beggars should show that the society is sick, that the society is insane;
that it goes on producing children which it cannot feed; that it is absolutely illogical that one
section of society will accumulate the whole money of the land and the millions will be left
starving.

You will be surprised to know that half of the wealth of the whole of India is in Bombay
-- one city. And a country of nine hundred million people is utterly poor, undernourished;
even to manage to get one meal a day is to be very fortunate. There are millions of people
who are simply living on the roots of the trees. They eat the roots of the trees; fruits they
cannot afford. And by the end of the century nearabout half a billion people will die of
starvation only in this country. I am not talking about the whole world -- because this is going
to happen almost all over the world.

Virtue should be intelligence, virtue should be logic, virtue should be reasonability. But
to give to the beggars... maintains the beggars. These beggars produce more beggars; these
beggars get married; these beggars produce children -- because it is economically profitable
to have children because those children start begging. The more children you have, the better
is your profession.

Zarathustra is saying, "Selfishness is the only virtue; unselfishness has been the desire of
the cowardly -- that they should be helped, that somebody should protect them, that

somebody should provide food for them, that somebody should take care of their sicknesses, that somebody else is responsible if they are sick, if they are hungry, if they are starving. Nobody is responsible for that.

A society which is sane will prevent all kinds of people who need unselfish service.

We can manage a society which is healthy; we can manage a society which is rich, comfortably rich, comfortably healthy. But this is possible only if everybody takes his responsibility on his own shoulders.

That's what he means by selfishness.

And if you have too much to share, that should be your joy, not a duty. That should be your joy, not a virtue.

BUT NOW THE DAY, THE TRANSFORMATION, THE SWORD OF JUDGMENT, THE GREAT NOONTIDE COMES TO THEM ALL: THEN MANY THINGS SHALL BE REVEALED!

AND HE WHO DECLARES THE EGO HEALTHY AND HOLY AND SELFISHNESS GLORIOUS -- TRULY, HE, A PROPHET, DECLARES TOO WHAT HE KNOWS: `BEHOLD, IT COMES, IT IS NEAR, THE GREAT NOONTIDE!'

Zarathustra calls the greatest moment in humanity's life "the great noontide" -- when selfishness will be simply healthy, when everything that has been condemned before will be dropped and everything that is natural and human will be declared as our religion, as our spirituality. Nature itself is our religion, and there is no need for any other religion.

`BEHOLD IT COMES, IT IS NEAR, THE GREAT NOONTIDE!'

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #15

Chapter title: Of the spirit of gravity part 1

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY PART 1
... I AM ENEMY TO THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY: AND TRULY, MORTAL ENEMY, ARCH-ENEMY,
BORN ENEMY!...
I COULD SING A SONG ABOUT THAT -- AND I WILL SING ONE, ALTHOUGH I AM ALONE IN AN
EMPTY HOUSE AND HAVE TO SING IT TO MY OWN EARS.
THERE ARE OTHER SINGERS, TO BE SURE, WHOSE VOICES ARE SOFTENED, WHOSE
HANDS ARE ELOQUENT, WHOSE EYES ARE EXPRESSIVE, WHOSE HEARTS ARE
AWAKENED, ONLY WHEN THE HOUSE IS FULL: I AM NOT ONE OF THEM.
HE WHO WILL ONE DAY TEACH MEN TO FLY WILL HAVE MOVED ALL BOUNDARY-STONES;
ALL BOUNDARY-STONES WILL THEMSELVES FLY INTO THE AIR TO HIM, HE WILL BAPTIZE
THE EARTH ANEW -- AS 'THE WEIGHTLESS'.
THE OSTRICH RUNS FASTER THAN ANY HORSE, BUT EVEN HE STICKS HIS HEAD HEAVILY
INTO HEAVY EARTH: THAT IS WHAT THE MAN WHO CANNOT YET FLY IS LIKE.
HE CALLS EARTH AND LIFE HEAVY: AND SO WILL THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY HAVE IT! BUT HE
WHO WANTS TO BECOME LIGHT AND A BIRD MUST LOVE HIMSELF -- THUS DO I TEACH.
NOT WITH THE LOVE OF THE SICK AND DISEASED, TO BE SURE....
ONE MUST LEARN TO LOVE ONESELF WITH A SOUND AND HEALTHY LOVE, SO THAT ONE
MAY ENDURE IT WITH ONESELF AND NOT GO ROAMING ABOUT -- THUS DO I TEACH.
SUCH ROAMING ABOUT CALLS ITSELF 'LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOUR': THESE WORDS HAVE
BEEN UP TO NOW THE BEST FOR LYING AND DISSEMBLING, AND ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE
WHO WERE OPPRESSIVE TO EVERYBODY.
AND TRULY, TO LEARN TO LOVE ONESELF IS NO COMMANDMENT FOR TODAY OR FOR
TOMORROW. RATHER IS THIS ART THE FINEST, SUBTLEST, ULTIMATE, AND MOST PATIENT
OF ALL....
ALMOST IN THE CRADLE ARE WE PRESENTED WITH HEAVY WORDS AND VALUES: THIS
DOWRY CALLS ITSELF 'GOOD' AND 'EVIL'. FOR ITS SAKE WE ARE FORGIVEN FOR BEING
ALIVE.
AND WE SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO US, TO PREVENT THEM IN GOOD TIME
FROM LOVING THEMSELVES: THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY IS THE CAUSE OF THAT.
AND WE -- WE BEAR LOYALLY WHAT WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN UPON HARD SHOULDERS OVER
RUGGED MOUNTAINS! AND WHEN WE SWEAT WE ARE TOLD: 'YES, LIFE IS HARD TO BEAR!'
BUT ONLY MAN IS HARD TO BEAR! THAT IS BECAUSE HE BEARS TOO MANY FOREIGN
THINGS UPON HIS SHOULDERS. LIKE THE CAMEL, HE KNEELS DOWN AND LETS HIMSELF
BE WELL LADEN....
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Anyone who wants man to rise to the heights of the stars is bound to be an enemy of the Spirit of Gravity. Gravity is not only a physical phenomenon; it also has a parallel in spiritual life. Just as things are pulled downwards by the earth and we call it the force of gravity, so something in man also pulls him downwards, which Zarathustra calls the Spirit of Gravity.

Why has man remained a pygmy when he has the potential to be a giant? Why has man remained a small bush when he can become a cedar of Lebanon, reaching high into the sky, into the openness and freedom? Why does man cling to the lowliest things instead of getting free from all that makes him mean, ugly, violent, jealous? Why cannot he grow to the heights of love, consciousness, blissfulness, and shower all around flowers of blessings? There must be something that pulls him downwards and does not allow him to go upwards.

Zarathustra gives it exactly the right name -- the Spirit of Gravity. And one has to be very aware to get rid of this gravitation. This gravitation functions on man only if he is unconscious; the more unconscious he is, the more he is in the grip of gravity. The more conscious he becomes, the more he is free to rise above himself. And unless man rises above himself there is no possibility left for further evolution.

Man has been barren for thousands of years. Every other animal has given birth to some other animal higher than itself. Man goes on reproducing himself; he does not give birth to something that is superhuman.

Zarathustra's sole concern is the birth of the superman. He is trying to approach from every direction, to remove all the hindrances, all the obstacles, and to give every incentive and challenge so that you're not smugly satisfied with what you are, but a tremendous discontent and longing arises in you -- which takes you beyond yourself, which gives you wings and opens the whole sky as your home, which allows you to be a citizen of infinity and eternity. That's what he means by the superman.

Zarathustra says, I AM ENEMY TO THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY: AND TRULY, MORTAL ENEMY, ARCH-ENEMY, BORN ENEMY! -- every mystic is. Mysticism can be defined as a struggle against the Spirit of Gravity.

I COULD SING A SONG ABOUT THAT -- AND I WILL SING ONE, ALTHOUGH I AM ALONE IN AN EMPTY HOUSE AND HAVE TO SING IT TO MY OWN EARS.

THERE ARE OTHER SINGERS, TO BE SURE, WHOSE VOICES ARE SOFTENED, WHOSE HANDS ARE ELOQUENT, WHOSE EYES ARE EXPRESSIVE, WHOSE HEARTS ARE AWAKENED, ONLY WHEN THE HOUSE IS FULL: I AM NOT ONE OF THEM.

HE WHO WILL ONE DAY TEACH MEN TO FLY WILL HAVE MOVED ALL BOUNDARY-STONES; ALL BOUNDARY-STONES WILL THEMSELVES FLY INTO THE AIR TO HIM, HE WILL BAPTIZE THE EARTH ANEW -- AS 'THE WEIGHTLESS'.

First, have a little glimpse what constitutes in you the Spirit of Gravity.

All possessiveness of things makes you heavy, does not allow you to fly; it destroys your wings. I am not against using things. Use as many things as you can, but don't possess them, because the moment you possess something, without your knowing it you are possessed by those things. A man who desires only money soon finds himself a prisoner of his own possessions. He used to think he possesses, but finally he finds he is possessed.

There is a Sufi story: A small hut, very small, and a Sufi mystic with his wife lives there. In the middle of the night -- it is raining and it is in a dark forest, wild and dangerous, too -- somebody knocks on their door. The wife is near the door, sleeping. There is not much space inside, just enough for two persons to sleep.

The husband says, "Open the door. The night is dark, the forest is full of wild animals. Somebody has forgotten the way. He certainly needs refuge."

The wife is angry. She says, "But there is no space inside our hut. There is only enough

space for us two to sleep."

The mystic laughed. He said, "It is not a palace of a king -- however big the palace may be, it is always smaller than a poor mystic's hut. Two can sleep, three can sit perfectly well. We will sit and talk and tell stories and sing songs. It is a beautiful silent night; even the rain is creating a certain music. Open the door!"

The wife opens the door. Drenched with water, a visitor enters and he says, "I am sorry to disturb you. I got lost, and I could not see any light anywhere except in your hut. I was aware it is so small, but there was no other way. Outside, life is in constant danger. The forest is full of wild animals."

The mystic said, "There is no problem; we have enough space. Two can sleep, three can sit. And we don't go out much and we don't know much about the world. You are welcome. We will listen to you tell about many things that you know about the world. What we know is singing songs -- we will offer you our songs, and the night will be gone soon; almost half of the night is over. Please close the doors and be at ease, and don't feel that you have disturbed us. You have graced us; you have given us a chance to welcome a guest; you have made us richer. We are very poor people -- no guest ever knocks on our doors. It has thrilled our hearts."

The man sits. The mystic sings a song, so beautiful, so in tune with the rain and the sounds of silence in the forest. And just then somebody else knocks on the door. The mystic says to the guest, "You are close to the door, please open it. Somebody needs refuge; the night is dangerous outside." But the man who was asking for refuge just a few minutes before is angry. He says, "What do you mean? There is no space."

The mystic says, "It is not a palace of a king, which is always short of space. It is a small hut of a poor mystic. We are sitting; three can sit comfortably. Four will have to sit a little tight, more close to each other. And it is really a joy to feel each others' warmth and love -- the night is cold. The guest is welcome. You open the doors! And remember, a few minutes before you were in the same position." Reluctantly the man opens the door.

Another man has lost his way in the forest and he says, "Excuse me, I am absolutely helpless; otherwise I would not have knocked on your doors. I can see the place is so small and already three persons are sitting."

The mystic says, "There is no problem. We will sit a little closely to each other. There are gaps between the three; there will be no gaps between the four. And to feel each others' love, to feel each others' warmth, to feel each others' life is a joy in itself. You are welcome. Sit down and close the door."

Now the hut is completely packed. The mystic sings another song, and as he ends the song there is another knock on the door, and a very different kind of knock. Everybody else is shocked. They know the mystic will allow whoever is knocking. The mystic says, "Open the door. He is nobody, he is one of my friends. He is a donkey who lives nearby, a wild donkey."

All the guests and the wife become angry, and they say, "This is too much. It is beyond tolerance. You want a donkey in this place where there is no space left even for sitting comfortably?"

The mystic says, "How many times do I have to remind you that this is a poor mystic's hut. There is always space, one just has to find it. We are sitting; now we will be standing. And anyway, three-fourths of the night is past. Soon there will be the sunrise. Open the door and let the guest in -- it does not matter whether he is a man or a donkey. To me, anybody who is asking for refuge should be welcomed. And you remember perfectly well -- you were

in the same state just a few minutes before."

Very reluctantly the person opens the door and a donkey, drenched with water, enters, and the mystic says, "Poor donkey, he needs our help. Let him stand in the middle and we will surround him. He will get a little warmth. And perhaps you don't know that he loves my songs. I will give a special song in his welcome. Close the doors."

They are all puzzled. He sings a song, and the donkey listens very attentively.

And then the morning... they disperse. While they are dispersing and thanking the man for his hospitality, he says, "There is no question -- you have obliged me. You have made me feel as if I have a palace. In fact, forgive me; I could not give you more space because so many guests arrived simultaneously. But remember always, the space is a question of your spirit. It is not a question of physical roominess; it is a question of spiritual spaciousness."

This mystic is not under the law of the gravitation that pulls people downwards. His approach to the problem gives an indication that he has wings. The Spirit of Gravity cannot disturb him.

Whenever you feel to do something which is harmful to anybody, whenever you do something which is only a hypocrisy, whenever you do something which is nothing but acting, inauthentic, insincere, whenever you are not being truthful, you are falling downwards, you are losing your heights. Whenever you feel jealous, full of hatred, full of violence, anger, rage, you can even feel it -- that you have become heavy. Jealousy makes you heavy, anger makes you heavy, egoistic pretensions make you heavy.

You can almost feel it and discriminate between things -- what makes you heavy and what makes you light. Love makes you light, kindness makes you light, compassion makes you light, silence makes you light, joy makes you light. Anything that makes you light and weightless helps you to get free of the imprisonment.

But man is so blind that sometimes he behaves in almost unbelievable ways. I have heard that two men were going to work in faraway Alaska. The last village, and then they may not encounter any other human beings. They purchased everything that they would need for three, four months while they were working in Alaska. They were no ordinary people; both were scientific explorers, and this was an expedition for scientific research.

In the small grocery store where they purchased their things, the man who was tending the shop suggested to them, "You may think that it is none of my business to suggest this to you, but I know Alaska; I know you will not find any human beings. This is the last place. Now you are entering into a deep loneliness. You may miss your wives, but you will not be able to find a woman. And just for people who go into deep loneliness for some work, I have a certain plastic woman, inflatable. It is a piece of art. You just fill it with air; the pump is attached. And you will be surprised -- you have never seen such a beautiful woman with such a great, proportionate body."

One of the two men said, "It is all nonsense. Don't get convinced by this man -- it is simply stupid." But the other man became interested. He said, "I will purchase it." And he said to his friend, "Remember, it is my woman, and I don't like anybody fooling around with my woman."

The other man said, "I have never thought that you are so stupid. It is just a plastic bag."

But he said, "I want you to be warned beforehand. I will not be able to tolerate it if you try to approach my woman in any way." He said, "I can't even dream...."

But you don't know -- living four months alone.... And the other man was talking every day about the woman, saying, "She is so cute, so beautiful. In fact, now I am worried that I

may never like a real woman, because no real woman is so beautiful and so obedient."

Slowly, slowly the other also started feeling the need of a woman, and one day when his friend was out he took the chance. He inflated the flat woman, and he said, "My God! She is far more beautiful than any Sophia Loren." And he could not resist -- he made love to that plastic bag. Not only that, playing with those plastic breasts he cut with his teeth one of the breasts. And the woman flew out of the window! -- because the air went out so suddenly, it flew out of the window. And at that very moment the friend returned and he said, "This is too much. I warned you, and you did not listen." And he simply shot the man.

After four months he came back to the village to purchase some more things that he needed. The shopkeeper asked, "How is the woman doing? And I don't see your friend." The man said, "Don't talk about it. He is no friend. I had to shoot him." The shopkeeper said, "Shoot him? For what?"

He said, "He was fooling around with my woman. I had paid for her. And I have come to get another woman, because he destroyed the woman, also." The shopkeeper could not believe that jealousy could become such a heavy thing -- and for such trivia.

But jealousy is keeping you down. Your anger is keeping you heavy. Your competitiveness, your lust for possessions, has made you a pygmy; otherwise you could also be a giant like Zarathustra or Gautam Buddha.

Zarathustra says, I AM ENEMY TO THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY. Rather than pointing out all the things that make you heavy, he is simply using the words THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY. It contains everything that makes you heavy.

... AND TRULY, MORTAL ENEMY, ARCH-ENEMY, BORN ENEMY!

I COULD SING A SONG ABOUT THAT -- AND I WILL SING ONE, ALTHOUGH I AM ALONE IN AN EMPTY HOUSE AND HAVE TO SING IT TO MY OWN EARS.

THERE ARE OTHER SINGERS, TO BE SURE, WHOSE VOICES ARE SOFTENED, WHOSE HANDS ARE ELOQUENT, WHOSE EYES ARE EXPRESSIVE, WHOSE HEARTS ARE AWAKENED, ONLY WHEN THE HOUSE IS FULL: I AM NOT ONE OF THEM.

Those singers are not authentic singers. The song is not coming as a spontaneous phenomenon. Their song is a commodity. They need an audience -- the purchasers; they cannot sing it alone. They cannot be a flower, blossoming in the aloneness of a deep forest where nobody is going ever to pass. But the flower will blossom in all its beautiful colors, and it will release to the winds its fragrance -- unconcerned whether it ever reaches any nostrils, whether these beautiful colors are ever seen by any eyes. It is an inner growth. He will not wait for some passer-by, for some crowd to appreciate and applaud.

Zarathustra says, "There are other singers too, very artful, very eloquent, but they will sing only when the house is full; I am not one of them. My song is my soul. It is not for sale; it is not a commodity. I do not sing for somebody's entertainment, I sing it for my own sheer joy. It is my joy to sing it. It has nothing to do with whether anybody appreciates it or condemns it."

HE WHO WILL ONE DAY TEACH MEN TO FLY WILL HAVE MOVED ALL BOUNDARY-STONES -- my song is for absolute freedom, devoted to the free spirit of man; it wants to move all boundary-stones -- ALL BOUNDARY-STONES WILL THEMSELVES FLY INTO THE AIR TO HIM, HE WILL BAPTIZE THE EARTH ANEW -- AS 'THE WEIGHTLESS'. My song is not part of the Spirit of Gravity; my song is the beginning of a weightless existence.

THE OSTRICH RUNS FASTER THAN ANY HORSE, BUT EVEN HE STICKS HIS HEAD HEAVILY INTO HEAVY EARTH: THAT IS WHAT THE MAN WHO CANNOT YET FLY IS LIKE. Most of the people for thousands of years, have behaved like ostriches.

Their logic is the same: dig a hole in the sand and put your head inside it. It helps the ostrich. It is called "ostrich logic." It helps him not to see the enemy; and if he cannot see the enemy, he concludes that there is no enemy. And he is capable of running faster than any horse, but his idiotic logic makes him a victim -- anybody can kill him.

The moment he sees the enemy approaching he immediately closes his eyes and puts his head deep into the sand. And then he is perfectly at ease, because he cannot see the enemy, so there is no enemy. But in fact he becomes more vulnerable -- if he had had his eyes open he could have escaped, he could have fought, he could have managed to save himself.

Zarathustra is saying, "Man, who cannot yet fly, is just like the ostrich. He has the capacity, but he has dug deep holes in the earth; he is clinging to the earth. He is afraid to lose his possessions, he is afraid to lose the crowd, he is afraid to lose his family, he is afraid of a thousand and one things. Because of his fear, which is absolutely unfounded -- it is just his projection of the mind -- he remains static; he does not move. He does not become a wanderer into unknown lands, he does not go climbing the mountains to unknown heights.

These are the basic things: to be a wanderer as a stranger into strange lands, and to be a mountain climber to the heights. They are primary practices for flying into the sky. One cannot just start flying.

You will be surprised to know that for almost one hundred years, from all over the world mountaineers have come to the Himalayas and have made tremendous efforts, dangerous efforts to reach to the unconquered peak, Everest. Before Edmund Hillary, hundreds of mountaineers died; not even their bones have been found. But the most amazing thing is, these mountaineers were coming from all over the world, but no Indian ever bothered -- it was too risky, too dangerous.

Even a group of women mountaineers from Japan... and after Edmund Hillary, their effort was more dangerous because Edmund Hillary had chosen the least risky path to reach to the peak of Everest. This group of young women from Japan chose the most dangerous path, which had never been tried before, and they reached to the peak of Everest. Their victory was far greater than Edmund Hillary's, because Edmund Hillary's path was almost well-known -- because all the mountaineers were going on the same path, the easiest one.

From the other side, from the side of China, Everest is a very steep climb. Although they were the second to reach, in my opinion their climbing Everest was far superior.

First, they are women; second, they have chosen the untrodden path, known to be very dangerous -- and still they managed. But before Edmund or after Edmund -- and the Himalayas belong to India -- no Indian mountain climbers have even thought or planned to climb Everest.

This shows why this country remained for two thousands years under slavery. It does not know how to live dangerously. It does not know how to live -- it only knows how to survive. And unless you live dangerously, you cannot sing a song. The man who is just barely surviving has no energy for a song or a dance. And he can be enslaved without any difficulty, because he has no energy to give any resistance.

HE CALLS EARTH AND LIFE HEAVY: AND SO will THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY HAVE IT! BUT HE WHO WANTS TO BECOME LIGHT AND A BIRD MUST LOVE HIMSELF -- THUS DO I TEACH.

The first teaching for one who wants to get out of the prison of gravity is to love oneself. No religion teaches that. In fact, all religions teach just the opposite -- hate yourself. They don't say it so clearly, but whatever they say, this is the implication. You are not worthy; you are a sinner; you have to prove your worth by being moral, by being religious, by being a

saint. They give you ideals and you have to become carbon copies of those ideals -- then they respect you. But a carbon copy is a carbon copy; it is not your original spirit -- it is not you!

You can try to become a Gautam Buddha. And for twenty-five centuries millions of people in the East have tried to become Gautam Buddha, but not a single one has reached to that height. At the most they remained Buddhists, followers of Buddha, and that, too, very lukewarm, with all kinds of of hypocrisies -- not the sincerity of Gautam Buddha, not the authentic search of Gautam Buddha.

I was in Bodhgaya, the place where Gautam Buddha became enlightened. In the memory of his enlightenment a temple stands there. Still those stones are kept in the same place in which he used to walk -- because he had two kinds of meditation. One was the sitting meditation, Vipassana, which he was doing sitting under the bodhi tree, but you cannot sit the whole day, so he was doing it alternately:

one hour he would meditate sitting, and one hour he would meditate walking. Those stones on which he walked are just by the side of the temple, in the same place. The tree is in the same place. It is not exactly the same tree, but a grandchild of the same tree.

I have seen Buddhist monks from Japan and from Tibet coming to pay homage, because that is their holiest place, but I have not seen them walking on those stones doing meditation. Neither have I seen them sitting under the bodhi tree meditating. I have seen them worshipping the tree, worshipping, inside the temple, the statue of Buddha. And Buddha was not worshipping anybody -- he was searching his own soul. By worshipping you cannot find it; to find it you have to go inside yourself. And nobody else can do it on your behalf. You have to go alone, and in a space where you have never been.

It is the most dangerous experience to be alone within yourself, leaving your mind far behind, leaving your heart far behind. You are acquainted a little bit with your mind and a little bit with your love, with your heart, but you are absolutely unaware about your being, which is your very center.

People who are trying to be Gautam Buddhas, at the most, can become actors. In a drama perhaps they can do an exact act of Gautam Buddha, but in real life... you can be only yourself; you cannot be anybody else.

The Spirit of Gravity teaches you that life is heavy, but Zarathustra is saying, "It is up to you. It is your choice whether life is going to be heavy or life is going to be light. If you don't cling to the crowd, if you don't cling to possessiveness, life can be absolutely light." For that, the first foundation is to love yourself. There is no need to copy anybody, because that is where everybody has gone astray.

Love yourself as you are.

That does not prevent your growth. In fact, the more you love yourself, the more you refine yourself. The more you love yourself, the more graceful you become. The more you love yourself, the more original and authentic is your individuality. And only an original individual can be so light like a bird that the whole sky of his inner consciousness is available for him to fly in. Then nothing can prevent it.

NOT WITH THE LOVE OF THE SICK AND DISEASED, TO BE SURE. Religions have been telling you, "Love the sick, love the diseased. Go to the hospitals, make hospitals, serve the poor." It seems all religions are concerned with the sick, with the diseased, with the poor. Nobody is concerned with you and your riches and your greatness and your grandeur.

I say unto you: Unless you love yourself, unless you have found your own riches, your own heights, you will not be able to share your love with anybody. Certainly the sick and the

diseased need care, but they don't need love. This has to be understood, because Christianity has made it almost a universally accepted truth -- that it is the greatest religious thing, the most spiritual thing, to love the sick and the diseased. But it is absolutely against psychology and against nature.

The moment you love the sick you are not helping him to recover from his sickness, because the moment he is healthy nobody loves him. Sickness is a good excuse for others to be provoked to love him.

You may have seen it, but you may not have thought about it. The wife is working the whole day, perfectly healthy, but as the husband comes home, looking from the window, she immediately goes to bed. She has a headache -- because unless she has a headache the husband does not show any love. But if she has a headache, reluctantly the husband sits by her side, massages her head, shows some phony kind of love, talks sweet and beautiful words. For months he has not called her "darling," but when the headache is there he has to call her "darling." And that's what she wants to hear, "I love you. And I love you not just today, I will love you forever."

It is strange that you show your love to your children when they are sick. But you don't understand a simple psychology of association -- sickness and love become associated. Whenever the child needs your love he has to be sick. Who cares about the healthy child, who cares about the healthy wife, who cares about the healthy husband? Love seems to be something like a medicine; it is needed only by the sick.

I want it to be clear to you -- take care of the sick, but never show love. Taking care of the sick is a totally different thing. Be indifferent, because a headache is not something great. Take care, but avoid your sweet nothings; take care in a very pragmatic way. Put the medicine on her head, but don't show love, because that is dangerous. When a child is sick, take care, but be absolutely indifferent. Make the child understand that by being sick he cannot blackmail you. The whole humanity is blackmailing each other. Sickness, oldness, disease have become almost demanding, "You have to love me because I'm sick, I'm old...."

One of the great psychologists of the Soviet Union, Pavlov, has discovered the law of association -- that one has to be very careful not to get two things associated unless you want them to be associated. He worked his whole life with dogs. He would give the dog food and he would go on ringing a bell. Now, the bell has nothing to do with food, but the dog every day hears the bell and eats the food simultaneously. He eats, and Pavlov is ringing the bell. After fifteen days Pavlov simply rings the bell and the dog starts hanging out his tongue and his saliva starts flowing.

Now, there is no natural relationship between the ringing of a bell and the saliva and the tongue hanging out, but they have become associated. The ringing bell immediately prepares his whole body ready for food, although there is no food.

There is a beautiful incident that Pavlov proved by these experiments about association. One day he tried the same experiment from another side. He placed the food before the dog but the dog would not eat it. Pavlov could not believe it -- he had to ring the bell! And as he started ringing the bell the dog started eating the food. He said, "My God, now I have got into a difficulty."

He had seventy dogs and, even in the communist revolution when men were dying of starvation, the government had taken care of his dogs. They were living comfortably, in the days of revolution when no man was living so comfortably, because Pavlov had made a great contribution. Pavlov writes in his autobiography, "I was shocked when the dogs refused to eat. They are hungry, but the bell has to be rung. Only then... the association has gone so

deep."

When somebody is sick and you show love.... And that's the routine that humanity has followed. To the sick person you don't show anger, even if you are angry. To the sick person, even if you don't feel any love, you show love; if you cannot show love, at least sympathy. But these are dangerous, and very much against psychological findings.

Zarathustra is right: NOT WITH THE LOVE OF THE SICK AND DISEASED, TO BE SURE.
ONE MUST LEARN TO LOVE ONESELF WITH A SOUND AND HEALTHY LOVE, SO THAT ONE
MAY ENDURE IT WITH ONESELF AND NOT GO ROAMING ABOUT -- THUS DO I TEACH.

You should love yourself without thinking whether you deserve it or not. You are alive -- that is enough proof that you deserve love, just as you deserve breathing. You don't think whether you deserve breathing or not. Love is a subtle nourishment to the soul, just as food is to the body. And if you are full of love for yourself you will be able to love others. But love the healthy, love the strong.

Take care of the sick, take care of the old; but care is a totally different matter. The difference between love and care is the difference between a mother and a nurse. The nurse takes care, the mother loves. When the child is sick it is better even for the mother to be just a nurse. When the child is healthy, pour as much love as you can. Let love be associated with healthiness, strength, intelligence; that will help the child a long way in his life.

SUCH ROAMING ABOUT CALLS ITSELF `LOVE OF ONE'S NEIGHBOUR'. People have been told, "Love your neighbor," and nobody tells you, "Love yourself." You are your first neighbor! Everybody else comes after that. And if you cannot love yourself, how you can love your neighbor?

Jesus says, "Love your neighbor as you love yourself." But in his whole teaching there is not a single statement which shows any indication of how to love oneself. And if you are going to love your neighbor the way you love yourself, you are going to hate him, because you hate yourself. Nobody likes himself: the nose is a little short or a little long, the eyes are not so beautiful as they could have been, the body is not so proportionate as other bodies are. You are continuously comparing yourself, and in comparison you will always find someone better than you. How can you love yourself?

All comparison should stop. You have to accept yourself as you are -- this is the way existence wants you to be. And this is the way you have to love yourself -- not reluctantly, but joyously. Then perhaps your love will start overflowing to the neighbors, too. It certainly does. When you are so full of love it is bound to overflow; otherwise to love the neighbor is the most difficult thing in the world.

Jesus has two statements: "Love your enemy as yourself." That is easier, because the enemy is far away -- he is not a constant nuisance. But the neighbor..."Love your neighbor as yourself" -- that is the most difficult thing; he is a constant nuisance. But if you know how to love yourself, your love will give you a great understanding about others. As you have accepted yourself, you will be able to accept people as they are. It is not their fault -- just as existence has given you a certain individuality, existence has given them a certain individuality. They are not responsible for it. And if you can love yourself, you can love the whole world. Yes, even the neighbor.

THESE WORDS HAVE BEEN UP TO NOW THE BEST FOR LYING AND DISSEMBLING, AND ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO WERE OPPRESSIVE TO EVERYBODY.

AND TRULY, TO LEARN TO LOVE ONESELF IS NO COMMANDMENT FOR TODAY OR FOR TOMORROW. RATHER IS THIS ART THE FINEST, SUBTLEST, ULTIMATE, AND MOST PATIENT OF ALL. It is not a commandment, it is an art, a

discipline; you have to learn it. Perhaps love is the greatest art in life. But everybody thinks that he is born with the capacity to love, so nobody refines it. It remains crude and primitive. And it can be refined to such heights that you can say in those heights, Love is God.

ALMOST IN THE CRADLE ARE WE PRESENTED WITH HEAVY WORDS AND VALUES: THIS DOWRY CALLS ITSELF `GOOD' AND `EVIL'. FOR ITS SAKE WE ARE FORGIVEN FOR BEING ALIVE. Zarathustra is saying, "From the very cradle you are forced to accept certain ideas as good and certain ideas as evil. And if you don't accept that, your life will become impossible." The child is so helpless. He cannot live on his own; he is dependent. And the parents, without any bad intention, just unconsciously, go on exploiting the situation of the child by forcing their ideas on him of what is good and what is evil. If you accept them -- and ordinarily every child has to accept them... FOR ITS SAKE WE ARE FORGIVEN FOR BEING ALIVE -- then you are forgiven for being alive; otherwise, your life becomes a sin which cannot be forgiven.

And the truth is that all our ideas of good and evil are so rotten and so old, so out of date, that they need continuous change. But they are fixed. Life goes on changing, but our ideas of good and evil, they don't change. And because of these ideas we cannot live life in its totality. They prevent us. There is such a gap between life and our ideologies.

In my village one physician, a high caste brahmin, was known to be a very wise man. I used to go to him with my father. My father was very friendly with him; they were of almost the same age. And whenever he would feel a sneeze coming, he would immediately make a noise with his fingers. I was very much amazed, "What does the sneeze have to do with the noise of the fingers?" I asked him.

He said, "When you are sneezing there is a gap, and ghosts can enter into you."

I said, "My God!" And he was the wisest man in the village. So I said, "I will see."

So whenever I would see him, whether the sneeze was coming or not, I would start. Soon it spread all over the town. And I told my class fellows, "When you pass through his street, if you see him in his shop, just make a noise with your fingers."

He became so angry with me. He started running after people, saying, "Why did you do that?" But the man would say, "A sneeze was coming. If it did not come, what can I do? I just felt that it was coming. Do you suggest first that I should let it come?"

"No," he said, "that would not be right. When you feel it is coming just do it, and ghosts cannot enter."

I told my father, "This is so stupid. Why should ghosts be afraid of such a small noise? And why does the sneeze give them a space to enter?"

But he said, "The physician is a very wise man; he knows all the scriptures. All the saints stay with him in his house. But you are not allowed to go to his house anymore. He has told me, `Your boy is dangerous -- he has corrupted almost one thousand students of the school. I cannot work when I look at the street and see that somebody is standing there.'"

But my father said to him, "They are not doing any harm to you. They just click their fingers; let them do it."

He said, "I cannot tolerate -- they are making a mockery of me." And he would run with his staff behind a student. That became even more tempting -- even to others who were not students, even neighbors.

I was very much loved by his wife. I could not enter his house from the front door because he was sitting there with his staff, and he had told her that he would beat me if I got... so I had to go from the back to meet his wife. I told his wife, "One day you also try it." She said, "That idea has come to me."

She was very much younger than him. She was his third wife; two wives had died.

She said, "That idea has come to me, but I am afraid that if I try it he may get very angry."

I said, "Don't be worried. What can he do? You are younger, you are stronger; he is old. Don't be worried -- and before you do it, hide his stick."

So she did it. Next day, when I was passing in front of his house, he called me and he said, "This is too much. You are corrupting my wife's mind too! Last night I was just going to sleep and she did it!"

I said, "I cannot enter your house." He said, "I know, you came from the back door. But will you let me live in this village or do I have to leave? -- because now the whole village is making a mockery of a thing which had come traditionally; my father used to do it, my grandfather used to do it."

I said, "That does not mean anything. You have to prove to me.... I can stop the whole village; I can go to every door and tell them, 'He says that he is sorry and he will not do it again.' But you either give me the scientific explanation for it or suffer."

He said, "I would rather stop doing it myself. Ghosts cannot torture me so much as the whole village is torturing me. My whole profession is disturbed, Even my patients laugh, because I have to leave my patients in the middle and run after people."

It was the talk of the town, "What has happened to this so-called wise man?" His whole wisdom was destroyed by a single thing. Even ordinary people started thinking, "This is stupid. We have seen it before but we never bothered; we thought it was just some eccentric, whimsical idea. We had never asked him if he is preventing ghosts -- and now everybody is preventing ghosts all over the city."

Something may be coming from tradition, for centuries may have been thought good or evil. But you have to be in tune with life today. You have to be contemporary. And you have to continuously check whether your ideas of good and evil are still relevant. And you will be surprised that they are not.

Something that is good in one context becomes bad in another context. Something that seems to be evil in one context is not evil in another context. And with the flux of life, where everything is changing, you should also be in tune with the change -- only then can you live totally, fully, joyfully. Otherwise, you are two thousand years behind and the gap is so big that you are already dead; you might as well have been in a grave. Your ideology has become your grave if it is old, if it is not renewed every moment.

AND WE SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO US, TO PREVENT THEM IN GOOD TIME FROM LOVING THEMSELVES. The mother says to the child, "Love me, I'm your mother." The father says, "Love me, I'm your father," as if just by being the father there is some necessity that he should be loved. The only necessity is that *you* are loving, whether you are a father or not; whether you are a mother or not. If you are loving, the child will respond with love. Don't say to the child, "I'm your father, that's why you have to love me." That makes his love very small. Then there is no need for him to love somebody else who is not his father.

More understanding parents should try to love the child so that he learns responding with love, so whenever he is loved by anyone he will respond with love. By loving the child you are giving him an indication that he is lovable. And once he starts getting the idea that he is lovable, he will love himself. That is the only way to teach him the right path of loving himself and responding with love to anyone who is loving towards him.

... THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY IS THE CAUSE OF THAT.

AND WE -- WE BEAR LOYALLY WHAT WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN UPON HARD SHOULDERS OVER RUGGED MOUNTAINS! AND WHEN WE SWEAT WE ARE TOLD: `YES, LIFE IS HARD TO BEAR!' Life is being made too hard. It is not life itself that is hard. You load the poor camel too much and then you say to the camel, "Life is too hard."

First you force the camel to kneel down, to be humble and meek, to be ready to be enslaved, and then you praise the camel if he allows you to load on him more than he can carry. Then he becomes a saintly camel. All your saints are carrying such great loads that all joy in their life has disappeared. They cannot laugh, they cannot dance.

You cannot hope that a camel who is loaded so much will dance. Dance for what? For being a slave? For being forced to kneel down? You have shattered his dignity, his pride in himself; now there is no question of dancing. And with such a load... but you are told again and again, "Yes, life is hard to bear."

But Zarathustra has a totally different thing to say to you: BUT ONLY MAN IS HARD TO BEAR! Not life. Life is immensely beautiful and light. Life is simply full of songs and joy. It is man who is hard to bear, and it is man who makes life also hard to bear.

THAT IS BECAUSE HE BEARS TOO MANY FOREIGN THINGS UPON HIS SHOULDERS. LIKE THE CAMEL, HE KNEELS DOWN AND LETS HIMSELF BE WELL LADEN. It is your mentality of a slave, your readiness to become a slave, your readiness to worship, to kneel down, to pray, your readiness to accept ideas that you are things created by God -- this is hard to bear. And this makes your whole life a trouble -- you make it. Love is light but marriage is hard. But marriage is man's invention; love is not.

Love is a natural breeze. But you are so greedy that when the breeze comes in your room, fresh, you immediately close all the doors and windows to keep the fresh breeze inside. But when all the windows and doors are closed, the fresh breeze is no longer fresh; it becomes stale. Love is fresh, but marriage becomes stale.

If Zarathustra proves right and some day on the earth the superman arrives, many things will disappear. One of them will be marriage -- about which I can be absolutely certain, because marriage has made man more miserable than anything else. It is strange: love makes man so happy, so blissful, and marriage just destroys all happiness, all joy -- because marriage, behind a beautiful name, is nothing but a bondage, a contract, a lifelong agreement. And any man who understands life cannot promise for tomorrow, because who knows what the tomorrow is going to be, what the tomorrow is going to be like?

I may change, you may change. Love is not within our control; it is not like electricity that you switch it on, switch it off. It comes when it comes and it goes when it goes. But the problem arises when love disappears and you cannot do anything to prevent it. You have promised so many things. Now the only thing left for you is to be a hypocrite, to pretend, and that's what becomes the hardest burden on life.

If you live intelligently and consciously, you will not promise for tomorrow. And people are even promising for the next life -- the Hindu wife prays to God, "Give me the same husband in the next life." I have heard such prayers and I have asked those women, "Is your life so blissful that you are asking God, `Give me the same husband?'" They said, "Blissful? It is hell!"

I said, "But then why are you asking for the same husband again? Don't you like variety? You should pray rather, `Except this husband give me anyone! Enough is enough, one life is enough.'" But traditionally the Hindu wife's virtue is that she wants the same husband again

and again and again. And life is miserable.

An intelligent man, a man who has a little meditative consciousness, can make his life a beautiful piece of art, can make it so full of love and full of music and full of poetry and full of dance that there are no limitations for it. Life is not hard. It is man's stupidity that makes it hard.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #16

Chapter title: Of the spirit of gravity part 2

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY. PART 2
MAN IS DIFFICULT TO DISCOVER, MOST OF ALL TO HIMSELF; THE SPIRIT OFTEN TELLS LIES ABOUT THE SOUL....
BUT HE HAS DISCOVERED HIMSELF WHO SAYS: THIS IS MY GOOD AND EVIL: HE HAS SILENCED THEREBY THE MOLE AND DWARF WHO SAYS: 'GOOD FOR ALL, EVIL FOR ALL.' TRULY, I DISLIKE ALSO THOSE WHO CALL EVERYTHING GOOD AND THIS WORLD THE BEST OF ALL. I CALL SUCH PEOPLE THE ALL-CONTENTED.
ALL-CONTENTEDNESS THAT KNOWS HOW TO TASTE EVERYTHING: THAT IS NOT THE BEST TASTE! I HONOUR THE OBSTINATE, FASTIDIOUS TONGUES AND STOMACHS THAT HAVE LEARNED TO SAY 'I' AND 'YES' AND 'NO'....
DEEP YELLOW AND BURNING RED: THAT IS TO MY TASTE -- IT MIXES BLOOD WITH ALL COLORS. BUT HE WHO WHITEWASHES HIS HOUSE BETRAYS TO ME A WHITEWASHED SOUL....
I ALSO CALL WRETCHED THOSE WHO ALWAYS HAVE TO WAIT -- THEY OFFEND MY TASTE: ALL TAX-COLLECTORS AND SHOPKEEPERS AND KINGS AND OTHER KEEPERS OF LANDS AND SHOPS.
TRULY, I TOO HAVE LEARNED TO WAIT, I HAVE LEARNED IT FROM THE VERY HEART, BUT ONLY TO WAIT FOR MYSELF. AND ABOVE ALL I HAVE LEARNED TO STAND AND TO WALK AND TO RUN AND TO JUMP AND TO CLIMB AND TO DANCE.
THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY TEACHING: HE WHO WANTS TO LEARN TO FLY ONE DAY MUST FIRST LEARN TO STAND AND TO WALK AND TO RUN AND TO CLIMB AND TO DANCE -- YOU CANNOT LEARN TO FLY BY FLYING!...
I CAME TO MY TRUTH BY DIVERSE PATHS AND IN DIVERSE WAYS: IT WAS NOT UPON A SINGLE LADDER THAT I CLIMBED TO THE HEIGHT WHERE MY EYES SURVEY MY DISTANCES.
AND I HAVE ASKED THE WAY ONLY UNWILLINGLY -- THAT HAS ALWAYS OFFENDED MY TASTE! I HAVE RATHER QUESTIONED AND ATTEMPTED THE WAYS THEMSELVES.
ALL MY PROGRESS HAS BEEN AN ATTEMPTING AND A QUESTIONING -- AND TRULY, ONE HAS TO LEARN HOW TO ANSWER SUCH QUESTIONING! THAT HOWEVER -- IS TO MY TASTE: NOT GOOD TASTE, NOT BAD TASTE, BUT MY TASTE, WHICH I NO LONGER CONCEAL AND OF WHICH I AM NO LONGER ASHAMED.
'THIS -- IS NOW MY WAY: WHERE IS YOURS?' THUS I ANSWERED THOSE WHO ASKED ME 'THE WAY'. FOR THE WAY -- DOES NOT EXIST!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

All the religions and all the philosophies are based on the assumption that there exists a way to the ultimate truth. Zarathustra denies it totally. He says there is no way as such. And if there is no way as such, it has tremendous implications.

First, if the people who believe in the way were right, then the way already exists -- you have simply to follow, you have simply to move on the way. This is how organized religions are created. They have highways and superhighways, and millions of people walk together towards the ultimate truth. Nobody ever bothers about whether anybody ever reaches anywhere.

Twenty-five centuries have passed, and millions of people have moved on the way they have thought is the way of Gautam the Buddha. But no one has turned around and said, "I have arrived; the way has led me to the promised land." And the situation is the same for all other religions: Hindus have not been able to produce another Krishna, neither have Christians produced another Christ.

It is strange... still millions of people are following certain routines, certain prayers, certain scriptures; they constitute their "way." And all ways have failed -- because if all these ways had succeeded, the world would have been totally different. It would not have been a world of constant wars, violence, crimes, murder, suicide, madness, of all kinds of perversions. And man would not have been so miserable as he is. He is nothing but a deep wound which knows no way to heal.

Everybody is hiding his wound. You smile just to hide your tears, and you show each other that everything is perfectly alright; and everybody knows nothing is right at all.

I had a friend, and whenever I met him, I used to ask him, "How are things going?" and his reply was almost mechanical, always the same: "Everything is alright." I enquired of other friends about this man, and they said, "That does not mean anything; he says that to everybody. Ask anything: 'How is your wife?' -- 'Everything is alright.' 'How are your children?' -- 'Everything is alright.'"

One day I met him on the way to the university, and I wanted to ask him once again, because three months before, his father had died. I knew it, so I enquired of him, "How is your father?" And he said, "He has been alright for three months, absolutely alright." I could not believe my ears. The father was dead -- certainly he had been alright for three months; he had not created any problem, any difficulty. But he said it in just the same, routine way.

Everybody is showing a face which is not his. Nobody wants to expose himself and his suffering. For thousands of years, people have been practicing great religions, following great religious leaders, and this is the outcome. If a tree is known by its fruits, then all your religions should be judged by your state of misery and suffering. You are the fruits of your whole past.

Zarathustra is absolutely right: there is no way. What does he mean exactly, when he says there is no way?

He is saying many things. One thing: you have to walk, and create the way by your walking; you will not find a ready-made path. It is not so cheap, to reach to the ultimate realization of truth. You will have to create the path by walking yourself; the path is not ready-made, lying there and waiting for you. It is just like the sky: the birds fly, but they don't leave any footprints. You cannot follow them; there are no footprints left behind.

Zarathustra is saying, "Gautam Buddha may have reached. But in the sky of consciousness, no footprints are left behind, no path is made. Everybody has to create his own path." It also means, religion cannot be an organized phenomenon. It is basically individual, fundamentally individual.

It is just like love -- you cannot have organized love. One person falls in love -- not one organization falls in love. And in love, at least there is the other person, but in the search for truth, you are absolutely alone. It goes even higher than love, because love at least allows one person; you are not absolutely alone. Truth does not allow even a companion to go with you. And the reason why truth cannot allow it is simple: because truth is not there outside somewhere, it is within you. And within yourself you can go only alone. You cannot take somebody else with you.

In the inner sky of your consciousness you will have to find what you are searching for by creating the path. It creates fear in the cowardly soul; otherwise it gives a great thrill to the brave and to the courageous -- a great excitement, a great challenge of being in solitude, alone, moving into the unknown with no map, with no guide, with no roads, with no milestones. It is a great joy for the courageous soul.

That's why the experience of truth is always virgin. Nobody has been there before you. Nobody can be there before you. They have all been in their own inner center; your inner center is still virgin and will remain virgin unless you reach to it.

The search for truth is falling in love with oneself.

The finding of truth is not something objective; it is just discovering yourself, just coming to know the beauty and the blissfulness, the peace and the eternity of your existence.

You need not be a follower: every follower is going in a wrong direction -- just by following. You need not choose the path: the very choice is to begin the journey in a wrong direction. You need not have an ideal of Gautam Buddha or Jesus or Mahavira or Krishna, because to have an ideal will not allow you to be alone. Those ideals in your imagination will go with you. Hence, tremendous sayings: Gautam Buddha says, "If you meet me on the path, kill me immediately." Zarathustra says, "Beware of the so-called saviors, and most precisely beware of Zarathustra."

If you fall in love with a man like Zarathustra -- which is very easy, very consoling -- your very love will become a hindrance, an obstacle in the search of your purity, of your innocence, of your authentic self. The statements this evening are very significant.

Zarathustra says, **MAN IS DIFFICULT TO DISCOVER, MOST OF ALL TO HIMSELF; THE SPIRIT OFTEN TELLS LIES ABOUT THE SOUL.**

The first difficulty in discovering yourself is that your mind is full of lies about yourself, which you have learned, which you have gathered from all over the place. From scriptures, from priests, from saints, you are collecting all kinds of garbage about yourself, and none of them knows you. None of them can know you. The possibility to know yourself exists only for you. It is absolutely your privilege -- nobody else can enter into your privacy. This is a fundamental truth to be remembered: your innermost being cannot be enslaved, cannot be even touched.

Alexander had come to India, and when he was going back, he remembered that his master, Aristotle, who is the father of logic in the West, had asked him, "You may be bringing many things and many gifts to many people. For me, I would like you to bring a sannyasin, because only the East knows what a sannyasin is -- a man who has made it his life's task to discover himself, who has sacrificed everything, staked everything for a single point: he wants to know himself. I would love," Aristotle said to him, "to see such a man," because the West was still unaware of the inner search.

Unfortunately even today it is unaware of the inner search. Its whole effort is scientific, objective -- how to know more about the world, how to know more about the farthest star.

But nobody seems to be very interested in knowing oneself. It seems as if it is taken for granted: what is the need to know oneself? You are yourself already.

It is true you are yourself already -- but who are you? You are not alert of your own being. You have not tasted the joy, the song, the dance of one who knows himself.

Alexander went through many, many places and he asked people, "I would like to know about someone who has found himself, because I don't want to take some amateur; I want somebody who has arrived home." They all indicated one man, saying, "On the way you will find, near a mountain, by the side of a river, an old man. In this area there are many sannyasins, but they are still seekers. Only that old man is no longer a seeker. He has arrived. He has found who he is."

Alexander sent one of his generals to the sage. And the general asked him, "Alexander the Great wants you to be his guest, and he wants to take you to Greece, his homeland. You will be given all facilities, all comforts, all luxuries -- whatever you need."

The old man laughed, and he said, "It would be better... bring your Alexander the Great himself to me. I don't talk to the servants. Bring the master himself!" The general was a great general himself, but he had never heard such an authoritative voice. He had fought in many wars, invaded many countries, but he had never encountered such a lion. He could not say anything. He simply went back and told Alexander, "It is better not to bother with that old man. He knows no courtesy; he is absolutely wild. He misbehaved with me and I am afraid he may misbehave with you."

Alexander said, "Anybody who misbehaves with me cannot live a single moment more. I am coming." But as he came close to the old man, he started feeling a little trembling in himself, because the old man said, "So you are Alexander the Great. Anybody who calls himself 'the great' is not, and cannot be, 'the great.' What is your opinion?"

Alexander said, "I have not come to discuss, I have come to invite you." The old man said, "I am like the wind -- I move in freedom. You cannot invite a breeze; it comes on its own. If I feel like coming, I will come to Greece -- and not on your invitation. But if I don't want to, then I will not even go to paradise."

Alexander was infuriated. He pulled out his sword and he said, "If you don't come with me, then I will behead you this very moment!" The old man laughed, and the whole valley echoed his laughter. And he said, "This is beautiful. Do it! I always wanted to see my head falling down from the body. Just cut it off. Don't be concerned about killing a man, because I am not the man you are killing. I am far away from my head. When the head falls down you will see it falling, and I will also see it falling, because I am not my head. This head is going to fall anyway sooner or later, dust unto dust. And I will feel blessed that even Alexander the Great had to work for me, had to follow my order. Cut the head off immediately!" -- as if he is ordering him to cut off somebody else's head!

Even Alexander, who had cut thousands of heads, could not manage to cut this man's head off. His sword went back into the sheath, and the old man said, "What are you doing?" Alexander said, "Just forgive me. I don't know the ways of you people. My master had asked me, because he wanted to see a man who has found the truth. Neither he knows nor I know how a man who has found the truth behaves. One thing is certain: you have known something beyond the body and beyond the mind. I will not force you to come with me. I am blessed just to have seen you. I will report to my master about you."

Man's mind is the greatest barrier in his way to self-discovery, because the mind goes on telling you lies about yourself: you are this, you are that. It tells beautiful lies: you are the immortal soul, you are God Himself, you are eternal consciousness, you are truth, you are

beauty, you are good. But all these are just empty words. You have picked them up, borrowed them from different sources. They are all just rubbish. But they can prevent you, because they can give you a false sense that you know yourself already. And if you know yourself already, there is no point in going for exploration.

This is the treacherous, the most ugly fact about your mind, that it lies very beautifully. It quotes scriptures, it convinces you that you need not go anywhere -- just read THE HOLY BIBLE, or the holy GITA, or the holy KORAN and you will find everything. There is no need to go in search; people have already found everything about the soul. It is true, people have already found out everything about the soul, just as people have found out everything about love, but does that mean that their findings about love will give you a taste of love? Their findings will remain only words to you. They cannot become an experience.

BUT HE HAS DISCOVERED HIMSELF WHO SAYS: THIS IS MY GOOD AND EVIL: HE HAS SILENCED THEREBY THE MOLE AND DWARF WHO SAYS: 'GOOD FOR ALL, EVIL FOR ALL.'

Zarathustra says, "One of the signs of the person who has discovered himself is that he always says, 'this is *my* good' and 'this is *my* evil.'" He does not talk in terms of the universe. He does not talk as if he has found some law that is applicable to all. Those who talk about laws which are applicable to all show definitively that they don't know themselves. Each individual is unique; hence each individual has his own morality, his own good, his own evil.

He cannot say... 'GOOD FOR ALL, EVIL FOR ALL.' He can only say, "This is good for me: I know myself, and I know what makes me happier, what makes me ecstatic. What makes me blissful is good for me, but I cannot make a general rule of it because what is nectar to me, may prove poison to you. You have your own uniqueness, you have your own individuality."

This is great about man. And this is the problem, the reason why science cannot come to any conclusions about man. It can come to conclusions about water, it can come to conclusions about matter, it can come to conclusions about everything, but not about consciousness -- because science can conclude only if it finds a general rule without any exception. But what is true to one consciousness may not be so to another.

Gautam Buddha and Mahavira were contemporaries. They moved in the same area of India, Bihar. The word *bihar* simply means the area of the wanderings of Buddha and Mahavir -- *bihar* means "wanderings" and because they wandered in that area, the name of the area itself became Bihar. They passed through the same towns, the same villages, the same cities.

Once it happened: they had to stay in the same *caravanserai*. In one part, Gautam Buddha was staying, in another part, Mahavira was staying. But they never agreed on anything -- and they both were self-realized beings. Mahavira lived naked. Buddha used clothes -- not many, only three sets of clothes were his whole possession. But the followers of Mahavira continually asked him, "The man who realizes himself drops all possessions, even clothes. Why have you not dropped clothes?" And the disciples of Buddha used to ask Mahavira, "A self-realized man need not drop the clothes. Buddha has not dropped, why should you unnecessarily suffer cold, heat, different seasons? Why torture yourself?"

But nobody -- and both had thousands of followers -- nobody could see a simple point. Perhaps it was so obvious that they missed seeing it.

They could recognize that both persons had the same charisma, the same spiritual depth to their eyes, the same grace to their gestures, the same authority to their words, and the same joyous aroma around them -- the same fragrance, the same beauty. But why were they so different in their expressions, in their philosophies, in their disciplines?

Mankind has lived under a great illusion -- that all men are the same, that man is equal. It is not true. What to say about all men? Not even two men are the same.

And when they reach their highest peak, then they are more unique and more different than ever, because then their genius comes to its fullest expression. And naturally Buddha has a different genius than Mahavira. Zarathustra has a different genius than Jesus. If we can understand a simple fact -- that everybody has to discover himself and in that very discovery he will find his own morality, his own individuality, his own good, his own evil -- we will not be so critical of each other.

Right now the Buddhist cannot accept Mahavira as enlightened -- very close, but not perfectly enlightened. Neither can the followers of Jaina Mahavira accept Gautam Buddha as perfectly enlightened.

One of the followers of Mahatma Gandhi, who brought me to Poona for the first time -- his name was Risabdas Raka -- had written a book according to the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatma Gandhi was teaching that all religions are the same -- which is nonsense, they are as different as different can be.

Risabdas Raka was a Jaina by birth and he wrote a book on Mahavira and Buddha. The name of the book was BHAGWAN MAHAVIRA AND MAHATMA GAUTAM BUDDHA.

I asked him, "You are trying to prove that all religions are the same, but the title of your book says that Mahavira is Bhagwan; and according to Jainism, Bhagwan means the realized one, the blessed one, one who has arrived. Why have you not used the same word for Buddha? -- because the followers of Buddha call him BHAGWAN GAUTAM BUDDHA. For him you used *mahatma*. *Mahatma* means the great soul -- great, but not so great as the blessed one; very close, but has not yet arrived."

He was very angry with me. He said, "Nobody has said that to me. I have even shown the book to Mahatma Gandhi and he appreciated it very much."

I said, "I am not Mahatma Gandhi; I am not so blind as he was. I can see from the very title that you, deep down in your mind, are still a follower of Mahavira and you cannot conceive that somebody else like Gautam Buddha, who has a different philosophy, a different life-style, has reached to the same experience, to the same truth, to the same height." And because I criticized him on the title of the book, that became the point of departure. Then he became my archenemy -- just because I pointed out a simple fact which he could not deny.

I said, "If you really have any dignity, you should withdraw this book and burn it. Write it again and if you have even a small doubt in you that Buddha is not equal to Mahavira, then don't pretend."

Every individual has to come to such a unique space -- which nobody has ever explored; it is his own. This is the dignity, the privilege of being human.

TRULY I DISLIKE ALL THOSE WHO CALL EVERYTHING GOOD AND THIS WORLD THE BEST OF ALL. I CALL SUCH PEOPLE THE ALL-CONTENTED. In the language of Zarathustra, the all-contented are not even human beings; they are buffaloes. Buffaloes are all-contented. Have you seen any buffalo discontented, sad, depressed, in despair? No, buffaloes are all-contented -- they are all your saints, born as buffaloes.

An authentic human being has a tremendous discontent -- discontent with everything.

Without that discontent there is no progress; without that discontent there is no growth; without that discontent there is no reaching for the stars. You need a great discontent -- to be spiritual. Contentment is for the lowliest. *All-contented* is for Zarathustra a word of great contempt. He is saying:

TRULY, I DISLIKE ALL THOSE WHO CALL EVERYTHING GOOD AND THIS WORLD THE BEST OF ALL.

And that's what your religions have been teaching to you: Everything is good; be satisfied with your life. Even if there is some suffering, it is just a test of your trust. Pass through it, but don't become discontented and everything is good.

Because of these teachings man has remained retarded -- retarded as far as spiritual evolution is concerned, retarded as far as his growth as a superman is concerned. You need a divine discontentment. Only then a great longing will arise in you to go beyond yourself, to go beyond your so-called knowledge, to go beyond your so-called morality, to go beyond your so-called society.

This going beyond is a continuous process; it never stops.

Life's fundamental rule is: overcoming itself, again and again. That's what Zarathustra teaches and I agree with him with absolute totality.

Man needs a divine discontent, a longing for the distant, a longing for the impossible. Unless you have the longing for the impossible you will not have a great soul. A small soul is all-contented -- having a wife, two, three children, a house, a grocery store, once in a while going for a picnic, every Sunday going to see a movie. This life and you are all-contented; things are going perfectly well.

According to Zarathustra, according to me, this is not life. You are deceiving yourself -- because you have so much potential. You can grow so many flowers in your being; you can give birth to stars. All that you need is somebody to put fire in you, to make you aflame with such a longing that nothing can satisfy you. Even if God comes into your possession, the true divine seeker will ask, "Now what? because I want to go beyond God. God cannot be the end of the street."

Only the impossible, which always appears like the horizon -- you are coming closer and closer and closer, but the distance between you and the horizon remains the same -- only a horizon can help you to go on growing, to go on becoming higher. And that is the only hope: if man can be so discontented with himself that he is ready to die to give birth to a superman. ALL-CONTENTEDNESS THAT KNOWS HOW TO TASTE EVERYTHING: THAT IS NOT THE BEST TASTE! I HONOUR THE OBSTINATE, FASTIDIOUS TONGUES AND STOMACHS THAT HAVE LEARNED TO SAY 'I' AND 'YES' AND 'NO'. DEEP YELLOW AND BURNING RED: THAT IS TO MY TASTE -- IT MIXES BLOOD WITH ALL COLORS. BUT HE WHO WHITEWASHES HIS HOUSE BETRAYS TO ME A WHITEWASHED SOUL.

You can ask Ronald Reagan, "What happens in a white house?" -- one gets a whitewashed soul. Man has to be a rainbow. All the colors, all the varieties, all that life makes available has to be tasted, has to be lived, and has to be lived intensely. Only a life lived totally, in all its colors, brings the opportunity to you for giving birth to something higher than you, something bigger than you, something greater than you.

You are not the goal.

You have to become the soil.

It is enough for you if you can become a soil in which many, many roses will blossom.

I CALL WRETCHED THOSE WHO ALWAYS HAVE TO WAIT -- THEY OFFEND MY TASTE: ALL TAX-COLLECTORS -- the income tax-commissioner of Poona included -- AND SHOPKEEPERS AND KINGS AND OTHER KEEPERS OF LANDS AND SHOPS. They are all very small human beings. Their taste is only for the very trivial. Their interest is for money, their lust is for power, their greed is for honor, respectability -- but they don't have any longing for the stars. They don't have any longing even to discover their own

being.

TRULY, I TOO HAVE LEARNED TO WAIT, I HAVE LEARNED IT FROM THE VERY HEART, BUT ONLY TO WAIT FOR MYSELF. Zarathustra is saying, "I am also waiting -- impatiently waiting, discontentedly waiting -- but waiting only for myself. Not for money, not for power, not for honor, but just to know myself and to be myself." AND ABOVE ALL I HAVE LEARNED TO STAND AND TO WALK AND TO RUN AND TO JUMP AND TO CLIMB AND TO DANCE. I am not simply waiting.

He says, AND ABOVE ALL I HAVE LEARNED TO STAND AND TO WALK AND TO RUN AND TO JUMP AND TO CLIMB AND TO DANCE. My waiting is not empty. My waiting is full of songs and full of music and full of dances.

I am waiting for myself. I am preparing a great welcome for myself. My waiting is not sad, my waiting is not negative, my waiting is not hopelessness, my waiting is full of hope, tremendous hope. I know, however dark the night may be, the dawn will come... however long I have to wait. And I am not wasting my time while I am waiting; I am using my time as creatively as possible -- because I have to be ready to welcome myself, I have to deserve myself.

You cannot know yourself just as you are. You have to refine yourself, you have to learn more silence, you have to be more poetic, you have to be more sensitive, you have to be more alert, you have to be more meditative, you have to be more grateful. And you have to be immensely discontented with all the trivia; people are contented....

Look at your so-called great people! They seem to be so childish: somebody gets a Nobel prize and he goes mad -- and a Nobel prize is nothing but a lollipop. It doesn't have more value than that; it is a toy for the grown-ups, a teddy bear. But people are bragging -- just look at the military generals and their colors and the great police officers and their colors. The line goes on getting bigger and bigger, more colors are added -- and they are so happy! Is this world still childish? People are writing their degrees.... Just the other day I was looking at a visiting card. It was full on both sides: president of this association, vice-president of that association, retired from this post, working as a counselor to the government... and it goes on and on. On that small visiting card he had written his whole autobiography -- all his degrees, all the posts he had served. Perhaps he had never thought that this is childish.

You are not your degrees, you are not the posts you have been on, you are not the vice-presidents and the presidents of stupid kinds of clubs -- Rotary Club, Lions Club. Just gather twenty idiots and make a club; Jackals Club, will be more true -- because I have been to many Lions Clubs and I have not seen a single lion. All kinds of cowards... but they are enjoying their time just being a member of the Lions Club. If a lion comes into the club, then you will see the reality of what happens to members who were pretending to be lions. And now their wives have Lionesses Clubs, their children have Kids Clubs.

How easy it is to deceive oneself.

How easy it is to create a false identity.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS MY TEACHING: HE WHO WANTS TO LEARN TO FLY ONE DAY MUST FIRST LEARN TO STAND AND TO WALK AND TO RUN AND TO CLIMB AND TO DANCE -- YOU CANNOT LEARN TO FLY BY FLYING!

You have to go step by step. If you want one day to fly to the stars, move slowly, step by step. Dance to abandon. Dance so deeply that the dancer disappears and only the dance remains, and perhaps you will grow wings. Such a dancer can fly; such a dancer certainly flies to the stars.

I CAME TO MY TRUTH BY DIVERSE PATHS AND IN DIVERSE WAYS: IT WAS NOT UPON A SINGLE LADDER THAT I CLIMBED TO THE HEIGHT WHERE MY EYES SURVEY MY

DISTANCES.

AND I HAVE ASKED THE WAY ONLY UNWILLINGLY -- THAT HAS ALWAYS OFFENDED MY TASTE! I HAVE RATHER QUESTIONED AND ATTEMPTED THE WAYS THEMSELVES. ALL MY PROGRESS HAS BEEN AN ATTEMPTING AND A QUESTIONING -- AND TRULY, ONE HAS TO LEARN HOW TO ANSWER SUCH QUESTIONING! THAT HOWEVER -- IS TO MY TASTE: NOT GOOD TASTE, NOT BAD TASTE, BUT MY TASTE.

His insistence is always on the individual:
NOT GOOD TASTE, NOT BAD TASTE, BUT MY TASTE, WHICH I NO LONGER CONCEAL AND OF WHICH I AM NO LONGER ASHAMED.
`THIS -- IS NOW MY WAY: WHERE IS YOURS?' THUS I ANSWERED THOSE WHO ASKED ME `THE WAY'. FOR THE WAY -- DOES NOT EXIST!

This is one of the greatest statements ever made by anyone: FOR THE WAY -- DOES NOT EXIST!

It has to be created by walking, it has to be created by dancing, it has to be created by searching. You have to do both things: walk on the way as you go on creating it; go on making the path and go on moving on it.

In fact, the making of the path and the walking on it is the same process. There are no ready-made ways. That's why only the very courageous people -- who are ready to get lost, who are ready to lose all contact with the crowd and the crowd's comfort and cosiness, and the certainty that, "So many people are with me, and so many people cannot be wrong. And if they are all right, I am on the right path" -- only a very courageous person moves out of the crowd.

The crowd has never found any truth. The crowd never moves, the crowd never grows. The crowd is not a river, it is a pond. It has no flow; it never reaches the ocean. And if you want to reach the ocean you have to become a river, you have to take the risk.

Have you watched how rivers reach the ocean? They do not have any ready-made path; they do not have any guidance as to the direction. They do not run like railway trains on rails. Arising far away in the Himalayas, the Ganges starts its journey not knowing where the way is -- not even asking. But it goes on trying to find the way in the mountains, in the valleys, in the plains. And after thousands of miles, finally it finds the ocean.

It is a miracle that all the rivers finally find the ocean. Why should it be otherwise with man?

Why can man's consciousness not find the ultimate truth, the oceanic truth?

One just needs courage.

Of course to be a pond is very safe and comfortable -- no danger of getting lost in any desert, no danger of losing your path, all-contented -- but a pond is dead, a river is alive. A pond goes on becoming dirty and muddy, and the river remains clean. The movement keeps it young and clean. A man has to be a river.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #17

Chapter title: Of old and new law tables part 1

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF OLD AND NEW LAW-TABLES PART 1
HERE I SIT AND WAIT, OLD SHATTERED LAW-TABLES AROUND ME AND ALSO NEW,
HALF-WRITTEN LAW-TABLES. WHEN WILL MY HOUR COME? -- THE HOUR OF MY
DOWN-GOING, MY DESCENT: FOR I WANT TO GO TO MEN ONCE MORE.
FOR THAT I NOW WAIT: FOR FIRST THE SIGN THAT IT IS MY HOUR MUST COME TO ME --
NAMELY, THE LAUGHING LION WITH THE FLOCK OF DOVES.
MEANWHILE I TALK TO MYSELF, AS ONE WHO HAS PLENTY OF TIME. NO ONE TELLS ME
ANYTHING NEW; SO I TELL MYSELF TO MYSELF.
WHEN I VISITED MEN, I FOUND THEM SITTING UPON AN OLD SELF-CONCEIT. EACH ONE
THOUGHT HE HAD LONG SINCE KNOWN WHAT WAS GOOD AND EVIL FOR MAN.
ALL TALK OF VIRTUE SEEMED TO THEM AN ANCIENT WEARIED AFFAIR; AND HE WHO
WISHED TO SLEEP WELL SPOKE OF 'GOOD' AND 'EVIL' BEFORE RETIRING.
I DISTURBED THIS SOMNOLENCE WHEN I TAUGHT THAT NOBODY YET KNOWS WHAT IS
GOOD AND EVIL -- UNLESS IT BE THE CREATOR!
BUT HE IT IS WHO CREATES A GOAL FOR MANKIND AND GIVES THE EARTH ITS MEANING
AND ITS FUTURE: HE IT IS WHO CREATES THE QUALITY OF GOOD AND EVIL IN THINGS.
AND I BADE THEM OVERTURN THEIR OLD PROFESSORIAL CHAIRS, AND WHEREVER THAT
OLD SELF-CONCEIT HAD SAT. I BADE THEM LAUGH AT THEIR GREAT MASTERS OF VIRTUE
AND SAINTS AND POETS AND WORLD-REDEEMERS.
I BADE THEM LAUGH AT THEIR GLOOMY SAGES, AND WHOEVER HAD SAT AS A BLACK
SCARECROW, CAUTIONING, ON THE TREE OF LIFE....
... AND I LAUGHED OVER ALL THEIR 'PAST' AND ITS DECAYED EXPIRING GLORY.
TRULY, LIKE LENTEN PREACHERS AND FOOLS DID I CRY ANGER AND SHAME OVER ALL
THEIR GREAT AND SMALL THINGS -- THEIR BEST IS SO VERY SMALL! THEIR WORST IS SO
VERY SMALL! -- THUS I LAUGHED.
THUS FROM OUT OF ME CRIED AND LAUGHED MY WISE DESIRE, WHICH WAS BORN ON THE
MOUNTAINS, A WILD WISDOM, IN TRUTH! -- MY GREAT DESIRE WITH RUSHING WINGS.
AND OFTEN IT TORE ME FORTH AND UP AND AWAY AND IN THE MIDST OF LAUGHTER: AND
THEN INDEED I FLEW, AN ARROW, QUIVERING WITH SUN-INTOXICATED RAPTURE:
OUT INTO THE DISTANT FUTURE, WHICH NO DREAM HAS YET SEEN, INTO WARMER
SOUTHS THAN ARTISTS HAVE EVER DREAMED OF, THERE WHERE GODS, DANCING, ARE
ASHAMED OF ALL CLOTHES --
SO THAT I MIGHT SPEAK IN PARABLES, AND HOBBLE AND STUTTER LIKE POETS: AND
TRULY, I AM ASHAMED THAT I STILL HAVE TO BE A POET!
WHERE ALL BECOMING SEEMED TO ME THE DANCING OF GODS AND THE WANTONNESS
OF GODS, AND THE WORLD UNRESTRAINED AND ABANDONED AND FLEEING BACK TO

ITSELF....

WHERE ALL TIME SEEMED TO ME A BLISSFUL MOCKERY OF MOMENTS, WHERE NECESSITY WAS FREEDOM ITSELF, WHICH BLISSFULLY PLAYED WITH THE GOAD OF FREEDOM -- WHERE I FOUND AGAIN MY OLD DEVIL AND ARCH-ENEMY, THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY, AND ALL THAT HE CREATED: COMPULSION, DOGMA, NEED AND CONSEQUENCE AND PURPOSE AND WILL AND GOOD AND EVIL....

I WANT TO GO TO MAN ONCE MORE: I WANT TO GO UNDER AMONG THEM, I WANT TO GIVE THEM, DYING, MY RICHEST GIFT!...

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra believes in only one religion: the religion of evolution. Naturally, if evolution is the religion of life then change has to be its principle -- a constant change. All the religions have depended on permanent values; they have fixed their values once and for all.

Life goes on changing; their values remain static and lose contact with existence. That creates immense tension in man's mind. If he follows those values he is no longer contemporary; he is no longer in touch with the living sources of life. If he does not follow them he feels guilty, he feels immoral, he feels irreligious. And then fear grips him.

So man goes on wavering between life and the so-called permanent values. Wherever he is, he is halfhearted. Wherever he is, he is miserable -- because joy arises only when you are wholehearted.

Joy is nothing but the fragrance of a whole heart, and misery the outcome of a heart which has been dissected into parts, into fragments.

As far as Zarathustra is concerned there is only one thing unchanging and that is change itself. Except change, everything goes on changing. And the man of consciousness will respond to every change -- not according to any fixed values but according to his alertness, consciousness, according to his spontaneity.

In the vision of Zarathustra, spontaneity has a very fundamental role to play. If values are not fixed then the only source you can get your values from is going to be your spontaneous response to the reality in which you are. It will be fresh and new; and there is no need for feeling any guilt. You have to live now. The people who lived five thousand years ago had no idea what life is going to be in the future. They decided their values according to their time.

For example, fourteen hundred years ago Islam was born, and it was born in the great desert of Arabia. In Arabia it was a problem that there were four times more women than men, because men were continually warring with each other, fighting with each other, killing each other. The ultimate result was that there were four times more women and it was creating a great problem for the society. It was their situation, and Mohammed responded very spontaneously. He decided that every Mohammedan could have four wives. But the Mohammedans are still insisting in the world that they should have four wives. Now the situation has changed: men and women are of equal numbers. Now, to insist that, "Because in our religious scriptures four wives are allowed...." To make it a law forever is sheer stupidity.

But that is the situation of all the religions. They have responded to their own time correctly, but time is not a fixed thing. Life is a moving river. It is entering into new areas, new territories, new potentialities, and it has to be alert about it.

Life cannot be lived according to the past.

That is one of the basic teachings of Zarathustra: one has to live according to the present, aware of the future. And one has to remember: what is true for me is not true for all, and what is true for me today is not going to be necessarily true for me tomorrow. Our values have to be according to life -- not vice versa.

The moment you try to make life be according to your values you become

life-destructive, life-negative. And to destroy life is to destroy yourself. Then misery is going to be your lot.

Zarathustra is saying, **HERE I SIT AND WAIT, OLD SHATTERED LAW-TABLES AROUND ME AND ALSO NEW, HALF-WRITTEN LAW-TABLES.**

Life changes so fast that by the time you have written your laws they are already out of date. That's why Zarathustra says, "I am sitting here, waiting, old shattered law-tables around me and also new, half-written lawtables."

Why half-written? -- because by the time you write them they may not be relevant anymore. One has to live spontaneously, not according to any written law. One has to take the responsibility totally on one's own shoulders.

He cannot say... because it was written by Manu five thousand years ago, or written by Moses four thousand years ago, or said by Jesus two thousand years ago. It may have been right at the time it was asserted, but now all those law-tables are shattered. And the new ones are half-written. The new ones will never be fully written. By the time they are fully written they will be old, and *they* will be shattered and thrown onto the same heap as the old tables of law.

WHEN WILL MY HOUR COME? He is saying, "I am waiting." Waiting for what? -- waiting for my hour... **THE HOUR OF MY DOWN-GOING, MY DESCENT: FOR I WANT TO GO TO MEN ONCE MORE.**

Now, living in the mountains, in the solitude, he is more clear about his vision and he is also more clear about man's ignorance. He feels that now there is a possibility; perhaps he can bring some light into the dark night of humanity.

FOR THAT I NOW WAIT: FOR FIRST THE SIGN THAT IT IS MY HOUR MUST COME TO ME. He is a very sensitive man. He would like to wait for exactly the right time when he can be heard, when he can be understood. How will he know that the right hour has come?

He has a symbol that will indicate his hour: **NAMELY, THE LAUGHING LION WITH THE FLOCK OF DOVES.**

When the lion can laugh with the innocent doves my time has come. When the lion can play with innocent children my time has come. In other words, according to his categories, the camel becomes the lion when he revolts against slavery, and the lion becomes a child when he grows into his innocence.

And unless humanity has become this innocent, it is not possible for Zarathustra to be understood.

MEANWHILE, I TALK TO MYSELF, AS ONE WHO HAS PLENTY OF TIME. NO ONE TELLS ME ANYTHING NEW; SO I TELL MYSELF TO MY MYSELF. He *is* alone; there is nobody else there in the mountains. He tells things to himself -- perhaps just to hear them clearly, because soon he will be saying those things to human beings. He is polishing them, sharpening them, making them more rational, understandable, more human.

WHEN I VISITED MEN, I FOUND THEM SITTING UPON AN OLD SELF-CONCEIT. EACH ONE THOUGHT HE HAD LONG SINCE KNOWN WHAT WAS GOOD AND EVIL FOR MAN. This is his first attack on human ideas of morality, of good and evil -- that man is... **SITTING UPON AN OLD SELF-CONCEIT.** Everybody thinks that he already knows what is right, what is wrong, what is good, what is evil. You can see it within yourself, and you can see it without you.

You can move around in the world and you will find that everybody is a knower, with no suspicion at all -- because those old values have been given to him as a heritage. Each

generation goes on giving its diseases to the new generation. They call it wisdom. But what was wisdom yesterday, today is simply nonsense.

If you want your children to be wise, never give them wisdom. If you want your children to have a clarity about life and a spontaneous responsibility towards situations and people, don't load them with ideas of good and evil, because they will not be living in your time -- and you cannot conceive in what time they will be living, what will be their situations.

All that you can do is make them more intelligent, make them more alert, make them more conscious, make them more loving, make them more silent. So wherever they are their response will come out of their silence and out of their love and out of their alertness; it is going to be good. Don't tell them what is good, but give them the right means to discover what is good in a different situation.

But up to now just the opposite has been the case. We are told, "This is good and this is wrong," as if time is standing still and our values will remain values for our coming generations too.

Because of this conditioning from the past everybody lives with his self-conceit -- that he knows already. And this is one of the most dangerous situations. When you don't know and you have the conceit that you know it already, then all doors of exploration and enquiry are closed. You never ask; there is no need. You already know the answer.

Every child is being fed with the milk of the mother's answers. He has not even asked the question and you are giving him answers. Know perfectly well that he will have to face different questions -- not the same questions that you had to face or your forefathers faced. And because he will be loaded with dead and out-of-date answers, you have messed up his life from the very beginning. When a question will be there he will not respond to the question, he will simply repeat his old answer -- which is not going to solve the problem.

I am reminded of a great woman, Gertrude Stein. If she had been in the East she would have become enlightened. This can be said with absolute certainty. Her poetry flies so high that the whole is not far away from there. Her insights are so clear that just a step more and she would have become a Gautam Buddha or a Zarathustra.

Gertrude Stein was dying. All her friends had gathered around; suddenly she opened her eyes and looked all around. It was evening and it was becoming dark and already they were all sad. And she asked, "What is the answer? Before I die I want to know the answer."

They were shocked, because they didn't know what the question was. How can you say what the answer is?

There was a silence for few moments, then one person who was very close to her asked, "Stein, you are asking us, 'What is the answer?' And you have not asked, 'What is the question?' First tell us what the question is."

The dying woman's last words were -- with closed eyes she said, "Okay, I don't have much time. So tell me: what is the question?" And she died.

No one knows what was her question; no one knows how to find the answer for a question that you don't know. But the situation is very significant. Perhaps... and this happens most often to people who die consciously, that at the moment of death they remember their very childhood. They are going out of life and they remember the time when they had come into life.

I have been looking into this strange dialogue between Gertrude Stein and her friends. To me it makes some sense. She asked, "What is the answer?" -- because to every child the answer is given. That is every child's first experience. Nobody asks him, "What is the question?" Nobody even bothers that he has not asked it. But people go on dumping answers

on the child, and he is so innocent and so trusting that he accepts those answers.

Perhaps she was remembering those first moments, when somebody had given her an answer and she had not asked the question. And since then she has carried the answer. But at the moment of death you have to leave all that you have known in life; you have to become again, a child.

But when the friends insisted, "We must know what the question is; only then can we answer," she said, "Okay. Then tell me what the question is" -- because a child has no questions. And we are in such a hurry to condition children that we never bother whether he has any question or not.

A small boy was asking his father, "Dad, tell me one thing, where did I come from?"

The father felt a little embarrassed, because now he will have to tell the whole story of sexual reproduction. But he gathered courage -- because now that is what the educationalists say: children should be told; all the psychologists are in agreement that children should be told when they ask. So he tried, and he told the boy about the whole gymnastics that he had done with his mother, and that after nine months of living in her womb he was born.

The child looked strangely at the father and said, "Dad, what nonsense are you talking? My question was very simple. Johnny, my friend, says he came from New Jersey. I wanted to know where I came from. You are wasting your time and my time, and what you are telling me looks so stupid."

We are in such a hurry to give answers to children that we never enquire deeply what their questions are. Are there any questions or not? A patient mother or a father should wait. But no, the child is born and immediately he has to be baptized as a Christian. That means you have given him all the answers that Christianity has. Or he has to be circumcised, and you have given him all the answers that Judaism has. Or he has to be initiated into Hinduism, Buddhism or Mohammedanism, and they all have their rituals. But that is the beginning of answers.

Nobody is asking the child. And it is not even time to ask, because the child cannot answer anything -- he is such a new arrival. He does not know the language; he does not know anything about the world. He is not concerned about who created the world. He has no idea, "What do you mean by God?"

This world is full of answers. Everybody's head is full of answers for which you don't have an authentic question. That's why I call your knowledge rubbish. First a question should arise in you. And the question cannot be answered by anybody else; you will have to find the answer yourself. Only then, when the answer is yours, it has a truth. If it is given to you by somebody else it is old, rotten, disgusting. Your own search will bring you to a fresh answer. But the people are sitting upon an old conceit.

EACH ONE THOUGHT HE HAD LONG SINCE KNOWN WHAT WAS GOOD AND EVIL FOR MAN.
ALL TALK OF VIRTUE SEEMED TO THEM AN ANCIENT WEARIED AFFAIR; AND HE WHO
WISHED TO SLEEP WELL SPOKE OF 'GOOD' AND 'EVIL' BEFORE RETIRING.

All talk of virtue seemed to them an unnecessarily troublesome affair. Of course the search is not going to be so cheap as accepting from the older generation their knowledge; forgetting completely that it is not your knowing.

But you cannot see from somebody else's eyes, and you cannot hear from somebody else's ears, and you cannot feel from somebody else's heart.

Do you think you can know truth from somebody else's words? No, your own being has to encounter truth -- just as your ears have to listen to the music themselves, your eyes have to see the light and the flowers and the rainbows and the stars by themselves.

But with truth, with good, with morality, with religion, we have allowed ourselves to be conditioned by others. The most important things in life are all borrowed. And anything borrowed becomes untrue, because truth has a basic condition intrinsic to it. That is: it has to be experienced first.

Nobody wants to be disturbed in his sleep. It is good to accept the old and go to sleep.

Searching and seeking and enquiring can be disturbing to your sleep. Certainly they are going to be disturbing to your sleep because they are going to bring more consciousness to you; not more sleep. As man is, he is almost in a coma about all great things of life. He has simply accepted -- it was so easy and so cheap; no effort was needed on his part.

I DISTURBED THIS SOMNOLENCE WHEN I TAUGHT THAT NOBODY YET KNOWS WHAT IS GOOD AND EVIL -- UNLESS IT BE THE CREATOR!

Zarathustra says, "I have disturbed people and their sleep, their somnolence, because I have told them that nobody yet knows what is good and evil unless it be the creator."

Unless you are a creative soul you will not know what is good and what is evil. Why is a creative soul needed to know? -- because whatever helps your creativity is good; it is divine. And whatever hinders your creativity is evil. There is no other criterion. Whatever brings your genius to actualization is good, and whatever keeps you retarded and pygmies is evil.

However small a man may be, a giant is asleep within him. Creativity wakes up the giant. In creating something -- it may be anything: music, poetry, dance -- in creating anything you become part of the universe, which is constantly creative.

There is no other bridge with the universe except creativity. If you are simply vegetating, not creating anything... and there millions of people who live their whole life without creating anything, they are not in tune with the universe. To be in tune with the universe is good, is healthy; to be out of tune with the existence is evil, is sick.

BUT HE IT IS WHO CREATES A GOAL FOR MANKIND AND GIVES THE EARTH ITS MEANING AND ITS FUTURE: HE IT IS WHO CREATES THE QUALITY OF GOOD AND EVIL IN THINGS.

Things are not good and evil in themselves. It all depends on you -- how you use them. Zarathustra is making it very clear: HE IT IS WHO CREATES A GOAL FOR MANKIND. And you can create a goal for mankind only by creating a goal for yourself. You can become an arrow moving towards the goal -- a faraway distant star. Seeing you move, many who had never thought that they are arrows may get the idea.

IT IS HE WHO GIVES THE EARTH ITS MEANING. Have you given the earth its meaning? Have you made the earth a little more beautiful than you found it? Have you given life a little more grace? Have you given to the trees, to the mountains, to the rivers a little more love? Have you been in some way contributing to the earth's riches -- its glamor, its dignity? Are you destructive or creative?

Adolf Hitler *is* evil, because he has taken from the earth something meaningful and destroyed it. He destroyed six million Jews in gas chambers, and millions of other people. Millions of people in the gas chambers just became smoke within seconds. And fifty million people, in all, died in the second world war -- for which a single man, Adolf Hitler, is responsible. A man who was the cause of fifty million people's deaths must have created millions of widows, millions of orphans, millions of prostitutes and millions of beggars. This is what evil is.

But even a small man -- who will not be known by anybody or by history -- creating a beautiful garden where roses blossom, and the winds come and take the fragrance to unknown nostrils, is adding beauty to the earth, is giving meaning to the earth. A solitary man

playing on his guitar makes the earth more musical. A dancer gives the earth the dignity of his dance.

Zarathustra is giving a totally new criterion for good and evil, and a far greater criterion than has ever been given: give meaning to life, give meaning to the earth, give meaning to the future.

... HE IT IS WHO CREATES THE QUALITY OF GOOD AND EVIL. You are the creators. It depends on you. And I don't think anybody would like to be evil. And the word *evil* is just a metaphor -- nobody would like to be destructive. But unknowingly we are all destroying many things.

One of my gardeners wrote a letter to me. He was immensely sorry. He thought one tree was dead and he cut the tree. And when he cut it, he saw that it was not dead. The innermost core of the tree was still alive. Perhaps it was waiting for the new leaves; old leaves may have fallen.

He wrote a letter to me saying, "I have been a gardener and I have cut thousands of trees, but I have never felt so disturbed. I never felt that I have done anything evil, but today I'm crying because I have destroyed something alive; although there was no intention -- but that does not matter. The tree that was going to have new foliage, new flowers, the tree that would have danced in the air and in the wind and in the rain and in the sun; I destroyed it. And I owe an apology to you, because the only thing I have learned here is reverence for life. And for the first time I'm hurting that I have destroyed something living."

It is only a question of your awareness. Be creative and you are religious. It does not matter that you are Christian or Hindu or Mohammedan. Those are all junk labels; you should have dropped them long ago. You need not be a Christian, you need not be a Hindu; you only have to be a creator: a man who makes life more meaningful, who gives the planet more beauty, who has a reverence for life, who spreads more vibes of love around himself. This is true religiousness.

AND I BADE THEM OVERTURN THEIR OLD PROFESSORIAL CHAIRS, AND WHEREVER THAT OLD SELF-CONCEIT HAD SAT. I BADE THEM LAUGH AT THEIR GREAT MASTERS OF VIRTUE AND SAINTS AND POETS AND WORLD-REDEEMERS.

Man's past has been almost a nightmare. The greatest good will be that we can change the future, not into a nightmare, but transform the most beautiful longings of the human heart into reality. If we can make the future a dreamland, a paradise... in trying to create the future we will be immensely rewarded -- not in some after-life, but in the very act of creation, in the very act of making the planet meaningful and beautiful.

I BADE THEM LAUGH AT THEIR GLOOMY SAGES, AND WHOEVER HAD SAT AS A BLACK SCARECROW, CAUTIONING, ON THE TREE OF LIFE. What have your saints been? -- gloomy, sad, and making you also gloomy and sad. They have forgotten to sing and they hate you because you can still sing. They condemn you as sinners. They have renounced life and they are jealous that you are still living and still loving. They take revenge by not only calling you sinners, but throwing you into hell for eternity -- you will suffer forever. And these have been your saints.

Zarathustra is right, these saints have sat like a black scarecrow, cautioning, on the tree of life, saying, "Don't live, don't love, don't sing, don't enjoy, don't dance." The best thing for you will be, if you want to be really religious, to be dead. Even if you want to continue breathing, breathe, but be dead. No sign of life should be there. No sign of joy in your eyes. The best thing is: dig your own grave and get into it and you will be worshiped for centuries as a great saint.

Here suicidal people are worshiped as saints, and the people who are the glory of the earth are condemned. But this has been in the past. This need not be in the present and this certainly has to change in the future.

AND I LAUGHED OVER ALL THEIR `PAST' AND ITS DECAYED EXPIRING GLORY.
TRULY, LIKE LENTEN PREACHERS AND FOOLS DID I CRY ANGER AND SHAME OVER ALL
THEIR GREAT AND SMALL THINGS -- THEIR BEST IS SO VERY SMALL! THEIR WORST IS SO
VERY SMALL!

Have you ever wondered what is great in your saints? Somebody knows how to fast for thirty days continuously -- do you think it is something creative? Somebody is standing on his head -- do you think it is something beautiful? Somebody is lying on a bed of thorns -- do you think this man is giving more meaning to life? People have escaped from the world into the caves, deep in the mountains. These escapists -- do you think they are creators? They are cowards. They could not encounter life; they were afraid of failure, they were afraid of being defeated. They have escaped, in faraway mountains. And the strangest thing is: you worship them; you worship the escapists.

And the people who are fighting to make life better are not to be worshiped at all. Nobody is going to be even grateful to them. Your so-called saints of all religions, in the past, have been just an unnecessary burden on the earth, and they have been parasites on humanity. This should not be the case anymore.

THUS FROM OUT OF ME CRIED AND LAUGHED MY WISE DESIRE, WHICH WAS BORN ON THE MOUNTAINS, A WILD WISDOM, IN TRUTH! -- MY GREAT DESIRE WITH RUSHING WINGS. Wisdom is always wild. It is not born in the universities. I have lived long in the universities and I have never seen anybody becoming wise in the universities. Yes, people become knowledgeable. They become computers -- they memorize all kinds of nonsense -- but as far as wisdom is concerned, if you are looking in the universities you are looking in the wrong places.

Wisdom is wild, knowledge is tamed.

And what does Zarathustra mean when he says, wisdom is wild? He means that unless you are completely free from the society and its fetters, completely unafraid of its condemnation... because it will take away all your respectability; it will do every kind of harm to you; it will make your life impossible.

Just the other day I received a letter from a friend from Delhi saying that the American government is still insisting that my voice should be silenced. But while I am alive nobody can silence my voice. And of course, crucifixion is a little out of date. But they are trying in every way: my books should not reach the people, whatever I say should not be printed by the news media.

The speaker of the upper house of parliament in India told the parliament, "I am surprised why newspapers publish his views." And this is a democracy where freedom of expression is accepted as one of the fundamental rights. America is a great democracy. One democracy is telling to the other democracy that my voice should be silenced.

My friend was afraid. He enquired: "What does it mean? Does it mean that he should be killed? Is it a code -- `His voice should be silenced'?"

And the officer said, "It is not possible for me to give you the exact meaning of it."

If you want to be wise, if you want to be intelligent, you are bound to be a rebel, because you will have to fight against so many superstitions, so many stupid ideas which people think of as ultimate truth, that you will irritate everybody. You will have to allow yourself to be

completely free from the past, from the whole heritage of humanity. That's what will make you wild.

You will be on your own -- without any support from anywhere. You will be alone, but it has a great blissfulness, and it has a great insight into things. It not only frees you from the fetters of the society; it frees you for a greater life, for a more universal life, for a more eternal life.

.... A WILD WISDOM, IN TRUTH! -- MY GREAT DESIRE WITH RUSHING WINGS. Knowledge is heavy; it follows the law of gravitation. Wisdom makes you light. So light that you can fly in the open sky.

AND OFTEN IT TORE ME FORTH AND UP AND AWAY AND IN THE MIDST OF LAUGHTER: AND THEN INDEED I FLEW, AN ARROW, QUIVERING WITH SUN-INTOXICATED RAPTURE. Only the wild, only the absolutely free intelligence knows the joy of an arrow... QUIVERING WITH SUN-INTOXICATED RAPTURE: OUT INTO THE DISTANT FUTURE, WHICH NO DREAM HAS YET SEEN, INTO WARMER SOUTHS THAN ARTISTS HAVE EVER DREAMED OF, THERE WHERE GODS, DANCING, ARE ASHAMED OF ALL CLOTHES.

A truly intelligent human race will be ashamed of hiding anything. Every human being will be an open book. There is no need to hide.

Your clothes are not only for the protection of the body; at least in the beginning they were not -- because all the animals, all the birds, all the trees can live without clothes, and man lived for thousands of years without clothes. Perhaps now it would be difficult to drop them, because the body has become accustomed and the clothes have weakened it. They have given it a protection, and anything protected becomes weak. They have defended it against the seasons and they have made the body dependent on them.

But there should be a possibility, in the future, that whenever you can be without clothes -- on the sea beaches, in the mountains, in the beautiful forests or in the beautiful garden of your own house.... If he can dance, an authentic man will be ashamed of clothes.

Zarathustra is saying, "A time is bound to come when gods, dancing, are ashamed of all clothes." Certainly that time will not come to Poona! Poona is excluded. It is going to remain the graveyard of the past; it is not going to be a garden of the future.

SO THAT I MIGHT SPEAK IN PARABLES, AND HOBBLE AND STUTTER LIKE POETS: AND TRULY, I AM ASHAMED THAT I STILL HAVE TO BE A POET!

Why does Zarathustra say he is ashamed that he has still to be a poet? -- because poetry says things more beautifully than any prose. But its beauty depends on lies.

The poets lie too much. In fact, poetry without lies will become prose. And why does he have to be still a poet? -- because truth cannot be said in the way prose expresses things. Prose is too mundane. It is good for the marketplace. Buying vegetables in the market you don't have to talk in poetry; otherwise they will think you are mad.

But talking about truth, talking about beauty, talking about ecstasy, talking about anything that is sacred, poetry seems to be the only possibility. Prose is too mundane, and other than prose only poetry is left.

There is no third alternative. People have tried the third alternative also, but it is not really a third alternative: people have remained silent; they have tried to communicate through silence. But unfortunately it is very difficult to find someone who will be able to understand silence. And someone who can understand silence does not need you. He will have found his own wild wisdom.

So poetry is something between silence and prose; it is a mixture of silence and prose.

He is ashamed because he cannot say the truth in its absolute purity. It has to be polluted by poetic forms.

WHERE ALL BECOMING SEEMED TO ME THE DANCING OF GODS AND THE WANTONNESS OF GODS, AND THE WORLD UNRESTRAINED AND ABANDONED AND FLEEING BACK TO ITSELF.

WHERE ALL TIME SEEMED TO ME A BLISSFUL MOCKERY OF MOMENTS, WHERE NECESSITY WAS FREEDOM ITSELF, WHICH BLISSFULLY PLAYED WITH THE GOAD OF FREEDOM -- WHERE I FOUND AGAIN MY OLD DEVIL AND ARCH-ENEMY, THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY, AND ALL THAT HE CREATED: COMPULSION, DOGMA, NEED AND CONSEQUENCE AND PURPOSE AND WILL AND GOOD AND EVIL.

These are the by-products of the Spirit of Gravity.

I WANT TO GO TO MAN ONCE MORE. Knowing perfectly well that man lives under the Spirit of Gravity -- clinging to the lowest values, clinging to the corpses, clinging to the past -- still: I WANT TO GO TO MAN ONCE MORE: I WANT TO GO UNDER AMONG THEM, I WANT TO GIVE THEM, DYING, MY RICHEST GIFT! Before I die I want to give them my richest gift: my wild wisdom.

Those who have known feel a certain compulsion that it should be shared with those who are not so fortunate. And those who have found the inner treasures want to share them with those who are still begging outside and not looking inwards.

Before death, Zarathustra wants to give his richest gift, his wisdom, to humanity.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #18

Chapter title: Of old and new law-tables part 2

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF OLD AND NEW LAW-TABLES PART 2
WHEN WATER IS PLANKED OVER SO THAT IT CAN BE WALKED UPON, WHEN GANGWAY
AND RAILINGS SPAN THE STREAM: TRULY, HE IS NOT BELIEVED WHO SAYS: 'EVERYTHING
IS IN FLUX.'
ON THE CONTRARY, EVEN SIMPLETONS CONTRADICT HIM. 'WHAT?' SAY THE SIMPLETONS,
'EVERYTHING IN FLUX? BUT THERE ARE PLANKS AND RAILINGS OVER THE STREAM!
'OVER THE STREAM EVERYTHING IS FIRMLY FIXED, ALL THE VALUES OF THINGS, THE
BRIDGES, CONCEPTS, ALL "GOOD" AND "EVIL": ALL ARE FIRMLY FIXED!
BUT WHEN HARD WINTER COMES, THE ANIMAL-TAMER OF STREAMS, THEN EVEN THE
CLEVEREST LEARN MISTRUST; AND TRULY, NOT ONLY THE SIMPLETONS SAY THEN: 'IS
NOT EVERYTHING MEANT TO -- STAND STILL?'
'FUNDAMENTALLY, EVERYTHING STANDS STILL' -- THAT IS A PROPER WINTER DOCTRINE, A
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STAY-AT-HOMES.
'FUNDAMENTALLY, EVERYTHING STANDS STILL' -- THE THAWING WIND, HOWEVER,
PREACHES TO THE CONTRARY!...
O MY BROTHERS, IS EVERYTHING NOT NOW IN FLUX? HAVE NOT ALL RAILINGS AND
GANGWAYS FALLEN INTO THE WATER AND COME TO NOTHING? WHO CAN STILL CLING TO
'GOOD' AND 'EVIL'?...
'YOU SHALL NOT STEAL! YOU SHALL NOT KILL' -- SUCH WORDS WERE ONCE CALLED HOLY;
IN THEIR PRESENCE PEOPLE BOWED THEIR KNEES AND THEIR HEADS AND REMOVED
THEIR SHOES.
BUT I ASK YOU: WHERE HAVE THERE EVER BEEN BETTER THIEVES AND KILLERS IN THE
WORLD THAN SUCH HOLY WORDS HAVE BEEN?
IS THERE NOT IN ALL LIFE ITSELF -- STEALING AND KILLING? AND WHEN SUCH WORDS
WERE CALLED HOLY WAS NOT TRUTH ITSELF -- KILLED?
OR WAS IT A SERMON OF DEATH THAT CALLED HOLY THAT WHICH CONTRADICTED AND
OPPOSED ALL LIFE? -- O MY BROTHERS, SHATTER, SHATTER THE OLD LAW-TABLES!...
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra was a contemporary of Heraclitus and Gautam Buddha. It is a strange coincidence that all these three great teachers have basically given a single approach to life: life is a flux, everything is constantly changing, and that which does not change is dead. Change is the very spirit of life; permanency is part of death.

It was against all the old traditions and against all other traditions which were going to be born after Zarathustra. They were all believers in permanence. To them, change was a quality of dreams, and permanence was the quality of reality -- that which changes is unreal and that which remains always the same is real. Against these three teachers all the teachers of the world, religious or philosophical, are agreed upon this point.

But I'm in favour of Zarathustra and Gautam Buddha and Heraclitus -- because the whole scientific research of three hundred years has proved them true, not the whole crowd of all the philosophers and all the saints and all the theologians of the world.

Zarathustra is approved by science -- so is Gautam Buddha, so is Heraclitus. Of course, in their own day they were laughed at. They were saying something against the mob, against the whole long past, against all the thinkers and against a certain desire in man's psychology: man wants things to be permanent. And this point has to be remembered. Man is afraid of change. He is afraid of change because nobody knows what the change will bring.

You are acquainted with that which is permanent; you know how to deal with it. You have learned everything about it. You feel at ease with it; it is no longer strange, unfamiliar.

But if life is going to be a constant flux, a moment-to-moment change, that means you are always going to encounter the unknown. That creates a deep fear, because you will not be ready to face it beforehand. You will have to respond spontaneously. This is the problem.

Spontaneousness needs alertness, needs a certain depth of consciousness -- because if every moment life is changing, then every moment you have to be ready to respond to the unknown, to the unfamiliar, to the strange. You cannot be prepared for it because you don't know what is going to happen tomorrow. You cannot have a rehearsal; it is not a drama.

These three thinkers were of immense charismatic influence, so while they were alive they made a great impact on the intelligentsia. But once Buddha was dead, Buddhism disappeared from India completely, absolutely. Indians go on bragging that their country is the land of Gautam Buddha. But nobody pays attention to the fact that the moment Buddha was gone, all his influence disappeared. The old values were back.

Buddha has given the idea of changing life; he has given the idea of being spontaneous, and he has given the idea of being constantly alert -- because you never know what you are going to face. He turned the whole table of values. But once he was gone, all his influence disappeared. The whole East is Buddhist except India, which is Buddha's birthland.

Heraclitus is mentioned in the history of philosophy but is not given the importance that he deserves, because in the West he is the only one who is now supported by all scientific research. Neither Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Descartes, nor Kant, nor Hegel -- nobody is supported by modern science.

A very unfamiliar name, Heraclitus... in his own day nobody listened to him. Zarathustra was not listened to at all. It is strange that whenever truth has been spoken nobody has agreed with it.

Lies are very sweet. Lies are very suitable and very comfortable. Truth is uncompromising. You will have to change according to the truth; truth is not going to change according to your convenience. Lies behave in a different way: they are ready to change according to your convenience. That's why lies have dominated humanity and truth has been crucified.

Lies have been crowned and truth has been sentenced to death.

The situation has not changed even a little bit; it is still the same. Say the truth and you make everybody annoyed with you. Say the truth and you irritate all those people who were very comfortable in their lies. You have disturbed their peace, you have disturbed their sleep,

you have disturbed their sweet dreams.

Even after twenty-five centuries man seems to be in the same childish state -- no maturity has come. Man has not come of age yet.

Zarathustra's insight has to be understood, because that is going to be the future religion of man. Science is going to be more and more rooted in man's consciousness. Up to now we have been able only to use science in discovering the objective world. The day is not very far away when science will start moving and exploring the subjectivity of man -- his inner world. How long can you avoid yourself?

How long can the scientists go on working upon things and forgetting about consciousness? How long can the scientist deny himself, and go on working in the fields of chemistry and physics and biology and geology? Sooner or later he has to think about it. "Who is this consciousness within me? Who am I?", he is going to ask. It is already late; he should have asked it by now.

And the greatest of the scientists have started feeling uneasy about the fact that they are devoting so much energy to exploring objects, and they are not giving even a small portion of their genius and talents to their own being.

Albert Einstein was dying, and before his death somebody asked him, "If you are born again, I'm certain you would like to be a physicist again, because nobody else has been so involved in the exploration of matter, and nobody else has contributed so much insight into matter." It seems logical that if another life is given to him he would like to be a physicist again, because so much is still left unexplored.

But Einstein said, "Forgive me. Forgive me because I will not be agreeing with your assumption. If another life is given to me I would rather be a plumber than a physicist -- because I want time to explore myself. I have wasted one life, and what is the result? -- Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I staked my whole life on finding atomic energy, which is the foundation of all matter, and I feel guilty about Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Millions of people died because of me. And I could have discovered, with the same energy, my own being, and perhaps helped millions of people to blossom, to come to maturity, to make their insight a beautiful experience -- perhaps the ultimate experience of truth."

Zarathustra's insights are so great that it seems almost unbelievable that a man twenty-five centuries ago was able to see what the scientists are now realizing: nothing is, even for a single moment, stable. Even the wall that you are seeing behind me -- it looks so solid, so unchanging -- is constantly changing. Why does it look so solid? It is a very strange reason: it looks so solid because the atoms are moving with such speed that you cannot see their speed.

Just think of an electric fan. The faster it moves, the less you can see the three wings of the fan separately. If it moves really fast you will see a round plate moving, not the gaps between the three wings of the fan. But you cannot conceive the fastness of the electrons that are moving in the wall. Their speed is almost inconceivable. It is the same as the speed of light -- because light consists purely of electrons.

The electron is moving on its center with a speed of 186 miles per second. And it is so small that we cannot see it by our own eyes. In fact, even with scientific instruments, nobody has yet seen the electron. It is only an assumption. It has to be there; otherwise the wall would disappear. The wall looks solid because each particle in it is moving so fast that you cannot see the movement.

Everything in the world is just a flux; nothing is permanent. And why are Zarathustra or

Gautam Buddha or Heraclitus insisting on this fact? -- because it will affect our whole approach towards morality, towards religion, towards our relationships, towards our life. The implications are going to be far, far reaching.

If everything is changing then there cannot be any idea of good and evil as permanent, then there can be no God as permanent, then no value can be imposed on people forever, for all ages to come. Then we have to live in freedom and allow people to respond spontaneously to situations, because you cannot carry fixed ideologies.

Fixed ideologies will be lagging far behind, and you will be always a misfit with existence. All your scriptures become meaningless, because they don't change. All your philosophies become useless, because life goes on changing.

Anything that remains unchanging loses all significance -- it is of no use to life, it has to be removed from the path. Then only one thing emerges, and that is awareness. You have to be very aware of all the changes that are going on around you, so that you don't lag behind. With your awareness, with every change, you change also. You don't act out of fixed ideals; you act out of your awareness of the moment.

This means that there is no reason for any religion to exist. This means that there is no validity for any morality to exist. This means that there is only one thing which is significant, and that is: how to be more conscious, so that you need not fall out of tune with life, so that your heartbeat remains harmonious with the heartbeat of the universe. This is the only religion -- your heartbeat in accord with the heartbeat of the universe. This is the only spirituality.

And this will bring you, every day, new insights, fresh values. It will keep you always sensitive, to your very last breath. You will remain young. Your body may become old, but your consciousness will be refreshing itself every moment -- just as the river goes on moving, flowing and refreshing itself; it never becomes dirty.

Zarathustra says, WHEN WATER IS PLANKED OVER SO THAT IT CAN BE WALKED UPON, WHEN GANGWAY AND RAILINGS SPAN THE STREAM: TRULY, HE IS NOT BELIEVED WHO SAYS: `EVERYTHING IS IN FLUX.' When there is a bridge over the river naturally, if somebody says, "Everything is in flux", people will say, "We can conceive that the river is in flux, but what about the bridge? Everything is not in flux."

It actually happened, in the life of a great mystic, Bodhidharma, because he was a lover of Gautam Buddha and a seer of the same status. He was passing over a bridge, and one of his followers said, "You often repeat the statement of Gautam Buddha that everything is in flux, but what about the bridge?"

Bodhidharma said, "The bridge is also as much in change as the river, just the change is faster. Your eyes cannot catch it. You know perfectly well, one day this bridge will become old. If it was not changing it could not become old. You know perfectly well, one day this bridge will fall down, will have to be replaced by another bridge. If it was not changing there would be no question of its falling down, of its becoming old, tattered. It is changing. The river is changing very slowly -- that's why you can see it. The bridge is changing so fast that it needs a great clarity of vision even to conceive it. You ordinarily don't see it."

Do you remember when you were a child, on what date, in what year you became young? You are changing every moment, and change is so continuous that you cannot make demarcations: on a certain date you became young, and on a certain date you became middle-aged, and on a certain date you became old, and on a certain date you died. But certainly you are changing.

One day you were so small that you would not have been visible to the eyes. You were just a sperm in the cell of your mother's egg. Both were so small -- almost invisible to the bare eyes. That was your first picture. If you are really making an album of your life, you should start from there. Nobody will be able to recognize that this is you; it will look just like a full stop.

Then you started growing, and in nine months' time, in your mother's womb, you passed through all the stages that humanity has passed through. The change was fast. From the fish, where life began, to Charles Darwin's chimpanzee -- all the stages the child has to pass through in the mother's womb. Even if a picture of the first day of your life is presented to you, I don't think you will recognize that "This is me."

You are also a river; everything is a river. And Heraclitus is right when he says, "You cannot step in the same river twice," because the river is changing; it is never the same, so how you can step in it twice? When you step the second time it is different water. That other water may have reached to the ocean, may have moved miles away, but certainly this is not the water in which you had stepped for the first time.

I agree so much with Heraclitus that I want to say to you that you cannot step in the same river even once! -- because when your feet touch the surface, the water underneath is flowing. When your feet move a few inches deep into the water, on the surface the water is flowing. While your feet are moving towards the bed, the water has been flowing -- it is not the same water that you had touched with your feet. Twice is too much; even once is not possible.

ON THE CONTRARY, EVEN SIMPLETONS CONTRADICT HIM. If somebody says, "Everything is in flux," standing by the side of a river, even simpletons, even idiots will contradict him.

They will say, "Yes, we can see that the river is changing, but what about the bridge, what about the mountain?" But the mountain is also changing.

The scientists working on Everest have found that it is still growing. It is still growing higher by one foot every year. It is the highest mountain in the world, but it is very young. Its growth has not stopped yet; it is not yet adult. It cannot vote!

There are old mountains, very old. I used to live in a place for many years, from where one of the oldest mountains in the world, Vindhya, is very close by -- just thirteen miles. I used to go to the mountain often. It is the most ancient mountain. It came out of the ocean first; then other parts of the world started coming out of the ocean. On Vindhya, still, you can find dead bodies, skeletons of sea animals -- such sea animals which no longer exist, even in the seas. They used to exist over one hundred million years ago. The age of our planet is only four billion years. Vindhya must have come, some few millions of years ago, out of the ocean. It is the oldest mountain.

The Himalayas are so young, because the oldest scripture in India is the RIGVEDA, and it does not mention the Himalayas -- which is very strange, because it was written so close to the Himalayas. It mentions everything; and how can you forget the great Himalayas, their eternal snow? But perhaps when the RIGVEDA was written, the Himalayas were still under the ocean; they had not started coming up.

Everything is in a flux, but even the simpletons contradict him: `WHAT?' SAY THE SIMPLETONS, `EVERYTHING IN FLUX? BUT THERE ARE PLANKS AND RAILINGS OVER THE STREAM!

`OVER THE STREAM EVERYTHING IS FIRMLY FIXED, ALL THE VALUES OF THINGS, THE BRIDGES, CONCEPTS, ALL "GOOD" AND "EVIL": ALL ARE FIRMLY FIXED!

That's what the priests say, the philosophers say: the moralities, the religions, our concepts of good and evil are not like the river, but they are like the bridge, fixed. They are like the mountains -- eternally there, not flowing like a river.

But they do not know that mountains are also flowing. Every day hundreds of stars die and hundreds of new stars are born. This planet was not here four billion years ago, and in the eternity of time, four billion years mean nothing. And the scientists who are working on our sun are very much concerned, because its fuel is being spent every day that it is radiating light. It can last, at the most, a few million years more. And after a few million years, suddenly the sun will go dark; it will die. Where even suns die and suns are born, what can be stable? What are you saying about bridges? What you are saying about values of good and evil? Nothing is firmly fixed.

BUT WHEN HARD WINTER COMES, THE ANIMAL-TAMER OF STREAMS, THEN EVEN THE CLEVEREST LEARN MISTRUST; AND TRULY, NOT ONLY THE SIMPLETONS SAY THEN: 'IS NOT EVERYTHING MEANT TO -- STAND STILL?'

'FUNDAMENTALLY, EVERYTHING STANDS STILL' -- THAT IS A PROPER WINTER DOCTRINE, A FINE THING FOR UNFRUITFUL SEASONS, A FINE CONSOLATION FOR HIBERNATORS AND STAY-AT-HOMES.

'FUNDAMENTALLY, EVERYTHING STANDS STILL' -- THE THAWING WIND, HOWEVER, PREACHES TO THE CONTRARY!

O MY BROTHERS, IS EVERYTHING NOT NOW IN FLUX? HAVE NOT ALL RAILINGS AND GANGWAYS FALLEN INTO THE WATER AND COME TO NOTHING? WHO CAN STILL CLING TO 'GOOD' AND 'EVIL'?

It will be good just to look at how our concepts of morality have had to change. In ancient India, one of the most respected and honorable Hindu characters was Yudhisthir. He was called, "the king of religion." But he used to play gambling. He gambled his kingdom. Not only that, he gambled everything that he had. Finally he staked his wife and lost his wife also in gambling. And yet he is thought to be the king of religion -- a man of great morality.

Would you call such a man moral today, who gambles his wife? Is the wife a possession? Is the wife a property? In the first place gambling does not seem to be a very moral thing. In the second place, using your wife as the stake is so disrespectful of womankind that certainly this man cannot be said, today, to be even human. He was a brute, behaving in such a primitive way. But the Hindu scriptures still go on calling him *dharma*raj, the king of religion.

In the ancient Hindu scriptures God was presented with animal sacrifices. And you will be surprised, Hindus make so much fuss about the cow, but they used to slaughter cows as a sacrifice before God. And not only cows and other animals -- even man was not spared. Human sacrifice was prevalent, and was thought to be a religious ritual. Can you think of sacrificing a living human being, cutting his head off, distributing his blood and his flesh as *prasad*, as presents for God? But still those scriptures are worshiped even today. And nobody objects: "These scriptures should be put in the museums, just as historical documents. But they cannot be considered religious anymore."

Man's consciousness has become a little more refined.

Just today Anando has brought some information about a temple in Rajasthan. It is a temple of the mother-goddess, Durga. It is a strange temple -- perhaps there is no other temple like it anywhere in the world. It has thousands of rats. And millions of people come to the temple all the year round to feed those rats, because they are thought to be divine beings in the form of rats. They have a small pond inside the temple where the rats drink water, and the same water is distributed as *prasad* to the people who come to the temple. And it is

thought that those who drink that water always remain healthy; it cures all kinds of diseases. That is the prevalent superstition.

Those rats are not to be killed. Even to call them rats is against the people who worship the temple. They are not rats; they are only pretending to be rats. They are divine beings, great saints, worshipers of the mother-goddess Durga, and just to be close to the mother they have taken the form of rats.

In the twentieth century, can you support such superstitions? And even intelligent people go there.

Educated people go there, because that water has a curative power. That water must be the dirtiest water in the world -- because what else those rats must be doing with that water you can imagine. And the whole temple is full of rats.

Man is not so intelligent as we would like him to be.

In Calcutta I have been to the great temple of mother Kali. There, even today, every day, goats are killed as sacrifice to the mother-goddess. She is blood-thirsty.

You may have seen the picture of the mother-goddess. It is worth seeing, because if that's how the mother of the world is, then perhaps Adolf Hitler and Ronald Reagan are her only begotten sons! She is sitting on a lion. In one of her hands she has a freshly cut human head -- blood is dripping from it. In another hand she has a sword covered with blood. She has a garland around her neck of human skulls. This is the mother of the world!

Every day she needs blood. And in one of the most cultured cities of India, Calcutta, she is worshiped. Nobody objects to it: "This is ugly. This is inhuman. The very idea is not of a compassionate, loving mother. Even human mothers are not so dangerous; and this is a divine mother."

But perhaps what Zarathustra is saying is the reason. Something may have been, at some time, in some context, significant. Or perhaps it may have never been of any significance but only a fiction, an invention of the priests. And when everything is changing, all these mother-goddesses, all these gods should be told, "Goodbye, your time is over. Now leave us alone!" The day man says to the past, "Goodbye, leave us alone, leave us to be in the present. Leave us totally free and responsible for our actions, and conscious to move with time, to move with all the changes, to move with the river of life..."

YOU SHALL NOT STEAL! YOU SHALL NOT KILL! -- SUCH WORDS WERE ONCE CALLED HOLY; IN THEIR PRESENCE PEOPLE BOWED THEIR KNEES AND THEIR HEADS AND REMOVED THEIR SHOES. In almost all the scriptures of the world, of all the religions, you will find something like that: "You shall not steal. You shall not kill."

But religions have been killing -- killing each other. Christians have been killing Jews, Mohammedans have been killing Christians, Mohammedans have been killing Hindus, Hindus have been killing Mohammedans. Their scriptures go on saying this, and they still go on holding those scriptures as holy, and they go on doing just the opposite.

The Christian Bible says, "God is love." But Christians have killed more people in the world than any other religion. In the name of God, who is love, they have burned thousands of women alive -- in the name of God who is love. We must be blind; otherwise how can all this continue? It is still continuing.

BUT I ASK YOU -- says Zarathustra -- WHERE HAVE THERE EVER BEEN BETTER THIEVES AND KILLERS IN THE WORLD THAN SUCH HOLY WORDS HAVE BEEN? IS THERE NOT IN ALL LIFE ITSELF -- STEALING AND KILLING?

People steal with sophistication. People kill in beautiful names. Adolf Hitler killed six million Jews, and convinced one of the most intelligent countries in the world... Historians

will not be able to believe that the country that gave birth to Immanuel Kant and Hegel and Feuerbach and Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud and Albert Einstein, was convinced by a retarded crackpot, Adolf Hitler, that, "Our fall, Germany's fall, and our defeat in the first world war was because of the Jews." There is no connection at all. It would have been just as logical if he had said, "The fall of Germany, the defeat of Germany, is because of the bicycles -- destroy all bicycles!" That would have been as relevant as destroying the Jews. And he convinced the people of one of the most intelligent countries.

It seems our intelligence is not enough to protect us from idiots, from fanatics, from all kinds of mad people. Anything is enough, and we are ready to kill each other -- just a good name, beautiful name. Now Russia is preparing to destroy the whole world in the name of communism. And one wonders whether these people ever think or not: if there are no human beings left in the world, what will you do with communism? Who will be benefited by it? Dead bodies?

Of course, dead bodies are all equal; they are all communists. The dead body may have been of the richest man or of a beggar -- it makes no difference, a corpse is a corpse. Death is a great equalizer. Perhaps Russia is trying to make this planet a communist planet -- a big graveyard.

And America is preparing... in the name of democracy, in the name of freedom of expression -- beautiful names to befool people, to deceive people. And they go on piling up nuclear weapons and nobody asks them, "All these weapons that you have accumulated can destroy this earth at least seven times. Who is going to be benefited by democracy?"

And I don't think corpses need any freedom of speech. They don't have anything to say in the first place. But neither Americans nor Russians are going to listen to reason. And if you try, then you are putting yourself in danger.

I was arrested in America for no reason at all -- without any arrest warrant, because they could not issue an arrest warrant without any reason. They could not show me, even verbally, what the reason was, why they arrested me. All that they could show me were twelve loaded guns. That was their argument -- very primitive, and very inhuman. I asked them, "I would like to contact my attorney, because this is strange. It is against the constitution, *your* constitution. You cannot arrest me without any arrest warrant. And I want my attorney to come and enquire about it."

They would not allow me to inform my attorney. On the contrary, they said, "Your attorney will find out himself."

I said, "How will he find out? Have you informed him? Do you know who my attorney is?"

But they said, "We don't know anything. From the top, from Washington these are the orders."

And they forced me to accept that I have committed two crimes. I have never thought that governments blackmail innocent individuals.

But they blackmail in such a way... they could not say it directly to me, but to my attorneys. The government attorneys said, "If you want Osho's life to be saved you simply accept any two crimes. This is the whole list." They had thirty-five crimes that I have committed.

I don't leave my room; for three and a half years I was in silence, but they managed to write a list of thirty-five crimes that I have committed.

And they said to my attorneys, "We know and you know that he has not committed any

crime. But the case is such that it is the United States of America versus Osho. We will not allow an individual to win a case against the whole great nation of America. We know he has not committed any crime.

"So what we are going to suggest to you is: you accept them and persuade Osho. He has simply to say yes to two crimes -- any two crimes, it doesn't matter. We don't want to go to trial, because in trial you are going to win. We don't have any evidence; we have no proof. Your victory is certain, but before your victory Osho's life will be in danger. America would not like to be defeated by a single individual -- that you have to understand clearly."

My attorneys were some of the best attorneys in America. They had tears in their eyes when they came to me in jail, and they told me, "We were here to protect you -- that no unlawful act is being done -- but it seems we are helpless. They are willing to leave you immediately, without any trial, because they know perfectly well that in the trial they have nothing to prove against you.

On the other hand they don't want to be defeated; so the only solution for them is that they will not allow you bail, and they will kill you in the jail. And once you are dead the case will be closed -- without any decision about who is the winner."

I was still insistent that I would like to fight the case, even at the risk of my life, but they said, "It is absolutely futile; it is hitting your head against the wall. And just think of your people around the world. There are people who have not eaten for twelve days, since you have been in jail. With tears we pray to you: you simply accept. And we have kept your jet aeroplane's engine running. The moment you are released we want you to be out of America immediately, because we suspect that your life is in danger."

Seeing the whole situation I accepted. I don't even know what crimes I have accepted. I said to my attorneys, "You accept any crimes. I have not committed any, so it doesn't matter. Whichever ones you choose, they are fictitious." The moment I was released I went to the jail to pick up my clothes; and they had planted a bomb under the seat. That was in case I insisted on the trial -- then they would finish me then and there. Now, in the jail nobody from outside can plant a bomb except the government itself, except by orders from the White House.

As I came out of the jail, again they served summons to me for another case, so that I cannot leave America immediately. But I threw away their summons in front of them, and within fifteen minutes I had left America. They had debarred me: I cannot enter America for five years, and in reality for fifteen years, in a tricky way. For five years I cannot enter America, absolutely, but after five years I can enter. But if the government finds any crime committed by me, I can be jailed for ten years without any trial.

If they had found right now two crimes, if I enter America after five years, they can find again any crime. And this time there will be no trial; that has been made clear to me. The judge asked me, "Is it clear to you that after five years, if you enter America and the government finds you committing any crime, then there will be no trial? You will be simply sent to jail for ten years."

So in fact, it means for fifteen years they have prevented me from entering America. But they were not satisfied only with that. They asked all the governments which are under American influence to pass resolutions that I cannot enter their countries. And they are pressurizing the Indian government that my voice should be silenced, that no foreign news media should be allowed to approach me, and that my foreign sannyasins should not be allowed to enter the country. And many sannyasins have been sent back from Bombay airport to their own country.

This is absolutely illegal, unconstitutional. But poor countries are indebted to America for

money, and America goes on blackmailing them, saying, "If you don't listen then you will not get our future help of billions of dollars. Or we will insist that the financial help that we have given to you in the past, which comes to billions of dollars, should be returned immediately."

This is the world in which we are living. Our so-called religious leaders, our so-called political leaders are really criminals and should be behind bars. But they have all the power. But truth also has a power of its own.

You can crucify the man, but you cannot crucify his truth.

You can assassinate the man, but you cannot assassinate his truth. And by moving around the world for a whole year I have become absolutely certain that even a single man, if he is sincere and truthful, can fight against the whole world. They may have great power, but they are cowards. They may have nuclear weapons, but they don't have souls. They are just hollow inside -- no integrity, no individuality, no realization.

But these people are dominating the world because you go on allowing them to dominate you. You go on allowing the past to influence you. You go on allowing the dead to control you.

At least I would like my people to revolt against all that is rotten and old. Live for the new and move with life -- not reluctantly but dancingly and joyously. It is our earth. It belongs to no politician and it belongs to no religious leader; it belongs to no church and it belongs to no nation.

It belongs to those who love life, who sing songs of life, and who are ready to dance and celebrate life. Life belongs to those who can make it a celebration.

OR WAS IT A SERMON OF DEATH THAT CALLED HOLY THAT WHICH CONTRADICTED AND OPPOSED ALL LIFE? -- O MY BROTHERS, SHATTER, SHATTER THE OLD LAW-TABLES! -- because all the sermons in your so-called holy books are not in favor of life; they are sermons of death. And they are called holy! Then what can we call unholy? They all contradict and oppose life.

This should be remembered as a simple criterion: that which opposes life is unholy; that which praises life, that which makes life lovelier, more beautiful, more enjoyable, that which affirms life and its dignity -- that is holy.

To live life in its wholeness is holy.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #19

Chapter title: Of old and new law-tables part 3

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF OLD AND NEW LAW-TABLES PART 3
MY PITY FOR ALL THAT IS PAST IS THAT I SEE: IT HAS BEEN HANDED OVER --
HANDED OVER TO THE FAVOUR, THE SPIRIT, THE MADNESS OF EVERY GENERATION THAT
COMES AND TRANSFORMS EVERYTHING THAT HAS BEEN INTO ITS OWN BRIDGE!...
THIS, HOWEVER, IS THE OTHER DANGER... HE WHO IS OF THE MOB REMEMBERS BACK TO
HIS
GRANDFATHER -- WITH HIS GRANDFATHER, HOWEVER, TIME STOPS.
THUS ALL THAT IS PAST IS HANDED OVER: FOR THE MOB COULD ONE DAY BECOME
MASTER, AND ALL TIME BE DROWNED IN SHALLOW WATERS.
THEREFORE, O MY BROTHERS, IS A NEW NOBILITY NEEDED: TO OPPOSE ALL MOB-RULE
AND ALL DESPOTISM AND TO WRITE ANEW UPON NEW LAW-TABLES THE WORD: 'NOBLE'.
FOR MANY NOBLEMEN ARE NEEDED, AND NOBLEMEN OF MANY KINDS, FOR NOBILITY TO
EXIST! OR, AS I ONCE SAID IN A PARABLE: 'PRECISELY THIS IS GODLINESS, THAT THERE
ARE GODS BUT NO GOD!'
O MY BROTHERS, I DIRECT AND CONSECRATE YOU TO A NEW NOBILITY: YOU SHALL
BECOME BEGETTERS AND CULTIVATORS AND SOWERS OF THE FUTURE --
TRULY, NOT TO A NOBILITY THAT YOU COULD BUY LIKE SHOPKEEPERS WITH
SHOPKEEPERS' GOLD: FOR ALL THAT HAS A PRICE IS OF LITTLE VALUE.
LET WHERE YOU ARE GOING, NOT WHERE YOU COME FROM, HENCEFORTH BE YOUR
HONOUR! YOUR WILL AND YOUR FOOT THAT DESIRES TO STEP OUT BEYOND YOU -- LET
THEM BE YOUR NEW HONOUR!
TRULY, NOT THAT YOU HAVE SERVED A PRINCE -- OF WHAT ACCOUNT ARE PRINCES NOW!
-- OR HAVE BECOME A BULWARK TO THAT WHICH STANDS, THAT IT MAY STAND MORE
FIRMLY!
NOT THAT YOUR FAMILY HAVE GROWN COURTLY AT COURTS AND YOU HAVE LEARNED TO
STAND FOR LONG HOURS IN SHALLOW POOLS, MOTLEY-COLORED LIKE A FLAMINGO:
FOR BEING ABLE TO STAND IS A MERIT WITH COURTIERS; AND ALL COURTIERS BELIEVE
THAT PART OF THE BLISS AFTER DEATH IS -- BEING ALLOWED TO SIT!
O MY BROTHERS, YOUR NOBILITY SHALL NOT GAZE BACKWARD, BUT OUTWARD! YOU
SHALL BE FUGITIVES FROM ALL FATHERLANDS AND FORE-FATHERLANDS!
YOU SHALL LOVE YOUR CHILDREN'S LAND: LET THIS LOVE BE YOUR NEW NOBILITY -- THE
UNDISCOVERED LAND IN THE FURTHEST SEA! I BID YOUR SAILS SEEK IT AND SEEK IT!
YOU SHALL MAKE AMENDS TO YOUR CHILDREN FOR BEING THE CHILDREN OF YOUR
FATHERS: THUS YOU SHALL REDEEM ALL THAT IS PAST! THIS NEW LAW-TABLE DO I PUT
OVER YOU!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

We are accustomed to dividing time into past, present, and future. But in reality these are not the divisions of time, these are divisions of our mind -- because past does not exist anymore, except in our memories, and the future exists not yet, except in our imaginations. As far as time is concerned, it is always present; it is always now.

Zarathustra is giving you one of the golden keys that opens the mysteries of life. That is, get rid of the past. The moment you get rid of the past, your mind is unburdened of all that has happened; it is light. And the second thing is, the moment the past is abandoned you cannot imagine the future, because what is your future? -- a refined past, a modified past, a better past. What can you think of the future? If there is no past, the future automatically disappears.

The insistence on getting rid of the past is of great importance, because it not only makes you free of the past, it makes you free of the future -- and what is left is you and this moment, utterly pure, unpolluted. Your whole consciousness is unburdened from the past and future. It becomes such a great source of light and awareness that it transforms the present moment into a blissful experience.

This concentrated consciousness on the present is the golden key, because you can enter into existence only through the present. That is the only thing that exists. You can go on roaming and wandering in the past, in your memories, or you can go on dreaming about the future, but there is no place from where you can enter into existence.

Existence knows only one thing: the present moment.

And if you are also in the present moment, there happens a deep rapport with the trees, with the mountains, with the stars, with the flowers -- with all that exists, with all that is. This deep rapport has been known as the greatest ecstasy.

But what we are doing is just the opposite. We are missing the present for the past which is dead, for the future which is not born. If we are miserable and in suffering, it is not a coincidence. We have made our lives miserable by our own efforts. Remember, blissfulness comes without any effort; misery needs great work. You have to drag all your past and all your future. You have to dig all the graves of the past -- you have to become a gravedigger -- and you have to wander into future tombs. Certainly your life becomes an anguish. It is with great effort, arduous discipline that you maintain your suffering.

The simple is the way of being blissful.

Easy is right, and right is easy.

Zarathustra is saying, MY PITY FOR ALL THAT IS PAST IS THAT I SEE: IT HAS BEEN HANDED OVER. From where have you got your past? It has been handed over to you by your parents, by your educational system, by your religious leaders, by your scriptures. But it has been handed over to you; it is not your search, it is not your experience. And anything that is not your experience is simply a burden, and prevents you from flying into the open sky towards the stars.

HANDED OVER TO THE FAVOUR, THE SPIRIT, THE MADNESS OF EVERY GENERATION THAT COMES AND TRANSFORMS EVERYTHING THAT HAS BEEN INTO ITS OWN BRIDGE! Every generation goes on giving its madness to the new generation. It is a very simple arithmetic, why man has been continuously falling lower -- because the madness goes on piling up. Every generation adds only one thing to the life of man; that is, its own madness. Thousands of generations have passed, and they all give their own madness. The next generation improves upon it, then hands it over to the coming generation.

For centuries we have been doing only one thing: improving upon the madness that has been handed over. And we have given beautiful names to this madness, just to hide the fact that it is madness. Not only have we been able to hide it, we have even persuaded ourselves to worship it.

One of the great poets of India was Surdas. His name literally means "in the service of music," but it has become synonymous with a blind man. He renounced the world, just the way the Hindus have been doing for centuries.

One day he went to beg, and a very beautiful woman opened the door. Seeing the woman, the repressed sexuality, the repressed sensuality uncoiled like a lion inside him. He became very much afraid. He went back to his cottage and took out both of his eyes, then went back to the woman. She could not believe what had happened -- there was blood all over his face, and he was holding on a plate, two eyes. He offered those two eyes to the woman, and he said, "They belong to you. They are no longer parts of my body; they were destroying my whole reincarnation. Now they can be happy being with you, because they saw your beauty."

I will call it sheer madness, because it is not the eyes -- eyes are simply doors; they allowed the woman's figure to enter into him. The sexuality was inside him, not in the eyes. Eyes are just mirrors. There is no sex center in the eyes. They don't have any judgment; they simply reflect whatever comes in front of them.

Sexuality was in him, and it was there because he had repressed it. But he took revenge with the eyes. And he became a very great saint because of this act; he was worshiped. His name became so famous that it has taken a new meaning. Whenever you want to address a blind man, you call him "Surdasji" -- because to call him a blind man is crude, but to call him "Surdas" is to give him as much respect as possible.

But the original Surdas... that was simply an insane act. There is no need to prove that it was insane; it is so obvious. But it is not only one person. If you go in search, you will be surprised how many insanities have become spiritual attainments.

There was, before the Russian revolution, a Christian sect in Russia. At Christmas time they used to cut their genitals off. And thousands of people would gather together to see it. There were piles of genitals and blood, and people were worshiping those people who had cut off their genitals -- as if by cutting off the genitals, you can cut off your sexuality.

The center of sexuality is in your head. The genitals are just controlled by the center in your mind -- it is a biological remote control system. The person who has cut his genitals off will still dream about women -- even more so. And the women were not going to remain behind. They don't have genitals to cut off; so they started cutting off their breasts. And they were also worshiped.

The sect was spreading far and wide in Russia. It was the revolution that stopped it; otherwise, the madness would have gone to many more millions of people. But their contemporaries never thought that it was madness.

There are people in Varanasi who are lying on thorn beds. All their spirituality is in lying on a bed of thorns. I don't see that lying on a bed of thorns... it may be good in a carnival, or in a circus but what has it to do with spirituality? But people are worshiping them -- putting money at their feet, and food, and fruits, and flowers. And all their great act is, which any idiot can do... you can try it. Just tell your wife or your husband to take a needle and touch your back with the needle. You will both be surprised: there are only a few points where you will feel the touch.

There are blind spots on the back where there is no nerve, so even if you push the needle in you will not feel the touch. Those beds of nails are made with great art, and when the

person lies on them, the nails are touching the places which have no nerves. He is not in any pain; he's cheating people. But these people are worshiped as spiritual, great spiritual beings.

Century after century, madness has become more and more piled up on the human mind. And when it is your madness you are completely blind to it. When it is your conditioning you cannot see that it is mad.

Jaina monks, every year, pull their hair out with their own hands -- the beard, the mustache, the hair. And thousands of worshipers stand around them with tears in their eyes -- they are doing something great. And, perhaps the first time they may have felt a little pain, but now they have become experts, doing it every year. It is simple expertise. What spirituality is in it?

The Jaina monks don't take a bath, they don't brush their teeth, they don't clean their mouth. Their breath is disgusting; their bodies are so smelly. It is natural, but no Jaina points out to them that it is stupid. On the contrary, they have reasons. First, that when you are using water you will kill many small germs in the water -- and they are nonviolent; they cannot kill. Secondly, when you are taking a bath or brushing your teeth, you are decorating your body -- and the body is the enemy; you have to torture it as much as possible. The more you torture it, the more spiritual you are. But Jainas will not see it -- it is *their* madness.

There are many sects within the Jainas. One sect uses pieces of cloth to cover the nose and the mouth, tied to the ears. It is very difficult to hear them, what they are saying. And the reason is that when you speak or when you breathe, the air coming out of the mouth or the nose is hot, and it kills small germs in the air. So they are protecting the small germs. And their followers will never think that this is not intelligence.

There have been Christian monasteries where monks use shoes which have nails inside them, penetrating into their feet. And they walk on them. Those wounds remain always fresh, because the nails go on making them worse and worse. They also have belts with nails forcing themselves into their bodies.

There is still a Christian sect in which the greatest saint is the one who lashes himself the most -- that is their early morning prayer, they lash themselves all over the body. Blood starts oozing... somebody has lashed himself fifty times, somebody sixty times, but somebody has lashed himself two hundred times. It is a question of how many times you have lashed your body that makes you a greater saint.

I cannot conceive that there is any spirituality in it. These people are masochists, they enjoy torturing themselves. So they are profiting by lashing their bodies in two ways: they are enjoying torturing themselves, one thing, and they are getting great respect and honor.

The more you look at the so-called religious people, you will find so many things which only mad people can do. But because they are worshiped, deep down you are also hoping someday to be able to do the same things. One worships only when he feels that he is not strong enough to do what the other is doing. Naturally, he has to be respected. But he's your ideal.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS THE OTHER DANGER: HE WHO IS OF THE MOB REMEMBERS BACK TO HIS GRANDFATHER -- WITH HIS GRANDFATHER, HOWEVER, TIME STOPS. The mob is always thinking of the golden past. Their golden age is always in the past. And what is the past? It stops with the grandfather -- and on no account was the past golden.

In the ancient scriptures, it is said that it was a very rare accident, and thought to be very unfortunate, if a son died before his father. And the religious people, following those

scriptures, brag about it very much. Neither do they understand, nor is their idea about it what the real reason was. The real reason was that we have not been able to find any skeleton of a human being, five thousand years old, which is of a man who died at more than the age of forty. It seems forty was the highest age. If forty was the highest age, then naturally no son would die before his father. Now things are different.

An old man of ninety-five years and a woman of ninety years reached the court; they wanted a divorce. The magistrate could not believe it. He said, "How long have you been married?" They said, "We have been married at least eighty years."

The magistrate said, "If you have managed to remain married for eighty years, what problem has arisen that now you are divorcing each other?" They said, "We always wanted to divorce, but we waited -- we waited for all of our children to die, so that they would not be shocked. Now everybody is finished, and the great day has come that we can divorce."

Just at the beginning of this century, nine out of ten children in India used to die before six months of age. Out of ten, only one survived. Now the situation is reversed -- out of ten only one dies, and nine survive. Looking at the past, you cannot find anything that you can call the golden age. But almost everybody thinks that the golden age has passed long before.

People were utterly poor. The Indian scriptures say that nobody used to have locks on their doors. When I was a student, one of my professors of philosophy, Dr. S.N.L. Shrivastava mentioned it -- he was a very past oriented, very orthodox and traditional Hindu -- that there were no locks because there was no stealing. I said, "On that point, I disagree. I say that there were... it is a fact there were no locks, but not because there was no stealing. It was because there was nothing to steal; people were so poor. And secondly, locks were not yet discovered."

He was very angry. I said, "It does not make any argument; your anger is not an argument. I have a few more things to support what I am saying. Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, both continually teach people that stealing is sin. If there was no stealing at all, then I don't think that Buddha and Mahavira both would make non-stealing a foundation of their religion, or would continually preach it to people who don't steal."

I asked him, "You will have to prove to me that Buddha and Mahavira were mad -- they were talking to people who were so religious, so spiritual -- nobody was stealing, and still, continually... Buddha talked every day for forty-two years, and he was saying, 'Don't steal, don't lie, don't kill.' These sermons make sense only if people were killing, if people were stealing, if people were lying."

When was this golden age? In the days of Rama? Rama himself killed a sudra, an untouchable, because it was prohibited for the untouchables -- the lowest of the low, the poorest of the poor, the most oppressed people on the earth -- to read the VEDAS. Reading was out of question because they were not allowed to be educated, but they could not listen to somebody else reading the VEDAS, because that defiles the VEDAS. Strange, the VEDAS should purify the sudras, not vice versa.

A young man, just out of curiosity, when brahmins were chanting the VEDAS, was hiding behind the trees, listening; although he could not understand. He was caught and brought to Rama. And the man, Rama, who is thought to be the incarnation of God, ordered that lead should be melted and poured into both his ears. Now, melted lead poured into both the ears not only destroyed his hearing system, but the torture was so much that he died. This was your golden age?

In the most ancient scriptures which exist in India there are stories that even gods used to come, if they found a beautiful woman on the earth, to rape her. You will call these people

gods? When was this golden age? -- when even gods are rapists, when even the incarnation of God has no compassion in him and kills a young man just because he has heard the VEDAS. What is wrong in it? The VEDAS declare that everybody is divine -- what about this sudra? A divine being hearing the VEDAS is being killed; it is against the VEDAS itself. But go back into any tradition of the world and you will be surprised how much madness has come to us as heritage.

Even today, every day, there are reports that a village of sudras has been burned, their women have been raped, the children and the old men have been forced into the burning houses. And all this goes on. Nobody ever rebels against it. And what have the sudras done? They do all the cleaning jobs. They should be highly respected. Without them, your society would be in absolute difficulty. They should be paid better because they are doing your dirtiest jobs, but they are not even allowed to live in the town -- they have to live outside. Even to touch their shadow defiles you.

Can you think of madness going any further? The shadow is nonexistential; it has no existence at all. But the shadow of a Sudra touching you means that you have to immediately take a bath, change clothes -- you have been defiled.

And Manu wrote all these laws for the Hindu society five thousand years ago. For five thousand years, Hindu society has been torturing one-fourth of its population. When was the golden age? It has never been, except in the imagination of senile people.

THIS, HOWEVER, IS THE OTHER DANGER... HE WHO IS OF THE MOB REMEMBERS BACK TO HIS GRANDFATHER -- WITH HIS GRANDFATHER, HOWEVER, TIME STOPS.

THUS ALL THAT IS PAST IS HANDED OVER: FOR THE MOB COULD ONE DAY BECOME MASTER, AND ALL TIME BE DROWNED IN SHALLOW WATERS.

THEREFORE, O MY BROTHERS, IS A new nobility NEEDED: TO OPPOSE ALL MOB-RULE AND ALL DESPOTISM AND TO WRITE ANEW UPON NEW LAW-TABLES THE WORD: `NOBLE'.

Zarathustra is so beautiful, so human in his each statement.

He is saying, "A new nobility is needed. The mob has turned almost inhuman and we have to create a new nobility with new laws. And on the new law-tables the word `Noble' should be written." Up to now we have lived in utter crudeness, primitiveness, ignobility.

FOR MANY NOBLEMEN ARE NEEDED, AND NOBLEMEN OF MANY KINDS, FOR NOBILITY TO EXIST! OR, AS I ONCE SAID IN A PARABLE: `PRECISELY THIS IS GODLINESS, THAT THERE ARE GODS BUT NO GOD!' We need such noble people, such superhuman beings, which can be called a despot, a dictator-god -- a diffused godliness. And you have to see how ignoble our acts have been.

The people who crucified Jesus -- was that a noble act? It was the rule of the mob. Jesus had not done any crime; he had not harmed anybody. Certainly he said things which were revolutionary, but to follow him or not is up to you; to agree with him or not is up to you. It is one of the fundamental rights of man to have freedom of speech. All that he had done was to practice freedom of speech, and crucifixion was the reward.

O MY BROTHERS, I DIRECT AND CONSECRATE YOU TO A NEW NOBILITY: YOU SHALL BECOME BEGETTERS AND CULTIVATORS AND SOWERS OF THE FUTURE -- TRULY, NOT TO A NOBILITY THAT YOU COULD BUY LIKE SHOPKEEPERS WITH SHOPKEEPERS' GOLD: FOR ALL THAT HAS A PRICE IS OF LITTLE VALUE. LET WHERE YOU ARE GOING, NOT WHERE YOU COME FROM, HENCEFORTH BE YOUR HONOUR!

I would like to repeat it again: LET WHERE YOU ARE GOING, NOT WHERE YOU COME FROM, HENCEFORTH BE YOUR HONOUR! Not your past, not your forefathers

-- they cannot give you any honor. The only honor should be in where you are going -- to create a better future, to create a better humanity, to create a nobility, to create a godliness, a perfume that surrounds the whole existence.

And it is within your power.

But you have been suffocated by the past and its madness. You have not been allowed to grow your own flowers and release your own fragrance.

YOUR WILL AND YOUR FOOT THAT DESIRES TO STEP OUT BEYOND YOU -- LET THEM BE YOUR NEW HONOUR!

Going beyond yourself -- because you are just a bundle of past heritage; you will have to drop all this mad luggage that you are carrying with so much care. Step beyond yourself, and let this be your honor.

TRULY, NOT THAT YOU HAVE SERVED A PRINCE -- OF WHAT ACCOUNT ARE PRINCES NOW!
-- OR HAVE BECOME A BULWARK TO THAT WHICH STANDS, THAT IT MAY STAND MORE FIRMLY!

NOT THAT YOUR FAMILY HAVE GROWN COURTLY AT COURTS AND YOU HAVE LEARNED TO STAND FOR LONG HOURS IN SHALLOW POOLS, MOTLEY-COLORED LIKE A FLAMINGO:
FOR BEING ABLE TO STAND IS A MERIT WITH COURTIERS; AND ALL COURTIERS BELIEVE THAT PART OF THE BLISS AFTER DEATH IS -- BEING ALLOWED TO SIT!

O MY BROTHERS, YOUR NOBILITY SHOULD NOT GAZE BACKWARDS, BUT OUTWARD! -- FORWARDS. YOU SHALL BE FUGITIVES FROM ALL FATHERLANDS AND FORE-FATHERLANDS!

YOU SHALL LOVE YOUR CHILDREN'S LAND:

He goes on throwing in new insights one after another. You have always respected the old -- have you respected the child? You have always respected the past -- have you ever respected your children's future?

YOU SHALL LOVE YOUR CHILDREN'S LAND: LET THIS LOVE BE YOUR NEW NOBILITY -- THE UNDISCOVERED LAND IN THE FURTHEST SEA! I BID YOUR SAILS SEEK IT AND SEEK IT!
YOU SHALL MAKE AMENDS TO YOUR CHILDREN FOR BEING THE CHILDREN OF YOUR FATHERS: THUS YOU SHALL REDEEM ALL THAT IS PAST! THIS NEW LAW-TABLE DO I PUT OVER YOU!

Being redeemed from the past is a great spiritual freedom -- as if you are absolutely new on the earth; you don't have any past. You are as fresh as a roseflower opening this morning, as fresh as the dewdrops on the lotus leaf, as fresh as the morning breeze, as fresh as the first ray of the sun early in the morning.

Get free of the past.

The past is the only barrier in your spiritual growth. And getting free of it is not a difficult thing, because it is only your memories.

It is just in your mind.

And to clean the mind of all the dust that the past has left over it will make your consciousness a mirror -- so clean that you can reflect the whole future in it: the new nobility, the new values, the superman.

I was surprised to find the word *godliness* used by Zarathustra, because perhaps for twenty-five centuries nobody has used that word. I have been using it, destroying God as a person and reviving a new sense, a new sensitivity about godliness, as a quality.

God created man, and that is something to be hated and to be ashamed of; because to be created means to be nothing but puppets. Then you don't have your own soul. And if somebody can create you he can de-create you. You are just in the hands of a despot.

Godliness, on the other hand, is something that *you* are to create. God made you all slaves; godliness will make you all supermen, creators. That will be your greatest creation.

Godliness consists of innocence, of silence, of peace, of truth, of authenticity, of the experience of your own inner light, your own inner being -- the experience of your eternity. Godliness is going to be the future religion of man.

God has to be worshiped; godliness has not to be worshiped but to be created. And by creating godliness you reach to your highest peak of consciousness, to the most beautiful space and the greatest ecstasy.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #20

Chapter title: The convalescent

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BELOVED OSHO,
THE CONVALESCENT

ONE MORNING NOT LONG AFTER HIS RETURN TO HIS CAVE, ZARATHUSTRA PASSES THROUGH A PERIOD OF SEVEN DAYS WHEN HE IS AS DEAD. WHEN HE FINALLY COMES TO HIMSELF, HE FINDS HE IS SURROUNDED BY FRUITS AND SWEET-SMELLING HERBS BROUGHT TO HIM BY HIS ANIMALS. ON SEEING HIM AWAKE, HIS ANIMALS ASK ZARATHUSTRA IF HE WOULD NOT NOW STEP OUT INTO THE WORLD WHICH IS WAITING FOR HIM: 'THE WIND IS LADEN WITH HEAVY FRAGRANCE THAT LONGS FOR YOU AND ALL THE BROOKS WOULD LIKE TO RUN AFTER YOU,' THEY TELL HIM....

'FOR BEHOLD, O ZARATHUSTRA! NEW LYRES ARE NEEDED FOR YOUR NEW SONGS. 'SING AND BUBBLE OVER, O ZARATHUSTRA, HEAL YOUR SOUL WITH NEW SONGS, SO THAT YOU MAY BEAR YOUR GREAT DESTINY, THAT WAS NEVER YET THE DESTINY OF ANY MAN! 'FOR YOUR ANIMALS WELL KNOW, O ZARATHUSTRA, WHO YOU ARE AND MUST BECOME: BEHOLD, YOU ARE THE TEACHER OF THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE, THAT IS NOW YOUR DESTINY!

'THAT YOU HAVE TO BE THE FIRST TO TEACH THIS DOCTRINE -- HOW SHOULD THIS GREAT DESTINY NOT ALSO BE YOUR GREATEST DANGER!

'BEHOLD, WE KNOW WHAT YOU TEACH: THAT ALL THINGS RECUR ETERNALLY AND WE OURSELVES WITH THEM, AND THAT WE HAVE ALREADY EXISTED AN INFINITE NUMBER OF TIMES BEFORE AND ALL THINGS WITH US.

'YOU TEACH THAT THERE IS A GREAT YEAR OF BECOMING, A COLOSSUS OF A YEAR: THIS YEAR MUST, LIKE AN HOUR-GLASS, TURN ITSELF OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN, SO THAT IT MAY RUN DOWN AND RUN OUT ANEW:

'SO THAT ALL THESE YEARS RESEMBLE ONE ANOTHER, IN THE GREATEST THINGS AND IN THE SMALLEST, SO THAT WE OURSELVES RESEMBLE OURSELVES IN EACH GREAT YEAR, IN THE GREATEST THINGS AND IN THE SMALLEST.

'AND IF YOU SHOULD DIE NOW, O ZARATHUSTRA: BEHOLD, WE KNOW TOO WHAT YOU WOULD THEN SAY TO YOURSELF -- BUT YOUR ANIMALS ASK YOU NOT TO DIE YET!

'YOU WOULD SAY -- AND WITHOUT TREMBLING, BUT RATHER GASPING FOR HAPPINESS: FOR A GREAT WEIGHT AND OPPRESSION WOULD HAVE BEEN LIFTED FROM YOU, MOST PATIENT OF MEN!

'"NOW I DIE AND DECAY," YOU WOULD SAY," AND IN AN INSTANT I SHALL BE NOTHINGNESS. SOULS ARE AS MORTAL AS BODIES.

'"BUT THE COMPLEX OF CAUSES IN WHICH I AM ENTANGLED WILL RECUR -- IT WILL CREATE ME AGAIN! I MYSELF AM PART OF THESE CAUSES OF THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE.

'"I SHALL RETURN, WITH THIS SUN, WITH THIS EARTH, WITH THIS EAGLE, WITH THIS

SERPENT -- NOT TO A NEW LIFE OR A BETTER LIFE OR A SIMILAR LIFE:
"I SHALL RETURN ETERNALLY TO THIS IDENTICAL AND SELF-SAME LIFE, IN THE GREATEST THINGS AND IN THE SMALLEST, TO TEACH ONCE MORE THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE OF ALL THINGS,
"TO SPEAK ONCE MORE THE TEACHING OF THE GREAT NOONTIDE OF EARTH AND MAN, TO TELL MAN OF THE SUPERMAN ONCE MORE.
"I SPOKE MY TEACHING, I BROKE UPON MY TEACHING: THUS MY ETERNAL FATE WILL HAVE IT -- AS PROPHET DO I PERISH!
"NOW THE HOUR HAS COME WHEN HE WHO IS GOING DOWN SHALL BLESS HIMSELF. THUS -- ENDS ZARATHUSTRA'S DOWN-GOING."
WHEN THE ANIMALS HAD SPOKEN THESE WORDS THEY FELL SILENT AND EXPECTED THAT ZARATHUSTRA WOULD SAY SOMETHING TO THEM: BUT ZARATHUSTRA DID NOT HEAR THAT THEY WERE SILENT. ON THE CONTRARY, HE LAY STILL WITH CLOSED EYES LIKE A SLEEPER, ALTHOUGH HE WAS NOT ASLEEP: FOR HE WAS CONVERSING WITH HIS SOUL. THE SERPENT AND THE EAGLE, HOWEVER, WHEN THEY FOUND HIM THUS SILENT, RESPECTED THE GREAT STILLNESS AROUND HIM AND DISCREETLY WITHDREW.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

There are many beautiful parables in the ancient literature. People have enjoyed them, but have rarely understood them. A parable is something like poetry; it is more symbolic. One has to dig deep to find the treasure hidden in it. Apparently, it is only a story and it appears that it is only for entertainment, but this is not true.

The ancient parables of Panch Tantra, or the parables in the life of Gautam Buddha, or the parables of Aesop in the West, all have tremendous spiritual significance. They have been written in such a way, or told in such a way that even children can enjoy them -- but to find their meaning, a sage is needed.

It was just an old device used when there were no written books, when writing was not yet invented, and things had to be told from the teacher to the disciple. The parable greatly served the purpose, because it can be easily remembered, and because it has many layers of meaning -- at least at the lowest everybody can remember it.

At its highest, only those who have that quality of consciousness.... For example, all these parables are based on dialogues between animals, or between animals and man. And we know that animals don't speak. Still, around the world the same pattern has been followed; and great truths have been expressed through the animals.

The animal is a symbol of absolute innocence. Even a child is not so innocent; even a child starts becoming diplomatic, political from the very beginning, because he's surrounded by an atmosphere which contaminates his consciousness.

The smallest child will smile at the mother -- not that he really feels like smiling; his smile is no different from the smile of Jimmy Carter -- he knows that by smiling he persuades the mother. His smiling is diplomatic; it is not from his heart. It is not that he is very happy, seeing the mother, but he depends on the mother. His whole nourishment is in the hands of the mother -- he has to keep her happy. He smiles, not without some reason -- his smile is not innocent.

In the parables animals have been used because they are absolutely uncontaminated by human cunningness, diplomacy, and dirty politics. They are absolutely simple and innocent. They represent innocence -- an innocence which, even though it may not speak, its very presence radiates truth. Today's fragment on Zarathustra starts with a small parable.

ONE MORNING NOT LONG AFTER HIS RETURN TO HIS CAVE, ZARATHUSTRA PASSES THROUGH A PERIOD OF SEVEN DAYS WHEN HE IS AS

DEAD. In parables everything has to be searched, because one never knows where the meaning has been hidden in its words. For example: ZARATHUSTRA PASSES THROUGH A PERIOD OF SEVEN DAYS. Seven days are symbolic and significant; they are symbolic of the seven stages of human consciousness. For centuries the so-called crowd of humanity has known only one stage, in which we live -- the so-called consciousness.

It was only in this century in the West that Sigmund Freud and his colleagues introduced the very shocking idea of the unconscious mind -- because he was working with dreams, with hypnosis, with analysis, and he found a great unconscious space in man, of which he is not aware; although it affects his actions, his ideas, his behavior, his whole life-style.

Sigmund Freud became more interested in your unconsciousness than in what you call your consciousness because your consciousness, he found, is not reliable. You lie, and you lie so sincerely that it is very difficult to detect it. You don't even know that you are lying. You have become so habituated to lying that it appears to you that you are telling the truth.

But when you are asleep you are beyond the control of all the religions, of all so-called moralities, societies, cultures, civilizations. Suddenly you are more authentic. Your dreams say much truer things about you than you say yourself. You may even contradict them; you may find it very difficult to believe that this has come from your own unconscious.

Sigmund Freud brought to the light one more stage of your consciousness which he called the unconscious mind. His disciple and later on his rival, Carl Gustav Jung, tried going even deeper than the unconscious, and discovered that everybody is carrying within his being a collective unconscious -- which is not his, which belongs to thousands of years, which carries the whole past in it.

It was even more shocking: we are not aware that we are carrying the whole history of humanity. But in the East we have been aware of these stages: the unconscious, the collective unconscious, and one more, which perhaps soon the West will have to find -- the universal unconscious. The collective unconscious is concerned only with humanity; the universal unconscious is concerned with the whole universe. You are not only carrying, in subtle forms, the whole history of mankind, you are carrying within you the whole history of the universe itself.

These are the three stages below your so-called conscious mind. I am calling it so-called because in the East we have found the *real* conscious mind. The so-called conscious mind is only utilitarian -- a small part which is useful for day to day work, but it cannot give you a glimpse of the truth.

Just as these are the stages below your conscious mind, the East has been aware of a similar three stages above your conscious mind. And that seems very rational and very scientific, because it balances you. The East, for at least twenty-five centuries, has been absolutely aware that above your conscious mind is the superconscious mind, and above the superconscious mind is the collective superconscious mind, and above the collective superconscious mind is the universal superconscious mind.

These seven stages have been referred in many ways, but in Zarathustra's parable his being for seven days in a strange state which looked as if he is almost dead -- he was alive... he passed through all these seven stages, from the lowest to the highest. He discovered his whole rainbow of consciousness -- the seven colors, the whole spectrum. And when he awoke after seven days he was not the old Zarathustra. The superman had arrived, who was fully conscious of his whole being. There was not even a small corner within him anymore which was dark. All was light. And this is what has been referred to as self-knowledge, or

enlightenment, or awakening to your ultimate reality.

WHEN HE FINALLY COMES TO HIMSELF, HE FINDS HE IS SURROUNDED BY FRUITS AND SWEET-SMELLING HERBS BROUGHT TO HIM BY HIS ANIMALS.

Perhaps animals can fall in rapport with a man who is aware of his whole being; no language is needed. But they were taking care of Zarathustra. They had brought fruits and herbs and they were waiting for his awakening.

ON SEEING HIM AWAKE, HIS ANIMALS ASK ZARATHUSTRA IF HE WOULD NOT NOW STEP OUT INTO THE WORLD WHICH IS WAITING FOR HIM.

Now he's ready. The thing for which he was waiting has happened to him. He has arrived to the optimum awakening. It is time: go down to man; they are groping in darkness.

`THE WIND IS LADEN WITH HEAVY FRAGRANCE THAT LONGS FOR YOU AND ALL THE BROOKS WOULD LIKE TO RUN AFTER YOU,' THEY TELL HIM. The parable indicates one significant thing: a man like Zarathustra can be understood only by innocence. Not by the knowledgeable, not by the scholars, not by those who have lost themselves in beautiful words and theories and philosophies, but by those who are utterly silent.

`FOR BEHOLD, O ZARATHUSTRA! NEW LYRES ARE NEEDED FOR YOUR NEW SONGS. You are no longer the old Zarathustra who had gone to sleep. In these seven days you have died and you have resurrected; you are an absolutely new man. You will need new lyres for your new songs.

SING AND BUBBLE OVER, O ZARATHUSTRA, HEAL YOUR SOUL WITH NEW SONGS, SO THAT YOU MAY BEAR YOUR GREAT DESTINY, THAT WAS NEVER YET THE DESTINY OF ANY MAN! FOR YOUR ANIMALS WELL KNOW, O ZARATHUSTRA, WHO YOU ARE AND MUST BECOME: BEHOLD, YOU ARE THE TEACHER OF THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE, THAT IS NOW YOUR DESTINY!

This concept of eternal recurrence has to be understood. This is one of the most significant contributions of Zarathustra to humanity. There are religions which believe that there is only one life: Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism. They think life begins when you are born and ends when you die. Of course your soul does not end, but you will not have another life. Your soul will be presented before God to be judged.

The three other religions, Hinduism, Jainism, and Buddhism, believe in reincarnation -- man goes on being born. Just as Charles Darwin thinks that man has evolved out of the chimpanzees, or apes, or monkeys, these three religions, for centuries, have believed that man's soul has been passing through different forms according to his actions. And man is the highest form that human consciousness comes to, but it has been moving from other animals.

Perhaps the differences in human beings are based on their coming through different sources: somebody's soul has moved from the elephants, somebody's soul has moved from the lions, somebody's soul has moved from the eagles. Naturally, they will be carrying some characteristics of their past life. And there is not only one past life, there are thousands of past lives. You have moved from one animal to another, each higher than the first.

And man is not the end. Just as you have been transcending other animals, one day you have to transcend man, too. The idea of evolution is not new; it has dominated the whole East for as far back as there are any references available. Man has been moving on from lower forms of animals to higher forms. This is called the theory of reincarnation.

Zarathustra has a third concept, and he's the only one as far as the theory of recurrence is concerned. But his theory has something beautiful about it, and it has to be understood without any prejudice. Just as seasons move: after summer come the rains, after rains comes

the winter, after winter comes the summer -- it is a circle. Zarathustra says, just like modern science, that everything moves in a circle. The earth goes around the sun, and the sun itself is going around some sun about which science has only guesswork. We have not yet been able to discover that faraway sun, around which our sun is moving. And all the stars are moving in circles. The circle seems to be the natural way of movement.

Zarathustra says, "Consciousness, life, *everything* moves in a circle. It recurs again and again." When for the first time you understand him, it feels very strange. What he is saying, in other words, is that we have met in this Chuang Tzu Hall millions of times before, and I have been saying the same things to you -- and this is not the first time you have laughed. And this will go on eternally, again and again, in Chuang Tzu Hall. The same people will be meeting, and talking, and laughing, and singing, and there will not be even a little difference.

His idea is strange, but looking at the circular movement in existence everywhere, there is a possibility that howsoever crazy it may seem, Zarathustra may be right. For eternity... the circle may be very big, it may be repeated after millions of years, but he insists that there is recurrence. What you see today has been there millions of times, and will be there millions of times again.

The animals say to him, "Zarathustra, now go to man. This is going to be your destiny: to teach them the philosophy of recurrence. This is what you have discovered in these seven days. This is what you have come to know in these seven days' absolute silence." There is no way to refute, and there is no way to support. I will not say he is right, I will not say he is wrong. All that I can say is that he has a great idea -- unique, original. Nobody has talked about it before and nobody has ever dared again -- because people laugh at it.

But this is the law of life: the fall comes and the leaves fall from the trees; and new leaves replace them, and again the fall comes -- and the same thing happens again. Every morning the sun rises, and every evening it sets; every day you are hungry, and every day you are thirsty. Just look at your life, and you will find you are moving in circles; every day is a circle. Just like the clock, the hands of your life go on moving in a circle. They pass through the same territory.

Perhaps Zarathustra has seen a glimpse of something which has yet to be decided whether it is true or not. But for twenty-five centuries people have ignored it. They have not even discussed it. That is ugly. You can deny a doctrine, you can say it is not true, you can give proofs why it is not true -- that is acceptable. Or, you may prove it right, and give arguments and proofs and evidence. But to ignore it, what could be the psychology behind it?

My own understanding is that man is afraid to talk about it. Man is afraid because, who knows? -- it may be true. It is better not to talk about such things, because if it is true it will change your whole life's values. You will have to think anew about everything, because you will be getting the same wife, the same children, the same parents again and again and again. And there is no end to it. It will create really a great boredom if somebody proves it right. Perhaps out of fear people have ignored it.

Nobody has given any reasons against or for. I can only say one thing: the idea is immensely original and should be respected, should be discussed, should be explored. There is every possibility that it may be true. But by ignoring it, you are behaving like the ostrich. Just by closing your eyes it does not mean that the world has disappeared.

^ THAT YOU HAVE TO BE THE FIRST TO TEACH THIS DOCTRINE -- HOW SHOULD THIS GREAT DESTINY NOT ALSO BE YOUR GREATEST DANGER! This is going to be your destiny, to teach this doctrine. But this is also going to be your great danger,

because nobody is going to like it. Nobody is going even to hear it. It will shake their foundations of life. It will create such great phobia: "My God, I will have eternally to be married to the same woman. I was thinking that it is only a question of one life. Somehow much has passed, a little bit remains -- that too will pass -- but eternally?"

You can say that you can divorce now, but that will not make any difference to the doctrine -- that simply means you will have to divorce her again. Whatever you are going through, you will have to go through millions of times, eternally. This is the wheel of life that will go on moving.

So the animals say to him, "This is your great destiny, because you are the first man to teach this doctrine. But remember this is your great danger, too, because nobody's going to like the idea."

It is terrifying, if you think over it in the night, lying down in your bed in the darkness, "My God, again and again, in the same room, on the same bed... millions of times I have been lying on this bed, and still millions of times more?" In fact, there is no end to it... forever and forever. You may have nightmares. It is a nightmare if it is true -- an eternal nightmare that goes on repeating.

But my own experience is that Zarathustra is using it just as a device -- a great device to make you utterly bored, so that you have to do something to jump out of the wheel of recurrence. If you don't do anything, then mechanically you will go on moving in the wheel.

You have to do some conscious act to attain freedom -- freedom from the clutches of the eternal law of recurrence. And I think the device is great. If you understand that this is going to be so, then something has to be done right now to get out of the way, to become an exception to the law. Perhaps that is the hidden intention of Zarathustra.

The theory of recurrence may not be true, but it can be used as a great device for people to go beyond themselves. It can create the right atmosphere for transformation. I would support the theory of recurrence for the simple reason that it can make you think again: don't repeat anything in this life; start changing from today. Learn not to repeat, so that one day you can be out of the mechanical recurrence.

But people go on repeating the same thing, sometimes in spite of themselves. So many people have told me they want to stop smoking. I said, "Then who is preventing you? At least I'm not preventing you. Why are you bothering me? If I want to start smoking I will not ask anybody. If I have not started smoking it is not because somebody advised me. Who is preventing you? *you* want to stop."

They feel shocked, because they were thinking I would show sympathy. They say, "We have tried many times but again and again the urge comes with such force that we forget all our decisions. We forget all our willpower, and we start even arguing in favor of smoking: just one cigarette, once in a while, cannot be so harmful. But one cigarette brings another in."

Just look at your life. If you are repetitive in your life, perhaps you will be repetitive on a larger scale -- what Zarathustra calls recurrence. You commit the same mistakes again and again. You get angry and you repent, and your repentance is not going to prevent you because it is a pattern. First you get angry, then you repent, then you get angry again, then you repent.... The repentance is really to erase the feeling of guilt that you became angry -- now you are again ready to be angry, the guilt is gone.

It happened once: Ramakrishna was asked by a man, "I'm going to Varanasi...." Every twelve years people gather near the Ganges to have a holy dip, and Hindus believe that whatever sins you have committed in twelve years are washed out -- just one dip. It is a very cold season, and the water is ice-cold, coming directly from the Himalayan ice. So even one

dip is enough to freeze your blood, and people jump out. But now for twelve years they are again free to commit the same things. After twelve years they will come again.

This man was going to take a holy dip, and he was a devotee of Ramakrishna, so he went just to touch his feet and to get his blessings. Ramakrishna said, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going for a holy dip."

Ramakrishna said, "If you are going, very good. You can take one dip for me too, because I am not going; the water is too cold. And anyway, I have not committed any sin, so why unnecessarily harass the Ganges, where so many people are. And I am also afraid: I have not committed any sin, and so many people are throwing their sins into the Ganges... entering into the Ganges is dangerous -- some sins may get stuck to me. So you can take one dip for me too."

The man said, "Are you kidding or what?" Ramakrishna said, "To tell you the truth... but I'm not preventing you. Have you seen those big trees standing by the side of the Ganges?"

He said, "Yes, because twelve years ago I went for the holy dip, and I saw really big trees, huge trees."

Ramakrishna said, "Do you know their purpose, why they are standing there?" He said, "How am I supposed to know the purpose of the trees, why they are standing there? Today you are in a strange mood."

Ramakrishna said, "I will tell you their purpose. When you take the dip it is not the Ganges that the sins are worried about, it is the coldness of the water. So they jump out, sit on the trees and wait for you. How long can you remain in the Ganges?"

The man said, "How long? I cannot remain for more than two minutes; the water is too cold."

So Ramakrishna said, "Yes, as you come out they jump back on you. And remember, sometimes it happens that somebody else's sins may also jump on you. Seeing that a very good guy... just for a change; they have tortured somebody enough, now torture this fellow. So be very alert; when you are passing under those trees, be careful!"

He said, "How I can be careful? -- because I don't see anything. I don't see the sins." Ramakrishna said, "It is up to you. It is a very dangerous thing that you are doing. If you hear me, think it over. There is no hurry; you can go tomorrow. The Ganges will be there, and those trees will be there."

The man remained awake the whole night. He thought again and again, and the idea looked meaningful -- although it was a pure device; there was no truth in it.

Neither is there is any truth in the idea that by taking a dip in the Ganges your sins are washed away. If it was so cheap then you could do every kind of thing you wanted to do for twelve years, and then after twelve years just for one day go to the Ganges, and take a dip.

And particularly now there is no need even to go to the Ganges. The Ganges water can be supplied by pipes throughout the country. So just in your bathroom, take a shower. And why wait for twelve years? Every day keep yourself fresh for new sins to commit.

Devices can be helpful. And devices need not be true or false; if they are helpful they are true. And I say, the theory of recurrence can be of immense help to many people; hence it has a truth.

`BEHOLD, WE KNOW WHAT YOU TEACH: THAT ALL THINGS RECUR ETERNALLY AND WE OURSELVES WITH THEM, AND THAT WE HAVE ALREADY EXISTED AN INFINITE NUMBER OF TIMES BEFORE AND ALL THINGS WITH US.

`YOU TEACH THAT THERE IS A GREAT YEAR OF BECOMING, A COLOSSUS OF A YEAR: THIS YEAR MUST, LIKE AN HOUR-GLASS, TURN ITSELF OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN, SO THAT IT MAY RUN DOWN AND RUN OUT ANEW.

You have seen an ancient device for measuring time. Just a glass made in the shape of a drum is filled with sand, and the sand goes on falling through slowly, slowly. The passage is very narrow. In one hour the upper glass is empty; the lower glass is full. And the device is made in such a way that when the upper glass is empty, completely empty, the lower glass moves up and the upper glass moves down. Again, the same sand, the same glass and the same recurrence.

The animals are saying...

LIKE AN HOUR-GLASS, TURN ITSELF OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN, SO THAT IT MAY RUN DOWN AND RUN OUT ANEW:

`SO THAT ALL THESE YEARS RESEMBLE ONE ANOTHER, IN THE GREATEST THINGS AND IN THE SMALLEST, SO THAT WE OURSELVES RESEMBLE OURSELVES IN EACH GREAT YEAR, IN THE GREATEST THINGS AND IN THE SMALLEST.

`AND IF YOU SHOULD DIE NOW, O ZARATHUSTRA: BEHOLD, WE KNOW TOO WHAT YOU WOULD THEN SAY TO YOURSELF -- BUT YOUR ANIMALS ASK YOU NOT TO DIE YET!

`YOU WOULD SAY -- AND WITHOUT TREMBLING, BUT RATHER GASPING FOR HAPPINESS: FOR A GREAT WEIGHT AND OPPRESSION WOULD HAVE BEEN LIFTED FROM YOU, MOST PATIENT OF MEN!

`"NOW I DIE AND DECAY," YOU WOULD SAY, "AND IN AN INSTANT I SHALL BE NOTHINGNESS. SOULS ARE AS MORTAL AS BODIES.

`"BUT THE COMPLEX OF CAUSES IN WHICH I AM ENTANGLED WILL RECUR -- IT WILL CREATE ME AGAIN! I MYSELF AM PART OF THESE CAUSES OF THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE.

`"I SHALL RETURN, WITH THIS SUN, WITH THIS EARTH, WITH THIS EAGLE, WITH THIS SERPENT -- NOT TO A NEW LIFE OR A BETTER LIFE OR A SIMILAR LIFE:

`"I SHALL RETURN ETERNALLY TO THIS IDENTICAL AND SELF-SAME LIFE, IN THE GREATEST THINGS AND IN THE SMALLEST, TO TEACH ONCE MORE THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE OF ALL THINGS,

`"TO SPEAK ONCE MORE THE TEACHINGS OF THE GREAT NOONTIDE OF EARTH AND MAN, TO TELL MAN OF THE SUPERMAN ONCE MORE.

`"I SPOKE MY TEACHING, I BROKE UPON MY TEACHING: THUS MY ETERNAL FATE WILL HAVE IT -- AS PROPHET DO I PERISH!

`"NOW THE HOUR HAS COME WHEN HE WHO IS GOING DOWN SHALL BLESS HIMSELF. THUS -- ENDS ZARATHUSTRA'S DOWN-GOING."

WHEN THE ANIMALS HAD SPOKEN THESE WORDS THEY FELL SILENT AND EXPECTED THAT ZARATHUSTRA WOULD SAY SOMETHING TO THEM: BUT ZARATHUSTRA DID NOT HEAR THAT THEY WERE SILENT. ON THE CONTRARY, HE LAY STILL WITH CLOSED EYES LIKE A SLEEPER, ALTHOUGH HE WAS NOT ASLEEP: FOR HE WAS CONVERSING WITH HIS SOUL. THE SERPENT AND THE EAGLE, HOWEVER, WHEN THEY FOUND HIM THUS SILENT, RESPECTED THE GREAT STILLNESS AROUND HIM AND DISCREETLY WITHDREW.

Hearing the animals is symbolic. It means as if the universal life, the *anima* itself, spoke to Zarathustra: "This is your destiny, to go to men and to teach them the theory of eternal recurrence. But remember, your destiny is also very dangerous." Listening to these animals Zarathustra closed his eyes, and it seemed as if he had fallen asleep. But he was not asleep. He was in deep meditation, consulting with his own soul. About what was he consulting with his own soul?

"Is it the right hour for me to take this dangerous path and to go to men, whom I know perfectly well are deaf and blind and are not going to see any truth, and are not going to listen about any truth? Is it time for me? Has my hour come? Is it the noontide I have been waiting for? If the hour has come then I will take the challenge and I will go to men -- to be laughed at or to be crucified, but I will deliver the message that existence itself has given to me.

"These animals, who have never spoken, who never speak, seem to have become vehicles of existence, and what they are saying is absolutely true. This is my finding. In those seven days I have come across the discovery of eternal recurrence. But the question is, is the time

ripe? -- because I don't want to reach humanity before the right time. I want to reach exactly at the time when at least a few people will be ready to hear me, and to understand me."

That's what he was conversing about with his own soul. And the parable ends with a beautiful and graceful expression of his animals. The serpent and the eagle, seeing him silent... RESPECTED THE GREAT STILLNESS THAT WAS SURROUNDING HIM AND DISCREETLY WITHDREW. Even man is not so discreet, is not so respectful of the silence of a master, of the silence of the meditator.

I am reminded of one instance of this century. One of the greatest enlightened men was Raman Maharshi, in South India, on the mountain of Arunachal. He was not a man of many words; he was not very educated either. He was only seventeen when he escaped into the mountains in search of himself. He was a very silent man, and people used to go particularly to have a taste of his silence.

One thing very miraculous was watched by every comer: whenever he sat in the veranda of the temple, waiting for people who wanted to sit with him in silence, a cow used to come without fail, exactly at the right time. She would sit there, and people could not believe it: "What kind of cow is that?" And when Raman Maharshi moved inside his room, and everybody dispersed, the cow would come close to the window and put her head inside -- just to say goodbye, every day. And then she would go back. Then tomorrow she would come again.

It went on continually for years. But one day she did not turn up, and Raman Maharshi said, "She must be either very ill or she must be dead. I must go in search of her."

The people said, "It doesn't look right for a man of your heights to go in search of a cow." But Raman Maharshi did not listen to the people, he went. People followed, and the cow was found. She had fallen in a ditch.

She had become old. She was coming, she was on the way, but she had slipped and had fallen into the ditch.

But she was still alive, and as Raman Maharshi reached her, sat by her side, the cow had tears in her eyes. And she put her head into Raman Maharshi's lap and died.

Raman Maharshi told his people, "A great temple should be made in her memory here, because she has died enlightened -- she will not be born even as a human being." And even today the temple stands there, with a statue of the cow inside.

Perhaps we have not made much effort to communicate with animals, with trees, with mountains, with rivers. Certainly their language cannot be our language; some other ways have to be found. But in silence many people have experienced a harmony with the trees, with the animals, with the birds.

So it is not only a parable, it is also an indication of a possibility for the future. Man just has to explore... there is so much to explore! But we are engaged in trivia. We are not concerned with the real and great values of life. We are not concerned even with life itself and its different forms. All these are different forms of the same life which we are made of -- the same stuff. There must be some way of communion.

Zarathustra was in silence, conversing with himself, searching for a decision to go down from the mountains, from the animals and their innocence to the men who are full of self-conceit and cunningness and who think that they know, although they know nothing.

This fragment does not say what was the conclusion of the communion with his own soul, but the coming fragment is concerned with his going down from the mountains to humanity. So it must have been that he had heard the still, small voice of his own soul, saying, "Don't hesitate. It is a difficult destiny and dangerous too, but you have to go, because whatever you

have known and seen and experienced, you have to share it."

Eternal recurrence can become a great blessing if people understand it and start changing their life from the mechanical to a more conscious and alert awareness. It is possible, because it has happened to many people. It can happen to everybody. The only question is to gather courage and to accept the challenge.

Somewhere else Zarathustra says, "Unless you gather courage to transcend yourself and your mechanicalness, your robot-like behavior, the superman, which is going to be your fulfillment, cannot be born."

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #21

: of the meeting with a higher man

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF THE MEETING WITH A HIGHER MAN
MONTHS AND YEARS PASS, AND ZARATHUSTRA'S HAIR GROWS WHITE AS HE WAITS UNTIL THE SIGN THAT IT IS TIME FOR HIS DESCENT TO MEN AGAIN. ONE DAY, WHILE SITTING OUTSIDE HIS CAVE, ZARATHUSTRA IS VISITED BY THE OLD PROPHET, WHO WARNS ZARATHUSTRA THAT HE HAS COME TO SEDUCE HIM TO HIS ULTIMATE SIN -- THAT OF PITY, PITY FOR THE 'HIGHER MAN'. ZARATHUSTRA IS HORROR-STRUCK BY THIS, BUT FINALLY AGREES TO ANSWER THE CRY OF THE HIGHER MAN, TO SEEK HIM OUT AND HELP HIM. HE LEAVES HIS CAVE, AND SETS OUT ON A PATH ON WHICH HE MEETS DIVERSE PEOPLE. FIRST, THE KINGS -- WHO TELL ZARATHUSTRA THAT THEY ARE IN SEARCH OF THE HIGHER MAN. ZARATHUSTRA INVITES THEM TO WAIT IN HIS CAVE FOR HIS RETURN. HE THEN ENCOUNTERS THE 'CONSCIENTIOUS MAN OF SPIRIT' WHO WISHES TO DISCARD ALL KNOWLEDGE. HE TELLS ZARATHUSTRA, 'I AM BLIND AND WANT TO BE BLIND. BUT WHERE I WANT TO KNOW, I ALSO WANT TO BE HONEST, THAT IS, SEVERE, STERN, STRICT, CRUEL, INEXORABLE.' HE CAME TO THIS CONCLUSION THROUGH ONCE HEARING ZARATHUSTRA SAYING THAT, 'SPIRIT IS THE LIFE THAT ITSELF CUTS INTO LIFE.'
ZARATHUSTRA TELLS THE MAN WHERE HIS CAVE IS, AND INVITES HIM TO AWAIT HIS RETURN.
NEXT, ZARATHUSTRA COMES ACROSS A SORCERER, WHO FINALLY ADMITS TO BEING FED-UP WITH HIS OWN TRICKERY; HE MEETS, TOO, THE LAST POPE ON EARTH, WHO REVEALS THAT, HAVING BEEN INTIMATE WITH GOD, HE KNOWS HOW AND WHY GOD DIED: HE SUFFOCATED THROUGH EXCESSIVE SELF-PITY.
BUT THE SORCERER AND THE OLD POPE ARE INVITED TO GO TO ZARATHUSTRA'S CAVE. NEXT ZARATHUSTRA FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH 'THE UGLIEST MAN' -- THE MAN WHO KILLED GOD. THIS MAN IS ON HIS WAY TO ZARATHUSTRA, FINDING IN HIM HIS LAST REFUGE. HE EXPLAINS WHY GOD HAD TO DIE -- HE SAW TOO MUCH ABOUT MAN, HIS PITY KNEW NO SHAME -- SO THAT FINALLY THE UGLIEST MAN REALIZED THAT EITHER HE HIMSELF WOULD DIE OF SHAME OR TAKE REVENGE ON GOD. 'MAN,' HE EXPLAINED TO ZARATHUSTRA, 'COULD NOT ENDURE SUCH A WITNESS SHOULD LIVE.'
AGAIN, ZARATHUSTRA INDICATES WHERE HIS CAVE IS, AND THE UGLIEST MAN MAKES HIS WAY THERE. THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR MEETS AND CONVERSES WITH ZARATHUSTRA, AND JOINS THE OTHERS IN HIS CAVE.
ON THIS SAME DAY AT NOONTIDE, ZARATHUSTRA IS PASSING BY A TREE WHERE HE PAUSES TO SLEEP. HE IS FILLED WITH A SENSE OF THE PERFECTION OF THE WORLD, AND WHEN HE ARISES FROM THE BED SOME TIME LATER, HE FEELS AS IF HE IS INTOXICATED. ZARATHUSTRA MAKES FOR THE DIRECTION OF HIS CAVE. AS HE APPROACHES IT, HE HEARS THE CRY OF DISTRESS -- THE SAME CRY THAT THE OLD PROPHET HAD SAID CAME

FROM 'THE HIGHER MAN'. ZARATHUSTRA HURRIES FORWARD TO SEE ALL HIS VISITORS ASSEMBLED THERE -- THE KINGS, THE CONSCIENTIOUS MAN OF SPIRIT, THE SORCERER, THE OLD POPE, AND SO ON: FOR THEY ARE THE 'HIGHER MEN'.
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Zarathustra has no respect for the higher man, because the higher man is nothing but the old man with a bigger ego. He may be higher because he has power, he is a king; he may be higher because he has knowledge, which is all borrowed; he may be higher because he has virtue and a moral character, which are all rotten and old-fashioned, which are not in tune with the time at all.

Zarathustra's superman has not to be confused with the higher man. The superman is a discontinuity with man as he is. For the superman the higher man has to die -- with all his knowledge, all his virtue, all his ego -- and give place to a pure consciousness, like that of a child. The higher man is a continuity. It is the same old man decorated with money, with spirituality, with religiousness, with respectability, with power -- but basically it is the same old man. The superman is an absolute discontinuity; it is totally new. So remember that distinction in your mind.

The meetings with higher men are not meetings with the superman, although the higher man has always thought himself to be the superman. That is his egoistic attitude. The superman knows nothing of superiority -- that is his superiority. He knows only an innocent, childlike freedom. To him the whole existence is a mystery and his eyes are full of wonder, not full of knowledge. So keep both the concepts separate. The higher man is condemned, because he is pretending to be the superman. He is preventing the way for the superman to come in. He is fake, pseudo.

The superman has only one quality: he is as innocent as a newly-born child. And he is absolutely free from any burden, either of riches or of knowledge or of virtue or of saintliness. He has the whole sky available to him, because he is weightless and he can fly to the most distant star; the whole existence becomes his territory. Nothing belongs to him in one sense, and in another sense everything belongs only to him. But he is not possessive -- there is no need; all is his.

Possessiveness is always a sign of a power, and power signifies poverty, inferiority. Only the inferior man wants to be superior, because to live with inferiority is difficult. The inferior man wants to have riches, wants to have kingdoms, wants to have knowledge, wants to become a holy man, but in some way he wants to cover his inferiority so that he can forget all about it. He is not an open book; he cannot afford to be an open book. He is very secretive, because he knows what he is hiding inside himself.

The superman is just an open book. There is nothing to hide, and there is nothing to possess. In those wondering eyes of a childlike sage, all is possessed without possessing it. The superman is not poor -- not poor enough to possess, not poor enough to brag about his superiority or his holiness. He knows nothing of bragging. He is so full of joy -- a simple joy of the birds, of the flowers, of the rivers, a joy which costs nothing, because according to Zarathustra anything that has a price has no value; only things that don't have any price are valuable.

The superman has all the values, but his values are not marketable; they are not commodities. He has tremendous love, he has immense clarity, he has purity of the soul, he is unpolluted by cunningness, politics, diplomacy. He is simply what he is, and he is available to all.

This parable is about the higher men, the pretenders who think that they are supermen. Always remember: wherever there are real coins, there is always a possibility of false coins. And there is a strange law that if you have in your pocket a few false coins and a few authentic coins, your first intention will be to use the false coins, to get rid of them. The same is true in the inner life of man. The higher man is the false coin, which comes before, pretending to be the superman.

The parable is: MONTHS AND YEARS PASS, AND ZARATHUSTRA'S HAIR GROWS WHITE, AS HE WAITS UNTIL THE SIGN THAT IT IS TIME FOR HIS DESCENT TO MEN AGAIN. ONE DAY, WHILE SITTING OUTSIDE HIS CAVE, ZARATHUSTRA IS VISITED BY THE OLD PROPHET, WHO WARNS ZARATHUSTRA THAT HE HAS COME TO SEDUCE HIM TO HIS ULTIMATE SIN -- THAT OF PITY, PITY FOR THE `HIGHER MAN`.

The first thing to be understood is that a man like Zarathustra can wait patiently for the right time and the right season. He is never in a hurry. Impatience and hurry and speed are the symbols of a tense mind. Zarathustra is utterly relaxed. He becomes old, years pass, his hair grows white, but he is still waiting for the sign. But from where is the sign going to come? It is not going to come from outside; it is going to come from his innermost being. In his silence he is going to hear the still, small voice.

From outside come only orders, not signs -- commandments from others, but not authentic signs. Authentic signs come only through a silent being. The being is in tune with the universe, relaxed. It is in communion. Existence is not going to speak to you from outside; existence always speaks from your inside, because that is the closest point to existence. From outside it is a very long journey.

While he is waiting, one day, the old prophet whom he had met while he was coming to the mountains, who used to live in the mountains in a cave... and he had wondered about the old prophet: "Is it possible that this old prophet has not heard the latest news yet, that God is dead? -- because he is still worshipping God; he is still praying to God."

Zarathustra is very clear about it: all your prayers and all your worshipping show immaturity. It shows a longing for a father-figure; it shows your fear of being alone. It also shows your fear that life is insecure. God is your security, God is your insurance. That's why all religious scriptures go on repeating, again and again, that God will save you, and that God has been sending messengers to save men.

But the reality is that man is not saved at all. Looking at man Zarathustra seems to be right: God must be dead, because man is living in such anguish, in such agony, that if there was really a "Father God," he would have done something. He is supposed to be omnipotent, all-powerful, and he cannot remove man's misery, he cannot remove man's tensions, he cannot help man to sing again, dance again under the stars?

Looking at man and his psychology, Zarathustra's conclusion seems to be absolutely correct -- God must be dead. And the people who have pretended to be His messengers, prophets, incarnations have not helped a bit. They talked about saving man, but man goes on falling from his dignity, from his humanity, from his self-respect.

Just a few days ago in Palestine, the people asked the government that they should be allowed to eat human flesh, because there is a shortage of food and there are so many people dying -- out of starvation, and people are dying from terrorists and their bombs. These corpses should not be anymore given back to the earth; they should be given to people who don't have enough to eat. It looks like a strange demand, but the government has conceded to it. Now in Palestine, to eat human flesh is legal.

And that's how things go. First they will eat the people who die naturally; they will eat the people who are killed by the terrorists, and then soon they will start killing people just to eat. Shopkeepers will start having professional killers to kill children, because the cannibals say that the meat of children is the most delicious thing in the world.

If there is a God who loves, who is compassionate, for what is He waiting? Looking at the reality, what is happening in Palestine is going to happen in almost three-fourths of the world, by the end of this century. Palestine is just a pioneer. And I am amazed that the Palestinian government has not been criticized by anybody, from any source. No government, no religious leaders, no philanthropists have condemned this as ugly.

Perhaps they know that it is going to become a necessity soon in other lands too. But man becoming a cannibal is the last fall. Even animals don't eat of their own species. No lion will eat another lion. He may die hungry, the dead body of the other lion may be available, but he will not eat it. Except man, no animal has even tried to eat of its own species. And man is God's greatest creation. THE BIBLE says He created man in His own image. If man is really God's image then God is not very godly. Man may be the image of the devil, but not of God.

Zarathustra's contributions are great. The idea that God is dead is not only a logical idea; it is very existential. Looking at the world, it cannot be accepted that it was created by a wise God. And the way it goes on falling down, it seems impossible that there is a God who protects, who saves, who takes care of His children.

This prophet had met him when he was going to the mountains for solitude, for meditations, to reach to his own silences of the heart. Again he has met the prophet.

ONE DAY, WHILE SITTING OUTSIDE HIS CAVE, ZARATHUSTRA IS VISITED BY THE OLD PROPHET, WHO WARNS ZARATHUSTRA THAT HE HAS COME TO SEDUCE HIM TO HIS ULTIMATE SIN -- THAT OF PITY, PITY FOR THE 'HIGHER MAN'. ZARATHUSTRA IS HORROR-STRUCK BY THIS, BUT FINALLY AGREES TO ANSWER THE CRY OF THE HIGHER MAN, TO SEEK HIM OUT AND HELP HIM.

Zarathustra is against the very idea of pity, because it reduces the other man to a humiliating position. Zarathustra is even against compassion, because that means you are higher and the other is lower, that you are the giver and the other is the receiver. Zarathustra believes in sharing out of love -- not for pity, not for compassion, but out of your abundance. You have so much; you are burdened with so much that you want to share it. This gives dignity to the other man. You don't reduce him into a beggar.

That is one of his qualities of the superman. He will only share out of his abundance. He has no pity and he has no compassion; he knows only love. Love is the only law. Love equalizes people -- you give because you love, you give because you respect. You give and allow the man to feel, to be honored -- that is true giving. If the other man feels a beggar, if the way of your giving is such that you strengthen your ego, brag about your giving, then you have committed a sin; it is not virtue.

That's why the old prophet says:

HE HAS COME TO SEDUCE HIM TO HIS ULTIMATE SIN -- THAT OF PITY, PITY FOR THE 'HIGHER MAN'. ZARATHUSTRA IS HORROR-STRUCK BY THIS, BUT FINALLY AGREES TO ANSWER THE CRY OF THE HIGHER MAN, TO SEEK HIM OUT AND HELP HIM. HE LEAVES HIS CAVE, AND SETS OUT ON A PATH ON WHICH HE MEETS DIVERSE PEOPLE. FIRST, THE KINGS....

Obviously they think they are the highest human beings, because they possess so much -- their territories, their kingdoms, their money, their power. Obviously they believe they are higher. And the kings have been forcing poets to sing songs in their praise, forcing historians to write in their praise, forcing priests to declare them almost gods.

For example, in Japan, even today, Hirohito, the king of Japan, is believed to be the direct descendant of the sun -- because the sun in Japan is thought to be a great god. In the second world war, when Japan started failing, they could not believe it. How can it be? Their king is the direct descendant of the sun itself, the greatest of gods. How can they be defeated? They could not believe their defeat. But the kings have, all over the world, managed very easily whatever they wanted to be, because they could purchase writers, historians, poets.

There is a beautiful story, a Sufi story: The king of Iran sent Mulla Nasruddin, his emissary, to India with great gifts for the emperor of India. Of course in his court there was great resentment against Nasruddin, and they were trying to conspire somehow so that when he comes he gets into trouble. They sent spies to inform them what Nasruddin says to the emperor of India.

Nasruddin said to the emperor of India, "You are a great king. You are just like the full moon in the night." And the spies immediately got the clue. They rushed back to inform the conspirators that he has said to the emperor of India, "You are the full moon." Now, what about the emperor of Iran? So when he comes, raise this question, that there is nothing more than the full moon. He will be caught. He knows nothing and he thinks that the emperor will not know anything.

When the emperor of Iran heard, he was angry, very angry, that his own ambassador should tell to another king, "You are the full moon." He said, "Wait, let Nasruddin come." Nasruddin came back, and he could not understand why there was so much tension in the court, and why the king was looking so angry. And the first question the king asked was, "You tell me, who am I? If the Indian king is the moon, full moon, then in what category do you put me?"

Nasruddin laughed. He said, "You? You are the newest moon, the second-day moon, because the first day it is impossible to see. It is just a small line. Only on the second day you can see it for a few minutes. You are the second-day moon." But the king said, "That means he is a bigger king than me?"

Nasruddin said, "No. The second-day moon has immense possibilities to grow. And that old idiot, the Indian king... after the full moon there is only death. For the second-day moon there is more life. You are going to expand your empire; he is finished, he is spent. Who said to you that the second-day moon is lower than the full moon?" His interpretation was perfect. The king was very angry with the court people and he said, "You have been conspiring against a man of great wisdom."

Outside the court one of his friends asked him, "You are certainly very clever. You managed it. We were all so worried about what you will do." He said, "There are always ways. As far as arguments are concerned, there are always ways. They cannot catch hold of me in arguments."

Kings have been very happy to be declared great, high, holy. Their blood is royal blood, although there is no difference -- neither in their blood nor in their bones. But the kings are the first because of their brutal power. The people have accepted that they are higher.

And they have spread strange ideas in the world. In the middle ages it was thought, in England, that the Queen of England has not two feet, two legs separate, but they are joined, because nobody had seen the queen's legs. The dresses were such that they touched the floor; you could not even see the feet of the queen. And it was never contradicted by the royal families: "This is nonsense. If her legs are joined, how can the queen walk?" But the queen walked very slowly, very gracefully, and the people thought that it was because the legs are

joined; somehow she manages very slowly to move.

It was only just two hundred years ago that they discovered that this is all nonsense. But it had been believed for almost one thousand years. And the kings allowed it to be believed -- anything that makes them special and higher.

... HE MEETS DIVERSE PEOPLE. FIRST, THE KINGS -- WHO TELL ZARATHUSTRA THAT THEY ARE IN SEARCH OF THE HIGHER MAN. They have heard that Zarathustra is declaring the coming of the superman, and they think the superman and the higher man are synonymous. It is better to go to Zarathustra, and if he declares to them that they are the supermen, then it will become known to the whole country. Zarathustra has been in silence and solitude for so many years that everybody was waiting for him to come with a great wisdom, and the kings want him to authorize it: Yes, they are his supermen.

ZARATHUSTRA INVITES THEM TO WAIT IN HIS CAVE FOR HIS RETURN. HE THEN ENCOUNTERS THE 'CONSCIENTIOUS MAN OF SPIRIT' WHO WISHES TO DISCARD ALL KNOWLEDGE. HE TELLS ZARATHUSTRA, 'I AM BLIND AND WANT TO BE BLIND, BUT WHERE I WANT TO KNOW, I ALSO WANT TO BE HONEST, THAT IS, SEVERE, STERN, STRICT, CRUEL, INEXORABLE.' HE CAME TO THIS CONCLUSION THROUGH ONCE HEARING ZARATHUSTRA SAYING THAT, 'SPIRIT IS THE LIFE THAT ITSELF CUTS INTO LIFE.' ZARATHUSTRA TELLS THE MAN WHERE HIS CAVE IS, AND INVITES HIM TO AWAIT HIS RETURN.

The second person on the way is the man who thinks that he is conscientious and he has discarded all knowledge. He has left himself totally in the hands of God. "If He wills me to be blind then I will remain blind. I am going to be honest... SEVERE, STERN, STRICT, CRUEL, INEXORABLE." This is the priest. All the priests have remained blind, and all the priests have helped humanity to remain blind.

They are men of great conscientiousness and their whole effort is that you should not try to change anything. God has made it this way. If He has made you blind there must be wisdom in it; you should remain blind. All that is expected from you is honesty -- severe honesty, stern honesty, strict honesty, cruel honesty. Even if honesty has to be cruel you are not responsible for it. God has given you whatever is needed by you and whatever is needed by the world -- inexorable honesty.

HE CAME TO THIS CONCLUSION THROUGH ONCE HEARING ZARATHUSTRA SAYING THAT, 'SPIRIT IS THE LIFE THAT ITSELF CUTS INTO LIFE.' ZARATHUSTRA TELLS THE MAN WHERE HIS CAVE IS, AND INVITES HIM TO AWAIT HIS RETURN.

NEXT, ZARATHUSTRA COMES ACROSS A SORCERER, WHO FINALLY ADMITS TO BEING FED-UP WITH HIS OWN TRICKERY; HE MEETS, TOO, THE LAST POPE ON THE EARTH, WHO REVEALS THAT, HAVING BEEN INTIMATE WITH GOD, HE KNOWS HOW AND WHY GOD DIED: HE SUFFOCATED THROUGH EXCESSIVE SELF-PITY.

All these people are searching Zarathustra so that they can be declared by him to be his superman. The sorcerer says, "Finally I got fed-up with all my trickery. I have dropped it." And by dropping he thinks he has become a higher man. He also hopes that perhaps he will be accepted as the superman.

And then, the last he meets... THE LAST POPE ON EARTH, WHO REVEALS THAT, HAVING BEEN INTIMATE WITH GOD, HE KNOWS HOW AND WHY GOD DIED. They are all trying to persuade Zarathustra to declare *them* his superman. The pope is saying he was very intimate with God; obviously he is a higher man, a holier man than any other man. And because he knows Zarathustra says God is dead, just to persuade Zarathustra, he even says he knows how and why God died -- because he has been so intimate with him: HE

SUFFOCATED THROUGH EXCESSIVE SELF-PITY.

He became tired of self-pity, for eternity. It is not an easy thing, to remain alive for eternity. One would like to die. And because he created this existence and it turned out to be a mess, out of self-pity He suffocated himself.

There is a beautiful story about Alexander the Great: When he was coming to India he passed Saudi Arabia's desert, and a man informed him, "I have heard you are interested in becoming immortal?" He said, "Yes. Do you know any way to become immortal?" The man said, "There is no problem in it. Just nearby there is a cave in which there is special water. You drink it and you become immortal."

Alexander stopped his armies. He did not take even his bodyguards with him, because they may also drink the water. He went alone in search of the cave and he found it; it was very close. And he was immensely happy.

As he stepped down towards the water, and just as he was going to take the water into his cupped hands, a crow sitting on the rock said, "Wait! Just a minute, wait!"

He looked at the crow. He could not believe his eyes -- that a crow can speak. But the crow said, "Don't be surprised. I am no ordinary crow, I have also drunk water from this source and I have become immortal. I don't know how many million years have passed. Just I wanted to say to you that before you drink the water, think twice, because I was a fool to drink the water.

"Now I want to die. I am tired -- tired of existence, tired of its meaninglessness, but I cannot even commit suicide. There is no way to die. I have tried everything. I have drunk every kind of poison; I have allowed poisonous cobras to bite me, but nothing affects me. I have hit my head with stones, but got not even a scratch. Just think of me: I have completely forgotten how many million years... And it is so tiresome. And now I know that I cannot die, all joy of living has disappeared. Life has become a burden to me. So I wanted to tell you my story. Now if you think still to become immortal, you can drink the water."

He had taken the water in his hands; he dropped the water. He thought, "What the crow is saying makes sense. One wants to rest, and there comes a time when one wants to die too."

God has been living from eternity and He created this mess of a world, where everything is wrong. And there seems to be no possibility of any improvement. The pope said... HE SUFFOCATED THROUGH EXCESSIVE SELF-PITY.

BOTH THE SORCERER AND THE OLD POPE ARE INVITED TO GO TO ZARATHUSTRA'S CAVE. NEXT ZARATHUSTRA FINDS HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH 'THE UGLIEST MAN' -- THE MAN WHO KILLED GOD. THIS MAN IS ON HIS WAY TO ZARATHUSTRA, FINDING IN HIM HIS LAST REFUGE. HE EXPLAINS WHY GOD HAD TO DIE -- HE SAW TOO MUCH ABOUT MAN. He knew too much about man. For Him, man was almost transparent. You could not hide anything from Him.

HIS PITY KNEW NO SHAME -- SO THAT FINALLY THE UGLIEST MAN REALIZED THAT EITHER HE HIMSELF WOULD DIE OF SHAME OR TAKE REVENGE ON GOD. 'MAN,' HE EXPLAINED TO ZARATHUSTRA, 'COULD NOT ENDURE SUCH A WITNESS SHOULD LIVE. God knows too much about man and such a witness should not be allowed to live. That's why I killed him. He is also coming to Zarathustra to be declared the superman. A man who killed God is no ordinary man; although Zarathustra sees him as 'the ugliest man.'

AGAIN, ZARATHUSTRA INDICATES WHERE HIS CAVE IS, AND THE UGLIEST MAN MAKES HIS WAY THERE. THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR MEETS AND CONVERSES WITH ZARATHUSTRA, AND JOINS THE OTHERS IN HIS CAVE.

ON THIS SAME DAY AT NOONTIDE, ZARATHUSTRA IS PASSING BY A TREE WHERE HE

PAUSES TO SLEEP. HE IS FILLED WITH A SENSE OF THE PERFECTION OF THE WORLD, AND WHEN HE ARISES FROM THE BED SOME TIME LATER, HE FEELS AS IF HE IS INTOXICATED. ZARATHUSTRA MAKES FOR THE DIRECTION OF HIS CAVE. AS HE APPROACHES IT, HE HEARS THE CRY OF DISTRESS -- THE SAME CRY THAT THE OLD PROPHET HAD SAID CAME FROM 'THE HIGHER MAN'. ZARATHUSTRA HURRIES FORWARD TO SEE ALL HIS VISITORS ASSEMBLED THERE -- THE KINGS, THE CONSCIENTIOUS MAN OF SPIRIT, THE SORCERER, THE OLD POPE, AND SO ON: FOR THEY ARE THE 'HIGHER MEN.'

But the higher man is not the superman. The higher man, up to now, has been the ugliest man. What are your kings except great robbers, murderers? What are your so-called miracle men except sorcerers, magicians, tricking innocent humanity?

I know one man -- he is now in Bangladesh. He used to live in Calcutta, and he was very famous as "Bengali Baba." As we met many times he became very familiar with me and very friendly. One night we were sleeping in the same room. I asked him, "People talk about your miracles; they worship you almost like a god. Would you be, at least once in your life, truthful to me. What are those miracles? -- because I don't believe in any miracle. Either the whole existence is a miracle or there are no miracles."

He said, "With you I cannot speak anything untrue. I love you and I respect you. I have never done any miracle, but I have managed things."

And he told me the story of how he became famous: his first miracle. On the station of Howrah, that is the second station of Calcutta, he is sitting in a first-class compartment and his ticket collector comes and he asks him about his ticket. He is wearing a black robe -- there is a sect of Sufis who use black robes. He said to the ticket checker, "It seems you are new here. One should not ask such stupid things from a holy man."

The ticket collector could not believe it.

He said, "Whether you are holy or not, I have no concern about it; my duty is to find the ticket. If you have the ticket, show me the ticket; otherwise get out of the train."

He said, "I never travel with any ticket, and you are the first idiot who is getting into trouble. And I will not get out of the train unless you push me out." So the ticket checker pushed him out of the train, and he stood there, with his stick touching the train. And the driver tried everything and the conductor was waving the way, and the whistles were going on, but the train did not move.

The engineer cannot find any fault in the engine; the driver cannot find any fault. And all the passengers in the train and on the platform, waiting for other trains, gather around Baba. And he is standing with closed eyes. Soon the crowd becomes aware that Baba has been insulted. And he has his agents in the crowd, who say that to insult Baba is to take a risk. The train cannot move unless the ticket checker touches his feet, brings a coconut, five rupees, some sweets as a present, and asks for forgiveness; otherwise there is no possibility.

The whole crowd of passengers becomes angry at the ticket checker. The stationmaster comes running to Baba and asks, "Please, let the train go." But Baba says, "Where is that idiot who pushed me out? He will have to touch my feet. It is not a question of me; he has insulted the holy spirit. He has to bring the fruits and a coconut and sweets and five rupees, and touch my feet, and take me inside the train, just as he has pushed me out."

The engineer, the driver, everybody forces the ticket checker, "People have to reach to catch other trains; they have their connections. Already we are getting late. Somebody has to go to the court, and why did you do it? It is well known that this Sufi travels without a ticket." The man says, "I have done only my duty. And this is strange: everybody is forcing me to do something absolutely illegal."

But the crowd becomes rowdy and there is a danger that they may even start beating the

ticket collector, so he brings all those things, reluctantly puts them at Baba's feet, touches his feet, takes him inside the train, and as he sits in the train the train moves. And that was his first miracle. He became known all over Bengal as Bengali Baba.

I said, "How did you manage it?"

He said, "It was very simple. I had to bribe two persons: the ticket checker and the driver. Just twenty-five rupees to each. That explains the whole thing. And I had two or three of my disciples in the crowd, making the problem hotter and hotter."

He said, "All miracles are managed. And I know many miracle men in this country. They are nothing but sorcerers, magicians." They should have been on the streets, because I have seen on the streets better magicians, doing better miracles. But these people have become great *babas*, spiritual leaders.

The kings, through their brutal violence, are in power by killing, murdering, burning living people, by invading territories which do not belong to them. They make our history. Our history is nothing but the history of murderers. But once you call them great emperors -- Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah, Ivan the Terrible, Napoleon Bonaparte -- you forget completely that these are the greatest criminals of the world, and you are teaching your children about these great criminals. Your whole history is bunk.

And then there are your so-called holier-than-thou people. Their holiness has nothing to do with spiritual experiences; their holiness has something to do with managed miracles. They are good entertainers and they should be paid for it, but not worshiped. They are not the superman of Zarathustra. They are not even higher men.

And the pope who says that he was very intimate with God is a liar. Nobody has been intimate with God, because God does not exist. Zarathustra says God is dead not because God existed and now he is dead; he is only speaking in symbolic language. He is saying that the concept of God is dead; now it is meaningless. But in fact there has never been any God; there has never been any creator.

Creation is enough unto itself. It is a self-propelling energy. Its source is not outside it; its source of life is inside it. Hence I agree with Zarathustra when he says that the superman will have a quality of godliness; he will not be a god.

And this has been my approach: the whole existence has the quality of godliness. God is not a person sitting on a throne; just the very idea is so absurd and ridiculous. Somebody sitting on a throne from eternity to eternity is bound to commit suicide! What will he do there?

And nobody bothers about from where he came in the first place. Who was his father and who was his mother? He is really the only orphan in the world. There are many orphans -- their mother may have died, their father may have died, or they may have abandoned the child -- but they have come from a mother's womb. God is the only perfect orphan. Mother Teresa should look after him, because that poor fellow has no mother, no father, and since eternity he has hung above the clouds on a golden throne. The very idea is childish -- good for children who love fairy tales, but not for mature and intelligent human beings.

Zarathustra says, "These people are claiming that they are the higher men." They are lower than the ordinary men. But certainly they had power; they were cunning, crude, and they managed to rule portions of humanity -- the emperor of China is a direct descendant of God. And all these people have nothing which can be called higher; it can only be called lower. They are more animalistic, more lustful for power, for money, for women. And still we continue to think of them as higher men.

Zarathustra wants to remind you that your higher men have nothing to do with his concept of the superman. The superman will not be a continuity with you. The superman can come into existence only if you disappear. Man has to be only a seed; he contains the superman as a potential in him, but the seed has to die in the soil. Only then, green sprouts will start growing; and soon there will be a beautiful tree with foliage, fresh and young, with flowers and fragrance. But the seed has to disappear. Man is the seed of the superman.

What will be the qualities of a superman?

His basic quality will be superconsciousness. His actions will be out of consciousness, not out of any moral code. He will respond to every situation spontaneously -- not according to any scripture, but according to his own consciousness. He will be absolutely free from all fictions of God, heaven and hell. Freedom will be his very heartbeat, and consciousness will give him a life of grace, beauty, blissfulness, benediction.

He will be overflowing with love. He will be immensely powerful, but not over others.

His power will be his love.

His power will be his treasure that he can share.

His power will be his constant sharing.

He cannot reduce anybody into a beggar; he cannot take away the dignity of anybody. He will bestow love, consciousness as a friend, as a fellow traveler, but he will never, even in his dreams, think himself higher or holier.

He will be utterly innocent.

In his innocence he will be holy, and in his love he will be rich, and in his superconsciousness he will have the quality of godliness.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #22

Chapter title: The greeting

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BELOVED OSHO,
THE GREETING

ONE OF THE SO-CALLED HIGHER MEN, THE KING, ADDRESSES ZARATHUSTRA:
JUST TO SEE THIS WOULD WE CLIMB HIGHER MOUNTAINS THAN THIS MOUNTAIN. FOR WE
HAVE COME AS SIGHTSEERS, WE WANTED TO SEE WHAT MAKES SAD EYES BRIGHT....
NOTHING MORE GLADDENING GROWS ON EARTH, O ZARATHUSTRA, THAN AN EXALTED,
ROBUST WILL: IT IS THE EARTH'S FAIREST GROWTH. A WHOLE LANDSCAPE IS REFRESHED
BY ONE SUCH TREE.

TO THE PINE-TREE, O ZARATHUSTRA, DO I COMPARE HIM WHO GROWS UP LIKE YOU: TALL,
SILENT, HARD, ALONE, OF THE FINEST, SUPPLEST WOOD, MAGNIFICENT -- AT LAST,
HOWEVER, REACHING OUT WITH STRONG, GREEN BRANCHES FOR ITS DOMAIN, ASKING
BOLD QUESTIONS OF THE WINDS AND STORMS AND WHATEVER IS AT HOME IN THE
HEIGHTS,

REPLYING MORE BOLDLY, A COMMANDER, A VICTOR: OH WHO WOULD NOT CLIMB HIGH
MOUNTAINS TO BEHOLD SUCH TREES?...

O ZARATHUSTRA; AT YOUR GLANCE EVEN THE RESTLESS MAN GROWS SECURE AND
HEALS HIS HEART....

A GREAT LONGING HAS ARISEN, AND MANY HAVE LEARNED TO ASK: WHO IS
ZARATHUSTRA?

AND HE INTO WHOSE EAR YOU HAVE EVER Poured YOUR SONG AND YOUR HONEY: ALL
THE HIDDEN MEN, THE HERMITS AND HERMIT-COUPLES, SAY ALL AT ONCE TO THEIR
HEARTS:

`DOES ZARATHUSTRA STILL LIVE? THERE IS NO LONGER ANY POINT IN LIVING, IT IS ALL
ONE, EVERYTHING IS IN VAIN: EXCEPT WE LIVE WITH ZARATHUSTRA!'...

NOW THE WAVES RISE AND RISE AROUND YOUR MOUNTAIN, O ZARATHUSTRA. AND
HOWEVER HIGH YOUR HEIGHT MAY BE, MANY MUST REACH UP TO YOU: YOUR BOAT
SHALL NOT SIT IN THE DRY FOR MUCH LONGER.

AND THAT WE DESPAIRING MEN HAVE NOW COME INTO YOUR CAVE AND ARE ALREADY
NO LONGER DESPAIRING: THAT IS ONLY A SIGN AND AN OMEN THAT BETTER MEN ARE ON
THEIR WAY TO YOU;

FOR THIS ITSELF IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU, THE LAST REMNANT OF GOD AMONG MEN, THAT
IS: ALL MEN POSSESSED BY GREAT LONGING, GREAT DISGUST, GREAT SATIETY,
ALL WHO DO NOT WANT TO LIVE EXCEPT THEY LEARN TO HOPE AGAIN -- EXCEPT THEY
LEARN FROM YOU, O ZARATHUSTRA, THE GREAT HOPE!...

TRULY, YOU MAY ALL BE HIGHER MEN (ZARATHUSTRA RESPONDED): BUT FOR ME -- YOU
ARE NOT HIGH AND STRONG ENOUGH.

FOR ME, THAT IS TO SAY: FOR THE INEXORABLE THAT IS SILENT WITHIN ME BUT WILL NOT

ALWAYS BE SILENT. AND IF YOU BELONG TO ME, IT IS NOT AS MY RIGHT ARM.
FOR HE WHO HIMSELF STANDS ON SICK AND TENDER LEGS, AS YOU DO, WANTS ABOVE
ALL, WHETHER HE KNOWS IT OR CONCEALS IT FROM HIMSELF: TO BE SPARED.
MY ARMS AND LEGS, HOWEVER, I DO NOT SPARE, I DO NOT SPARE MY WARRIORS: HOW,
THEN, COULD YOU BE FIT FOR MY WARFARE?...

I NEED PURE, SMOOTH MIRRORS FOR MY TEACHING; UPON YOUR SURFACE EVEN MY
OWN REFLECTION IS DISTORTED....

YOU ARE ONLY BRIDGES: MAY HIGHER MEN THAN YOU STEP ACROSS UPON YOU! YOU
ARE STEPS: SO DO NOT BE ANGRY WITH HIM WHO CLIMBS OVER YOU INTO HIS HEIGHT!
FROM YOUR SEED THERE MAY ONE DAY GROW FOR ME A GENUINE SON AND PERFECT
HEIR: BUT THAT IS FAR AHEAD. YOU YOURSELVES ARE NOT THOSE TO WHOM MY
HERITAGE AND NAME BELONG....

NO! NO! THRICE NO! IT IS FOR OTHERS THAT I WAIT HERE IN THESE MOUNTAINS AND I
WILL NOT LIFT MY FOOT FROM HERE WITHOUT THEM,
FOR HIGHER, STRONGER, MORE VICTORIOUS, MORE JOYFUL MEN, SUCH AS ARE
SQUARE-BUILT IN BODY AND SOUL: LAUGHING LIONS MUST COME!
O MY GUESTS, YOU STRANGE MEN, HAVE YOU YET HEARD NOTHING OF MY CHILDREN?
AND THAT THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ME?
SPEAK TO ME OF MY GARDENS, OF MY BLISSFUL ISLANDS, OF MY BEAUTIFUL NEW RACE,
WHY DO YOU NOT SPEAK OF THEM?
THIS GUEST-GIFT DO I BEG OF YOUR LOVE, THAT YOU SPEAK TO ME OF MY CHILDREN. IN
THEM I AM RICH, FOR THEM I BECAME POOR: WHAT HAVE I NOT GIVEN,
WHAT WOULD I NOT GIVE, TO POSSESS ONE THING: THESE CHILDREN, THIS LIVING
GARDEN, THESE TREES OF LIFE OF MY WILL AND OF MY HIGHEST HOPE!
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Mankind has created false things for everything that is true. There is a great market for the false things; for the truth there is almost no competition. Only rarely a person goes in search, risking his whole life, to know the meaning of existence and himself.

It is cheaper to borrow it from scriptures, from libraries, from the past inheritance. The universities are doing the great job of keeping man away from truth. The learned men, the scholars, the rabbis, the pandits, their whole function seems to be how to prevent seekers, because even if one man comes to know the truth he creates a great challenge in many other souls. And he also creates an awareness in millions of people that what they have been thinking as true is not true; they have been deceived.

And their so-called great men are all phony. Their greatness is not more than acting. They are *acting* the way a great man *is*, spontaneously; hence you will find in your so-called great men many, many faces. They use those masks as a situation needs, or in a certain circumstance, and they immediately change their mask if the situation changes. And when they are at ease, alone, they are as small people as you can find anywhere in the whole mob. Their heights are only of words; their experiences are all stolen; their grace is not more than skin-deep. But the ordinary humankind they are able to deceive, because you have never known the real great man. You don't have anything to compare with. You cannot call the false the false unless you know the real.

This fragment from Zarathustra this evening begins as one of the so-called higher men, the king, addresses Zarathustra. Why is he being called the so-called? In fact all your kings, all your presidents, all your prime ministers are only so-called higher men. They are chosen by the masses, and the masses cannot understand what is real and what is false. The masses are blind. The masses simply believe in any deceiver. Anyone who is articulate enough in promising the masses becomes a great man.

And you see, every day, your great men disappearing -- as their power disappears, their greatness also disappears. It was not something, a quality of their soul, a manifestation of

their consciousness; it was just the chair. The chair was bestowing on them all their greatness. The kings were not chosen; they forced themselves violently on the masses. Out of fear they were accepted, out of fear they were respected. But greatness is never out of fear. Greatness is a magnetic force; it attracts you not by violence but by love. It proves itself not by the sword but just by its tremendously fragrant presence.

Just look at your great men, the so-called higher men, and you will be surprised that behind their masks are hiding very little, very mean and very ugly human beings. That's why the king is referred to as the so-called higher man. But even a so-called higher man in the presence of a man like Zarathustra forgets to pretend, forgets his act; he opens up, becomes available in his reality. These words will show it.

The king said to Zarathustra: JUST TO SEE THIS WOULD WE CLIMB HIGHER MOUNTAINS THAN THIS MOUNTAIN. Just to see you.

He has completely forgotten that he is the king. He has completely forgotten that Zarathustra is nothing but a beggar. But this is the beauty of existence -- that there are kings who are beggars and there are beggars who are kings. Zarathustra may be a beggar, but the moment you encounter him you will suddenly realize: he may not have a kingdom, but he is a great king.

Perhaps his kingdom is of the inner world.

JUST TO SEE THIS WOULD WE CLIMB HIGHER MOUNTAINS THAN THIS MOUNTAIN. FOR WE HAVE COME AS SIGHTSEERS, WE WANTED TO SEE WHAT MAKES SAD EYES BRIGHT.

We had seen people coming to you, and when they had come back we were surprised: what a miracle is happening. When they had gone they went with sad eyes, and when they had come back all that sadness had disappeared; their eyes were bright. When they had gone they were heavy, loaded with a thousand and one worries, tensions and anxieties, and when they came down from the mountains they came just as the rivers come dancing, so fresh, so alive -- as if they are newly born. It is these people who have brought us here.

We had come originally just as sightseers, just out of curiosity -- what is happening? But seeing you has changed everything. We are no longer sightseers. We have seen, for the first time, a man who is worthy of being called a man. We could have climbed higher mountains to see you. Just to see you is such a tremendous experience, so transforming, that one feels at a loss how to understand it. It is beyond reason and beyond logic: just to see a man and all your sadness disappears, and suddenly your heart is full of songs.

NOTHING MORE GLADDENING GROWS ON EARTH, O ZARATHUSTRA, THAN AN EXALTED, ROBUST WILL: IT IS THE EARTH'S FAIREST GROWTH. A WHOLE LANDSCAPE IS REFRESHED BY ONE SUCH TREE. NOTHING MORE GLADDENING... and the man is a king and he has seen much. He has a kingdom and he may have great treasures; he may have beautiful wives. He has tasted all that is available in the world. Still he says:

NOTHING MORE GLADDENING GROWS ON EARTH, O ZARATHUSTRA.... We have not seen anything more gladdening. Our hearts are dancing. We cannot believe it, but we have to believe it in spite of ourselves. Just your very presence makes us feel rejuvenated. You are a robust will, exalted. It is the earth's fairest growth. We have seen millions of people, but you are the fairest growth on the earth. A whole landscape is refreshed by one such tree. Even if you are alone, the whole landscape is changed by your presence.

TO THE PINE-TREE, O ZARATHUSTRA, DO I COMPARE HIM WHO GROWS UP LIKE YOU: TALL, SILENT, HARD, ALONE, OF THE FINEST, SUPPLEST WOOD, MAGNIFICENT -- AT LAST, HOWEVER, REACHING OUT WITH STRONG, GREEN BRANCHES FOR ITS DOMAIN, ASKING BOLD QUESTIONS OF THE WINDS AND STORMS AND WHATEVER IS AT HOME IN THE

HEIGHTS.

The king says to Zarathustra, "I can only compare you to a pine tree -- high in the sky, dancing in the wind, in the rain, in the sun, reaching to the very stars, with tremendous will asking questions to the storms. Your very presence has made the heights divine, magnificent. REPLYING MORE BOLDLY, A COMMANDER, A VICTOR: OH WHO WOULD NOT CLIMB HIGH MOUNTAINS TO BEHOLD SUCH TREES? O ZARATHUSTRA; AT YOUR GLANCE EVEN THE RESTLESS MAN GROWS SECURE AND HEALS HIS HEART.

A GREAT LONGING HAS ARISEN, AND MANY HAVE LEARNED TO ASK: WHO IS ZARATHUSTRA? You may not be aware of it -- you live in the mountains -- but in the plains thousands of people are asking a single question: Who is Zarathustra? Your fragrance has reached far ahead of you. Your name is ringing in millions of hearts, creating a great desire, a great longing, of which they have never been aware -- to reach to the heights, to find ways to transform their potential into a reality, to make their dreams come true. All that was dormant in them... just hearing about you and the miracles that are happening around you, the dormant, the sleeping potential is slowly uncoiling like a serpent. AND HE INTO WHOSE EAR YOU HAVE EVER Poured YOUR SONG AND YOUR HONEY: ALL THE HIDDEN MEN, THE HERMITS AND HERMIT-COUPLES, SAY ALL AT ONCE TO THEIR HEARTS: `DOES ZARATHUSTRA STILL LIVE? THERE IS NO LONGER ANY POINT IN LIVING, IT IS ALL ONE, EVERYTHING IS IN VAIN: EXCEPT WE LIVE WITH ZARATHUSTRA!'

Those who have tasted your songs, in whose ears you have poured your honey, your love, your consciousness, they feel that if you are no longer alive then there is no point in living for them too. Without you the whole earth becomes meaningless. You are the very earth and the meaning of the earth. You are the very life and the very salt of the life to many, many people. Those who have tasted a little bit of your existence are no longer the same: they have moved from being ordinary human beings towards something higher, something greater. NOW THE WAVES RISE AND RISE AROUND YOUR MOUNTAIN, O ZARATHUSTRA, AND HOWEVER HIGH YOUR HEIGHT MAY BE, MANY MUST REACH UP TO YOU: YOUR BOAT SHALL NOT SIT IN THE DRY FOR MUCH LONGER.

In a very poetic way, in a very cultured, learned way the king says to Zarathustra, "Now waves and waves are rising around your mountain, just to reach to you." Whatever the king is saying is under the magnetic, charismatic influence of Zarathustra. This has always happened.

People who have come to Gautam Buddha have forgotten their personalities, have forgotten their masks, have opened their hearts. People who have come to Pythagoras or Heraclitus have suddenly found that they can throw away their clothes and be utterly nude; there is nothing to hide. In fact, they would like a man like Zarathustra or Gautam Buddha to see through and through their being, because their very seeing is going to cleanse them of all the rubbish that they have been carrying perhaps for many lives. AND HOWEVER HIGH YOUR HEIGHT MAY BE, MANY MUST REACH UP TO YOU: YOUR BOAT SHALL NOT SIT IN THE DRY FOR MUCH LONGER. AND THAT WE DESPAIRING MEN HAVE NOW COME INTO YOUR CAVE AND ARE ALREADY NO LONGER DESPAIRING.

The king said, "We had come here sad, depressed and in deep despair. And you have not uttered a single word. You have not done anything to us and we are already no longer despairing. We are already no longer sad."

This has been called, in the East, *satsang*. This is something which is unique to the East. The West has never been able to develop anything parallel to it, because it simply means: to be with the man who has arrived. It is not necessarily needed that he should speak. It is not necessary for you to ask, but just being in his presence is a great experience. His very vibe is transforming; his joy is contagious; his silence finds ways to enter into you; his heart suddenly starts moving your heart in a harmonious dance.

THAT IS ONLY A SIGN AND AN OMEN THAT BETTER MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO YOU. And to recognize that better men are on their way to you is something surprising, because the king, in his world, is the highest -- who can be better than him?

But suddenly before Zarathustra he feels his smallness and he feels that all his kingdom and all his treasures are valueless. This man's kingdom is of eternity; this man's kingdom cannot be conquered. Even death cannot take it away. And we have been wasting our time playing with toys; we have been children. It is a moment of great truth when he says, "Perhaps we are just the beginners, and better men are on their way to you."

FOR THIS ITSELF IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU, THE LAST REMNANT OF GOD AMONG MEN, THAT IS: ALL MEN POSSESSED BY GREAT LONGING, GREAT DISGUST, GREAT SATIETY. The people who are utterly satisfied in the ordinary world suddenly find, in the presence of a man like Zarathustra, that there is much more to be discovered yet. They have become satisfied too early. Perhaps their longing was not great enough.

There will be people who are disgusted with the mean and ugly humanity, and, seeing you, will find that if man is disgusting, it is not his nature; perhaps he has gone astray. It is not his fault; perhaps there was nobody to help him to be on the right way. Here is a man who is a joy to see, a bliss to feel. And there will be coming, men possessed by great longing who don't know exactly what they want. But one thing is certain: that whatever this world can give is not enough.

They want more. They want something immortal, they want something eternal, they want something divine. All that is mundane makes no sense to them; all that can be taken away by death has no meaning to them. They want to find something which is beyond death, which cannot be destroyed by death. They may not be aware of what they are actually asking for, but hearing your name they must be on the way.

ALL WHO DO NOT WANT TO LIVE EXCEPT THEY LEARN TO HOPE AGAIN -- EXCEPT THEY LEARN FROM YOU, O ZARATHUSTRA, THE GREAT HOPE!

Seeing you, only one word arises again and again: you are the great hope. Seeing you, it can be trusted that man can reach heights unimaginable, that man can reach depths abysmal, that man can touch stars, that man can contain the whole universe, that man can expand his consciousness to the unlimited universe itself.

ALL WHO DO NOT WANT TO LIVE.... They are tired of ordinary living: the mundane, the routine, the mechanical. Those who have lost hope, they will be coming to you, because your fragrance has reached them.

EXCEPT THEY LEARN TO HOPE AGAIN -- EXCEPT THEY LEARN FROM YOU, O ZARATHUSTRA, THE GREAT HOPE!

TRULY, YOU MAY ALL BE HIGHER MEN (ZARATHUSTRA RESPONDED): BUT FOR ME -- YOU ARE NOT HIGH AND STRONG ENOUGH.

The king has said everything in praise of Zarathustra. You cannot improve upon it. What more can be said? But Zarathustra is not concerned what the king has said about him;

Zarathustra is concerned with the situation the king and the other waiters in his care are in. When you come to a master he is not interested in what you say about him; he is more interested in what you are.

TRULY, YOU MAY ALL BE HIGHER MEN (ZARATHUSTRA RESPONDED): BUT FOR ME -- YOU ARE NOT HIGH AND STRONG ENOUGH.

FOR ME, THAT IS TO SAY: FOR THE INEXORABLE THAT IS SILENT WITHIN ME BUT WILL NOT ALWAYS BE SILENT.

For my inner silence knows perfectly well that you are very small. Your words cannot deceive me. That's why it is said that the masters are as soft as rose petals, and as hard as any sword can be. FOR THE INEXORABLE THAT IS SILENT WITHIN ME... you are neither high nor strong enough. And my silence will not always remain silent. The time is coming when my silence is going to shower into many and millions of expressions. But those expressions will be understood only by those who have really ears to hear the silent music, and who have eyes to see the purest light.

AND IF YOU BELONG TO ME, IT IS NOT AS MY RIGHT ARM.... Even if you want to belong to me, you cannot be my right arm. You cannot be that close, because I can see from my heights you are too small. You know beautiful words. You are also sensitive. Perhaps you have a little desire for transformation too. You are certainly impressed by the space I am in, and by the vibrations that are surrounding me; but you are not the seekers. You have come here out of curiosity, not out of a deep desire for metamorphosis, for changing yourself into the new man, into the superman.

FOR HE WHO HIMSELF STANDS ON SICK AND TENDER LEGS, AS YOU DO, WANTS ABOVE ALL, WHETHER HE KNOWS IT OR CONCEALS IT FROM HIMSELF: TO BE SPARED. You want everything without paying anything in return. You want to be glad, you want to be blissful, you want to be peaceful, you want to reach to the heights, but without any effort. This is not possible. You will have to stake yourself; you cannot be spared. Whether you know it or not, deep down you want to be spared. You simply want to rejoice and get everything without moving a single inch.

MY ARMS AND LEGS, HOWEVER, I DO NOT SPARE, I DO NOT SPARE MY WARRIORS: HOW, THEN, COULD YOU BE FIT FOR MY WARFARE? It is a struggle -- the greatest struggle in life -- to transcend oneself, to go beyond oneself, to make oneself a stepping-stone to a higher state of consciousness.

It is a warfare and you have to become a warrior.

I NEED PURE, SMOOTH MIRRORS FOR MY TEACHING; UPON YOUR SURFACE EVEN MY OWN REFLECTION IS DISTORTED.

To come into contact with a man like Zarathustra, one has to be ready not to be hurt -- because a man like Zarathustra is not going to be polite, is not going to follow the social etiquette; he will say exactly what is true, whether it hurts you or not. And truth often hurts, because we have lived in lies for so long that truth has become a stranger to us.

Zarathustra says: I NEED PURE, SMOOTH MIRRORS FOR MY TEACHING; UPON YOUR SURFACE EVEN MY OWN REFLECTION IS DISTORTED.

I can see that your mirrors are so full of dust; you need a great cleaning. As you are you cannot start a great revolution in your consciousness. The first thing is to drop all the dust that is upon your mirror, on your consciousness.

YOU ARE ONLY BRIDGES: MAY HIGHER MEN THAN YOU STEP ACROSS UPON YOU! YOU ARE STEPS: SO DO NOT BE ANGRY WITH HIM WHO CLIMBS OVER YOU INTO HIS HEIGHT.

He is really telling them about their own higher self. He is saying, "You are only bridges. You have to be passed over. You will be left behind; and something that will pass over you will be almost a stranger to you, although it has been hidden inside you. But you have never gone into that interior of your own being. You are not acquainted with yourself. You don't know even your own address: where are you, and who are you?"

YOU ARE ONLY BRIDGES: MAY HIGHER MEN THAN YOU STEP ACROSS UPON YOU! And those higher men are hidden within you. You are steps, so do not be angry with him who climbs over you into his height.

FROM YOUR SEED THERE MAY ONE DAY GROW FOR ME A GENUINE SON AND PERFECT HEIR: BUT THAT IS FAR AHEAD. YOU YOURSELVES ARE NOT THOSE TO WHOM MY HERITAGE AND NAME BELONG.

NO! NO! THRICE NO! IT IS FOR OTHERS THAT I WAIT HERE IN THESE MOUNTAINS AND I WILL NOT LIFT MY FOOT FROM HERE WITHOUT THEM.

He is giving them a challenge: "If you want to be my companions, my fellow travelers, my right hand, then cleanse your mirror. Become a bridge for something transcendental that is hidden within you. Give room for some stranger that was always inside you, but you had never looked at."

FOR HIGHER, STRONGER, MORE VICTORIOUS, MORE JOYFUL MEN, SUCH AS ARE SQUARE-BUILT IN BODY AND SOUL: LAUGHING LIONS MUST COME! Just being glad in my presence won't do; I need laughing lions. Gladness is a passive state. Gladness must become active, must turn into a laughter, must turn into a dance.

The longing should not be only a thought, a dream. It will become your thirst, your hunger.

O MY GUESTS, YOU STRANGE MEN, HAVE YOU YET HEARD NOTHING OF MY CHILDREN? AND THAT THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ME? It is always difficult to understand the mystics. They speak a language of their own. They don't care about your grammar and they don't care about your linguistics. They can't care. They can't help it; they have to find their own language, their own expressions.

Zarathustra is saying: **O MY GUESTS, YOU STRANGE MEN, HAVE YOU YET HEARD NOTHING OF MY CHILDREN?** Unless you become my children, unless you become so innocent.... Get down from your wisdom, get down from your heights, get down from your learnedness! Someone is a king, someone is a pope, someone is a saint -- get down from these heights and be my children -- because in Zarathustra's language the child is the highest state of consciousness.

The camel is the lowest, the lion is in the middle, and the child is the last. The camel has to become a lion, and the lion has to become a child. These are his symbols -- because the camel is a born slave; he is very ready to kneel down and very happy to be loaded. And millions of people are in the state of the camel.

Only once in a while some camel simply stands up and gives a lion's roar -- refuses to be a slave, refuses to be loaded. And even more rarely a lion becomes so innocent, just like a newly-born baby. That is the highest consciousness, the purest mirror. And he is saying: **HAVE YOU HEARD NOTHING OF MY CHILDREN? AND THAT THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ME?**

SPEAK TO ME OF MY GARDENS, OF MY BLISSFUL ISLANDS, OF MY BEAUTIFUL NEW RACE, WHY DO YOU NOT SPEAK OF THEM? Why are you talking about me? It is absolutely futile. Don't waste your time in praising me, but expose yourself. Speak to me of my gardens. Are you my garden? Are you ready to become my garden? Speak to me of my children. Are you ready to become my children? Of my Blissful Islands --

individuals, integrated, absolutely free, ready to fly to the sky, to the farthest star; of my beautiful new race -- a new man, the superman: Why do you not speak of them? -- because that will be speaking about your own future, that will be speaking about your own potential, that will be speaking about your own possibilities. That will be meaningful.

THIS GUEST-GIFT DO I BEG OF YOUR LOVE, THAT YOU SPEAK TO ME OF MY CHILDREN. IN THEM I AM RICH, FOR THEM I BECAME POOR: WHAT HAVE I NOT GIVEN. I have given everything to bring a new race of men into the world. Speak to me of the new race. Are you going to be part of it? Are you ready for that great revolution? It is going through a fire test.

In my children, in the new race, I am rich, and for them I have become poor. I am living in solitude, possessing nothing. I have renounced everything of the world, of the so-called mankind, because it was all disgusting; it was all too ordinary, too mundane. I have become poor just in order that I can create space for the new race of men to come in.

WHAT HAVE I NOT GIVEN, WHAT WOULD I NOT GIVE, TO POSSESS ONE THING: THESE CHILDREN, THIS LIVING GARDEN, THESE TREES OF LIFE OF MY WILL AND OF MY HIGHEST HOPE! Don't talk about me but talk about your readiness. How far are you ready to go with me? Are you going to be just a sightseer, fulfilling your curiosity? Will you go back and talk about me? Is that all, or are you going to stay here? Unless the old dies and the new is born... are you ready to become the womb for the new race?

... these CHILDREN, THIS LIVING GARDEN, THESE TREES OF MY WILL AND OF MY HIGHEST HOPE! Zarathustra is not impressed by what the king said to him. You cannot impress a great master by praising him. The king praised him the same way as the king was praised by his courtiers. He used beautiful words, he tried his best, but it is impossible to deceive a man like Zarathustra. His eyes are almost like X-rays; they go to your very being, to your innermost core. They don't bother about your words; they only care about your being.

His response may look a little too hard, because the king was very courteous. But to a great master like Zarathustra courtesy and etiquette and manners are all games. They are good in the marketplace but not in the solitary cave in the mountains, where someone has reached to his ultimate consciousness. You should not take there your toys.

It would have been absolutely right for the king just to sit by the side of Zarathustra, or to touch his feet, or to put his head onto his feet and remain silent. It would have been perfectly right to sit by the side of Zarathustra and let his tears come, and say what his heart is feeling: his joy, his gladness. Or perhaps he could have danced, forgetting all mannerisms, forgetting all the etiquette of his court.

If he had danced to abandon, if he had danced to such an extreme where the dancer disappears and only the dance remains, perhaps Zarathustra would have responded differently -- because then he would have been one of his children, one of his islands, one of the trees of his garden.

Then he would have fulfilled his hope: his hope for a new race of men.

... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.

Zarathustra: The Laughing Prophet

Chapter #23

Chapter title: Of laughter and dance

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BELOVED OSHO,
OF LAUGHTER AND DANCE
WHAT HAS BEEN THE GREATEST SIN HERE ON EARTH? WAS IT NOT THE SAYING OF HIM
WHO SAID: 'WOE TO THOSE WHO LAUGH!'
DID HE HIMSELF FIND ON EARTH NO REASON FOR LAUGHTER? IF SO, HE SOUGHT BADLY.
EVEN A CHILD COULD FIND REASONS.
HE -- DID NOT LOVE SUFFICIENTLY: OTHERWISE HE WOULD ALSO HAVE LOVED US, THE
LAUGHERS! BUT HE HATED AND JEERED AT US, HE PROMISED US WAILING AND GNASHING
OF TEETH.
DOES ONE THEN STRAIGHTWAY HAVE TO CURSE WHERE ONE DOES NOT LOVE? THAT --
SEEMS TO ME BAD TASTE. BUT THAT IS WHAT HE DID, THIS UNCOMPROMISING MAN. HE
SPRANG FROM THE MOB.
AND HE HIMSELF DID NOT LOVE SUFFICIENTLY: OTHERWISE HE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN
SO ANGRY THAT HE WAS NOT LOVED. GREAT LOVE DOES NOT DESIRE LOVE -- IT DESIRES
MORE.
AVOID ALL SUCH UNCOMPROMISING MEN! THEY ARE A POOR, SICK TYPE, A MOB TYPE:
THEY LOOK UPON THIS LIFE WITH AN ILL WILL, THEY HAVE AN EVIL EYE FOR THIS EARTH.
AVOID ALL SUCH UNCOMPROMISING MEN! THEY HAVE HEAVY FEET AND SULTRY HEARTS
-- THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO DANCE. HOW COULD THE EARTH BE LIGHT TO SUCH
MEN!...
THIS LAUGHER'S CROWN, THIS ROSE-WREATH CROWN: I MYSELF HAVE SET THIS CROWN
ON MY HEAD, I MYSELF HAVE CANONIZED MY LAUGHTER. I HAVE FOUND NO OTHER
STRONG ENOUGH FOR IT TODAY.
ZARATHUSTRA THE DANCER, ZARATHUSTRA THE LIGHT, WHO BECKONS WITH HIS WINGS,
READY FOR FLIGHT, BECKONING TO ALL BIRDS, PREPARED AND READY, BLISSFULLY
LIGHT-HEARTED:
ZARATHUSTRA THE PROPHET, ZARATHUSTRA THE LAUGHING PROPHET, NO IMPATIENT
NOR UNCOMPROMISING MAN, ONE WHO LOVES JUMPING AND ESCAPADES; I MYSELF
HAVE SET THIS CROWN ON MY HEAD!...
YOU HIGHER MEN, THE WORST ABOUT YOU IS: NONE OF YOU HAS LEARNED TO DANCE AS
A MAN OUGHT TO DANCE -- TO DANCE BEYOND YOURSELVES! WHAT DOES IT MATTER
THAT YOU ARE FAILURES!
HOW MUCH IS STILL POSSIBLE! SO LEARN TO LAUGH BEYOND YOURSELVES! LIFT UP
YOUR HEARTS, YOU FINE DANCERS, HIGH! HIGHER! AND DO NOT FORGET TO LAUGH
WELL!
THIS LAUGHER'S CROWN, THIS ROSE-WREATH CROWN: TO YOU, MY BROTHERS, DO I
THROW THIS CROWN! I HAVE CANONIZED LAUGHTER; YOU HIGHER MEN, LEARN -- TO

LAUGH!...

`THIS IS MY MORNING, MY DAY BEGINS: RISE UP NOW, RISE UP, GREAT NOONTIDE!'
... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA AND LEFT HIS CAVE, GLOWING AND STRONG, LIKE A
MORNING SUN EMERGING FROM BEHIND DARK MOUNTAINS.

Zarathustra is absolutely right when he says, WHAT HAS BEEN THE GREATEST SIN HERE ON EARTH? WAS IT NOT THE SAYING OF HIM WHO SAID: `WOE TO THOSE WHO LAUGH!' But all your so-called saints are saying that, all your religions are saying that, all your so-called great men are saying that. And they are not saying it without any reason.

One of the most cruel things done to man is to make him sad and serious. This has to be done, because without making man sad and serious, it is impossible to make him a slave -- a slave in all the dimensions of slavery: spiritually a slave to some fictitious God, to some fictitious heaven and hell; psychologically a slave, because sadness, seriousness are not natural, they have to be forced upon the mind and the mind falls into fragments, is shattered; and physically a slave also, because a man who cannot laugh, cannot be really healthy and whole.

Laughter is not one-dimensional; it has all the three dimensions of man's being. When you laugh your body joins it, your mind joins it, your being joins it. In laughter the distinctions disappear, the divisions disappear, the schizophrenic personality disappears. But it was against those who wanted to exploit man -- the kings, the priests, the cunning politicians. Their whole effort was somehow to make man weaker, sick: make man miserable and he will never revolt.

Taking man's laughter away from him is taking his very life away. Taking laughter away from man is spiritual castration.

Have you watched the difference between bulls and bullocks? They were born the same, but the bullocks have been castrated. And unless they are castrated, you cannot use them as slaves to carry your burden, to draw your carts. You cannot put bulls ahead of your cart -- the bull is so powerful, it is impossible to keep him in control; he has an individuality of his own. But the bullock is a very faraway echo of his real being, just a shadow. You have destroyed him.

To create slaves, man has been destroyed in the same way. Laughter has been condemned continually as childish, as insane; at the most you are allowed to smile. The difference between a smile and laughter is the same as between the bullock and the bull. Laughter is total. The smile is just an exercise of the lips; the smile is just a mannerism. Laughter knows no mannerism, no etiquette -- it is wild, and its wildness has all the beauty.

But the vested interests, whether of money or of organized religions or of the rulers, all were agreed on one thing: man has to be weakened, made miserable, made afraid -- has to be forced to live in a kind of paranoia. Only then will he kneel down on his knees before wooden or stone statues. Only then will he be ready to serve anybody who is powerful.

Laughter brings your energy back to you. Every fiber of your being becomes alive, and every cell of your being starts dancing. Zarathustra is right when he says that the greatest sin against man done on the earth is that he has been prohibited from laughing. The implications are deep, because when you are prohibited from laughing certainly you are prohibited from being joyous, you are prohibited from singing a song of celebration, you are prohibited from dancing just out of sheer blissfulness.

By prohibiting laughter, all that is beautiful in life, all that makes life livable and lovable, all that gives meaning to life is destroyed. It is the ugliest strategy used against man.

Seriousness is a sin. And remember, seriousness does not mean sincerity -- sincerity is altogether a different phenomenon. A serious man cannot laugh, cannot dance, cannot play. He is always controlling himself; he has been brought up in such a way that he has become a jailer to himself. The sincere man can laugh sincerely, can dance sincerely, can rejoice sincerely. Sincerity has nothing to do with seriousness.

Seriousness is simply sickness of the soul, and only sick souls can be converted into slaves. And all the vested interests need a humanity which is not rebellious, which is very willing, almost begging, to be slaves.

DID HE HIMSELF FIND ON EARTH NO REASON FOR LAUGHTER? IF SO, HE SOUGHT BADLY. EVEN A CHILD COULD FIND REASONS.

In fact, only children are found to be giggling and laughing; and the grown-ups think that because they are ignorant children they can be forgiven -- they are as yet uncivilized, as yet primitive. The whole effort of parents, of society, of teachers, of priests is how to civilize them, how to make them serious, how to make them behave like slaves, not like independent individuals.

You are not supposed to have your own opinions. You just have to be a Christian or a Hindu or a Mohammedan; you have to be a communist or a fascist or a socialist. You are not supposed to have your own opinions; you are not supposed to be yourself. You are allowed to be part of a crowd -- and to be part of a crowd is nothing but becoming a cog in a wheel. You have committed suicide.

Zarathustra is asking, "Can't you find anything on the earth that makes you laugh, that makes you dance, that makes you rejoice? Even children can find reasons." But your mind has been filled with so many prejudices that your eyes are almost blind, your heart is almost dead; you have been turned into living corpses.

HE -- DID NOT LOVE SUFFICIENTLY: OTHERWISE HE WOULD ALSO HAVE LOVED US, THE LAUGHERS! In fact, in society the man who laughs totally -- a belly laugh -- is not respected. You have to look serious; that shows that you are civilized and sane. Laughing is for children and for the insane, or for the primitive.

I cannot conceive that Jesus ever laughed in his life. Of course, he cannot laugh on the cross; for that, a far greater man is needed -- perhaps a Zarathustra -- because there have been people who have laughed on the cross. Just go into any church and see Jesus on the cross. Naturally he is serious, and his seriousness fills the whole church; to laugh there seems to be out of place. There is no mention anywhere that Jesus ever laughed in his life; it is obvious that the only begotten son of God has to be very serious. Nobody has ever heard that God has laughed either.

Jesus cannot laugh because he is full of expectations; and those expectations are going to turn into frustrations. Even on the cross he was waiting for a miracle -- for a hand to come out of the clouds and take him down from the cross, and prove to the world, "I cannot watch my only begotten son being crucified. I sent him to save you, and you are misbehaving with my own son. Your behavior is unforgivable."

On the cross he shouted, looking at the sky when nothing was happening, "Father, have you forsaken me? Have you forgotten me?" Naturally, such a man cannot laugh. His life is going to be a life of continual frustrations. He expects too much.

Children can laugh because they don't expect anything. Because they don't expect anything, their eyes have a clarity to see things -- and the world is full of so much absurdity, ridiculousness. There is so much slipping on banana peels, that a child cannot avoid seeing it!

It is our expectations which function like curtains on our eyes.

Because all the religions are against life, they cannot be for laughter. Laughter is an essential part of life and love. Religions are against life, against love, against laughter, against joy; they are against everything that can make life a tremendous experience of benediction and blessings.

Because of their anti-life attitude, they have destroyed the whole of humanity. They have taken away all that is juicy in man; and their saints have become the examples for others to follow. Their saints are just dry bones -- fasting, torturing themselves in many, many ways, finding new devices, new ways to torture their bodies. The more they have been torturing themselves, the higher they have risen in respectability. They have found a ladder, a way to become more and more respectable: just torture yourself, and people are going to worship you and remember you for centuries.

Self-torture is a psychological sickness. There is nothing to be worshiped in it; it is slow suicide. But we have supported this slow suicide for centuries, because the idea has become fixed in our minds that the body and the soul are enemies. The more you torture the body, the more spiritual you are; the more you allow the body to have pleasure, enjoyment, love, laughter, the less spiritual you are. This dichotomy is the basic reason why laughter has disappeared from man.

HE -- DID NOT LOVE SUFFICIENTLY: OTHERWISE HE WOULD ALSO HAVE LOVED US, THE LAUGHERS! BUT HE HATED AND JEEERED AT US, HE PROMISED US WAILING AND GNASHING OF TEETH.

I have seen pictures of European churches in the Middle Ages... the preacher's function was to make people very much afraid of hellfire and the tortures that they would have to suffer there. Their descriptions were so vivid that many women used to faint in the churches. It was thought that the greatest preacher was the one who made the most people faint -- that was a way to find out who was the greatest preacher.

The whole of religion is founded on a simple psychology: fear magnified in the name of hell, and greed magnified in the name of heaven. Those who are enjoying themselves on the earth are going to fall into hell. Naturally man becomes afraid -- just for small pleasures, for only seventy years of life, he has to suffer in hell for eternity.

This was one of the reasons Bertrand Russell dropped out of Christianity and wrote a book, *WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN*. He said, "The first thing that made me decide was the absolutely unjustified idea that for my small sins I can be punished for eternity." He said, "If I count all the sins that I have committed according to the scriptures, and if I include the sins I have dreamt about -- that I have not committed -- the most strict judge cannot send me to jail for more than four and a half years. But for these small sins, I would not suffer for eternity. What kind of justice is this? There seems to be no relation between the crime and the punishment."

And then he started looking deeper into Christian theology. He was amazed to find so many things so absurd and ridiculous, that finally he decided that to remain a Christian is to show your cowardliness. He renounced Christianity and wrote the tremendously significant book, *WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN*.

Now it has been almost sixty or seventy years, and that book has not been replied to by any Christian theologian. In fact, there is no reply -- how can you justify it? -- because according to Christianity, man has only one life. If it was Hinduism, there may have been some justification -- in millions of lives, so much sin can accumulate that perhaps one can visualize an eternal punishment. But for Christianity, or for Judaism, or for

Mohammedanism, that idea is so ridiculous. And a man of the intelligence of Bertrand Russell.... And the popes and the great Christian theologians all over the world have simply remained silent.

They have condemned Bertrand Russell, saying that he will go to hell. But that is not an argument. If there really are a hell and a heaven, hell will be a far more healthy place than heaven -- because in heaven you will find all the dry bones, ugly creatures who have been called saints, torturing themselves. It is not a place worth visiting.

In hell you will find all the poets, all the painters, all the sculptors, all the mystics, all those people whose company is going to be a blessing. You will find Socrates there, and you will find Gautam Buddha there -- Hindus have thrown him into hell because he did not believe in the VEDAS, upon which the whole Hindu religion is based. You will find Mahavira, because he did not believe in the Hindu caste system; he condemned it. You will find Bodhidharma, Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu. You will find all the great people who have contributed to life -- all the great scientists and artists who have made this earth a little more beautiful.

What have your saints contributed? They are the most futile people, the most infertile. They have been just a burden, and they have been parasites; they have been sucking the blood of poor human beings. They were torturing themselves and teaching others to torture themselves; they were spreading psychological sickness.

If this earth looks so sick, if humanity looks so sad, the whole credit goes to your saints. In heaven you will meet all those ugly creatures, all those condemners who don't know how to love, who don't know how to laugh, who don't know how to sing, who don't know how to dance -- who cannot allow humanity to have any pleasures, howsoever small. Pain seems to be spiritual, and pleasure seems to be materialistic.

Now modern psychiatry knows perfectly well that these saints were schizophrenic. They need not be worshiped. If you can find them somewhere, immediately take them to a psychiatric hospital -- they need treatment. They are not healthy; their very existence is nauseous. But they have been the leaders of mankind, and they have made the whole of mankind feel a kind of nausea; they have created an atmosphere of nausea.

DOES ONE THEN STRAIGHTWAY HAVE TO CURSE WHERE ONE DOES NOT LOVE? THAT -- SEEMS TO ME BAD TASTE. BUT THAT IS WHAT HE DID, THIS UNCOMPROMISING MAN. HE SPRANG FROM THE MOB. And these saints were absolutely uncompromising. They were not even ready to listen. They were afraid to listen, because deep down they knew their own doubts about their lives, about their religion.

I cannot conceive that Jesus must not have, somewhere deep in his mind, a doubt: Is he really the only begotten son of God? It is impossible for me to conceive.... In fact, the more he repeats it, the more it becomes certain that his repetition is nothing but repressing his doubt. If he does not repeat it, there is fear -- his doubt may surface. It is not to convince *you*; basically it is to convince himself.

It is a vicious circle: people convince others in order to be convinced themselves. When Jesus sees that a few people are convinced that he *is* the only begotten son of God, then his own doubt is repressed more deeply. He is convinced by other people's conviction. And he has to continually repeat it, because to allow any long interval is dangerous -- in that interval the doubt can arise.

Even your so-called great believers in God have deep doubts about God. In fact, belief is needed only to repress the doubt; there is no other function of the belief. You don't believe in

the sun -- or do you? You never shout from housetops, "I believe in the sun," or "I believe in roseflowers," or "I believe in the moon."

People will say, "Just get down and do some useful work. Why are you wasting your time? We also believe in the sun, we also believe in the roseflower... there is no problem. Nobody needs the conviction."

But Jesus says to his followers, "Shout from the housetops that the prophet you have been waiting for has come. Convince people that your master is the only begotten son of God, that he has brought a direct message from God. Go to the far corners of the earth and convince people." Only when there is doubt, suspicion, their conviction is needed, belief is needed, faith is needed. I am a faithless man, because whatever *is* needs no faith. Whatever *is* needs knowing, not believing.

All believers are deceiving themselves. The atheist is better than the believers, but not very much, because his atheism is also a kind of belief -- a negative belief. He has not known that God does not exist -- just as the believers have not known that God exists. They have chosen positive belief. Somebody has a negative mind, he has chosen the negative belief. But nobody seems to see the simple fact that a man who is honest cannot have any kind of belief.

If there is doubt it is healthy, because that doubt will trigger in you a pilgrimage of search. That doubt is a question, it is an enquiry. It will take you to the truth. And the moment you know, the question of belief does not arise. You simply know it. But the so-called saints, theologians, priests have been very uncompromising. Their uncompromising attitude has gone to the very logical extreme -- they don't even want to listen to anything that goes against their beliefs.

There are scriptures in Jainism and in Hinduism saying the same kind of thing. One wonders, "What kind of religious people were these?" In Jainism there are scriptures telling the Jainas: "Even if you find a mad elephant chasing you, and death is certain, even if you can save your life by entering a Hindu temple which is just nearby, it is better to die, better to be killed by the mad elephant, than to take shelter in a Hindu temple." Such an uncompromising attitude!

The same is repeated in Hindu scriptures. Exactly the same, word for word: "It is better to die, to be killed by the mad elephant, but don't enter a Jaina temple to save your life."

What kind of religious people are these? What kind of religious scriptures are these? What harm can the Jaina temple do to the Hindu? Or what harm can the Hindu temple do to the Jaina? The harm is that you might hear something that goes against your faith, that can disturb your belief. It is better to die... but not to be disturbed in your faith. And to me, a faith that can be disturbed is not of any worth. Every faith will be disturbed unless it is your own knowing -- but then it cannot be called "faith."

... THIS UNCOMPROMISING MAN. HE SPRANG FROM THE MOB. The mob lives at the lowest level of intelligence.

Just the other day I received an arrest warrant from Kanpur. Ten Christian associations have filed a lawsuit against me because I have said that there are pornographic statements in THE HOLY BIBLE.

Rather than looking in THE HOLY BIBLE -- ten Christian associations together, that means all the Christians of Kanpur... I cannot believe that man has passed beyond his primitiveness; or is he still primitive? Those statements are not mine! There are five hundred pages of pornography in THE HOLY BIBLE. I don't have to argue in the court; I just have to read THE HOLY BIBLE.

If they had any sense they would have demanded that those five hundred pages from THE BIBLE be removed. If any intelligence was there.... But intelligence seems to be very rare. This is the mob -- retarded, unintelligent.

Just a few days ago there was a statement of Zarathustra that, "At the great noontide, at the highest peak of evolution of man, when the superman arrives, almost like a god, he will be ashamed of his clothes; he will be ashamed of hiding things. He would like to be an open book." If you meet Zarathustra somewhere, just tell him, "Don't let your god come to Poona! -- because the police commissioner of Poona will not allow your god to be ashamed of his clothes."

These pygmies, with no intelligence at all, go on trying to dominate the whole of mankind. And it is not only THE HOLY BIBLE -- there are Hindu scriptures full of pornography, and no Hindu will raise the question. Not only in the scriptures is there pornography, in the temples of Khajuraho, in the temples of Puri, in the temples of Konarak, you will see such pornographic sculpture that it is almost unbelievable. What kind of people, what kind of mind, how repressed...? Whole temples, thousands of statues, so ugly -- you may not have even dreamt of such pornography.

People are allowed to dream; at least there is still freedom of dreaming! Freedom of expression does not exist anywhere. But if you go to Khajuraho, or Puri or Konarak you cannot believe it. What kind of sick minds must have made these temple statues? All kinds of group sex, all kinds of orgies are sculpted. It must have taken hundreds of years to make those temples. But nobody objects. And if you object, you are hurting somebody's religious feeling -- immediately an arrest warrant appears in the court.

If what I have said is wrong, those people could have issued a statement, or written articles in the magazines, or challenged me to a discussion, saying, "We don't find anything pornographic in THE BIBLE." But rushing to the court simply shows weakness, simply shows they are taking support from the powers of the government.

Just the other day I was informed that there was another case.... For thirty years I have been in so many cases. In not a single case have they been able to prove anything against me, because whatever I have said was in their scriptures.

If they want to put a case against anybody, it should be against those scriptures, their publishers. Those scriptures should be burnt.

In Simla the other day, the high court judge -- he must be an intelligent man, because he said to the person who was saying that the whole of Himachal Pradesh, all the Hindus living in that state, are feeling very hurt by my statements -- the judge said, "I am also living in Himachal Pradesh, and I am also a Hindu, and I don't feel at all hurt by his statements. So don't talk about all the Hindus of Himachal Pradesh. You simply talk about you. You are not the representative of the whole state. I also live here, I am not hurt. And the book was published twenty years ago. Where have you been for twenty years?" It has gone into many editions in almost all the languages of the world.

And the judge looked at the book. There was the seal of the public library of Simla, so he asked the man, "Are you a member of the public library of Simla?" And he replied, "No." Then the judge said, "Then how could you get this book? Have you stolen it? This is not your book." And the man was silent. He must have stolen that book!

Great Hindus, great religious people! And my whole book is concerned with how to transform sexual energy into spiritual energy. I don't think any religious person can be offended by it. He should be happy.

The judge asked him... because the man was continually saying, "Our religious feelings are hurt because this man is saying that through sex you can reach to samadhi"... the judge asked, "Have you tried it? And if you have not tried it, on what grounds are you saying that this man is wrong? First try.

"What does it have to do with Hinduism? Whether you are Hindu or Christian or Mohammedan, sexual energy is sexual energy -- it has nothing to do with any religion. And if somebody is saying that there is a way to transform it into spirituality, you should be happy about it -- rather than being angry and asking that this man be immediately arrested."

But it is very difficult to find such an intelligent judge, because those judges also come from the mob. And they also see that their judgment should not go against the crowd, it should not go against the political party in power.

AND HE HIMSELF DID NOT LOVE SUFFICIENTLY: OTHERWISE HE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO ANGRY THAT HE WAS NOT LOVED. GREAT LOVE DOES NOT DESIRE LOVE -- IT DESIRES MORE.

Great love does not desire love -- there is no need. It is already great love. It desires something even more, even higher than love. And that's what prayer is, or meditation is.

Love is very close to meditation; but still, the other person is there, and there is a dependency on each other. Total freedom is not possible -- conceivable, but not possible. Only in meditation, when you are alone and overflowing with love, is there freedom and is there tremendous love.

GREAT LOVE DOES NOT DESIRE LOVE -- IT DESIRES SOMETHING MORE. It has known love, now it wants to transcend even love. It wants to go a step higher.

And love is the last step.

Beyond it begins the world of godliness.

AVOID ALL SUCH UNCOMPROMISING MEN! THEY ARE A POOR, SICK TYPE, A MOB TYPE: THEY LOOK UPON THIS LIFE WITH AN ILL WILL, THEY HAVE AN EVIL EYE FOR THIS EARTH. AVOID ALL SUCH UNCOMPROMISING MEN! THEY HAVE HEAVY FEET AND SULTRY HEARTS -- THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO DANCE. HOW COULD THE EARTH BE LIGHT TO SUCH MEN!

The day man forgets to laugh, the day man forgets to be playful, the day man forgets to dance, he is no more man; he has fallen into a sub-human species. Playfulness makes him light; love makes him light; laughter gives him wings. Dancing with joy, he can touch the farthest stars, he can know the very secrets of life.

THIS LAUGHER'S CROWN, THIS ROSE-WREATH CROWN: I MYSELF HAVE SET THIS CROWN ON MY HEAD, I MYSELF HAVE CANONIZED MY LAUGHTER. I HAVE FOUND NO OTHER STRONG ENOUGH FOR IT TODAY. All the mystics have felt themselves very alone -- their height makes them very alone. The mob lives in the dark caves down in the valley. They never comes out of their caves.

ZARATHUSTRA THE DANCER, ZARATHUSTRA THE LIGHT, WHO BECKONS WITH HIS WINGS, READY FOR FLIGHT, BECKONING TO ALL BIRDS, PREPARED AND READY, BLISSFULLY LIGHT-HEARTED:

ZARATHUSTRA THE PROPHET, ZARATHUSTRA THE LAUGHING PROPHET, NO IMPATIENT NOR UNCOMPROMISING MAN, ONE WHO LOVES JUMPING AND ESCAPADES; I MYSELF HAVE SET THIS CROWN ON MY HEAD!

YOU HIGHER MEN, THE WORST ABOUT YOU IS: NONE OF YOU HAS LEARNED TO DANCE AS A MAN OUGHT TO DANCE -- TO DANCE BEYOND YOURSELVES! WHAT DOES IT MATTER THAT YOU ARE FAILURES!

It is better to be a failure in a great thing than to be victorious in a small thing -- at least you tried! Even the failure in transcending yourself is a great victory. The very effort, the

very longing, brings a transformation to you.

DANCE BEYOND YOURSELVES -- that is the essential teaching of Zarathustra. He declares himself as... THE LAUGHING PROPHET.

HOW MUCH IS STILL POSSIBLE! SO LEARN TO LAUGH BEYOND YOURSELVES! LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS, YOU FINE DANCERS, HIGH! HIGHER! AND DO NOT FORGET TO LAUGH WELL!

THIS LAUGHTER'S CROWN, THIS ROSE-WREATH CROWN: TO YOU, MY BROTHERS, DO I THROW THIS CROWN! I HAVE CANONIZED LAUGHTER; YOU HIGHER MEN, LEARN -- TO LAUGH!

`THIS IS MY MORNING, MY DAY BEGINS: RISE UP NOW, RISE UP, GREAT NOONTIDE!' ... THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA AND LEFT HIS CAVE, GLOWING AND STRONG, LIKE A MORNING SUN EMERGING FROM BEHIND DARK MOUNTAINS.

Okay, Maneesha?

Yes, Osho.